

A METHODIST FAMILY IN INDIA :
A HISTORY OF I. AMAR CHITAMBAR AND FAMILY

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ABSTRACT

This project explores the history of the Methodist movement in India. The focus is on the north Indian church. By using the method of oral history, the project adds some personal reflection of two people who were Christians, who were native to India, and who worked in the church.

To put the oral history section in context the project first traces the missionary movement from the American Methodist Episcopal Church to India, covering the years 1856 to 1931. The couple who granted the interviews are son and daughter-in-law of Bishop Jashwant Rao Chitambar, the first Indian bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This history was put together from the documents of the missionary age, biographies and church histories.

Then, to put the Chitambar family into perspective, the project outlines the life of Jashwant Rao Chitambar. Included are some of his son's memories. This project shows that there are still resources available in the local church for preserving part of our church's history. Finally, the appendix includes the edited transcripts of the interviews. These transcripts stand as a source of others who may want to study missions, Christian views of India, spirituality, life of a medical missionary and his memories of the first open-heart surgery performed in North India.

Chapter 1

INTRODUCTION

The problem addressed by this project is the possible loss of important insights learned by people who were the products of missionary work. This project is important because the subject covers a vital historical period in the life of the Methodist Church in North India. The loss of knowledge about historical events and persons is very great because much of this history is stored only in the minds of individuals. There are personal needs that individuals seem to have to find the springs of life that they have been a product of.

The Methodist movement has been a vital expansion of personal energies. The story of the Methodist Church in North India, and the influence of the United States on the missionary movement is being lost through the neglect to collect the available oral histories. But not having these histories in a permanent form the church is subject to the narrow historical views found in major text books which typically cover the Methodist movement in England and the United States. The trouble with this is the resources are available to show a wider view of Methodism, if the collection is done now.

There is also the potential in this project for learning a great deal about how the missionary enterprise worked from the view of involved Indians who were part of the converts to this new religious denomination. The personal views of the Chitambar both historically and theologically will be of a

great interest to me.

This project undertakes the collation of both the written and oral history of the Amar Chitambar family as it coincides with the Methodist Missionary movement. The grandfather, Raja Ram Chitambar (?-1893) was a convert who joined the Methodist Episcopal Church as a minister in 1889. The father Jashwant Rao Chitambar (1879-1940) was an outstanding leader in the Methodist Episcopal Church from his college years through his ministry and his election as the first Indian bishop in the Methodist Church. The son I. Amar Chitambar (1917-) is a skilled surgeon who was the first medical Crusade Scholar, a medical missionary, and the man who introduced open-heart surgery to North India.

There have been a great many missionary biographies; however, there is only one small biography of the Chitambar family written at the time of Bishop Chitambar's death. I use that book, The Making of a Bishop by Bishop Badley in chapter three.¹ There are no other works on the family, so much of this project will be original work.

It is my goal to collect the written and oral history of the Amar Chitambar family. I will start with the Methodist missionaries' arrival and work in North India. This will lead to some early insights into the family as the grandfather is converted and later joins the Methodist Episcopal Church, and later the father is elected the first Indian Bishop of the

¹ Brenton Thorburn Badley, The Making of a Bishop (Lucknow, India: The Lucknow Publishing House, 1942).

Methodist Church, and still later as Amar returns to India as a missionary doctor. He introduced open heart surgery to India, but only after much struggle and opposition. I plan to weave in the history of Isabelle Chitambar, who married Amar and has studied in missionary schools. Both are accomplished musicians and well educated in their Christian faith. The Chitambar family integrates the skill of teacher, physician, artist, with a sensitive spiritual awareness and education which includes study of Indian and Christian classics.

I will not be dealing with the broad movements of Christianity in India, nor the independence movement in India, except where these movements touch the Chitambar family as they most certainly do. I shall not deal with international or Indian political history any more than is needful in telling the Chitambar story. I will not attempt to collect the entire oral history of all living Chitambar family members. The church history after the death of Bishop Chitambar will be limited to that affecting Amar and Isabelle. The areas I am excluding are all important and should be interesting, but they are too much for the scope of the present project. Since this is a project in oral history I am presenting only the Chitambars' stories. I have not contacted any of the boards or agencies of the church, nor any of the people whose names the Chitambars have mentioned. This is their story rather than an attempt to present a full objective history of the events referred to.

The project uses the tools of church history both

library research and the new field of oral history. I have taped four interviews with Amar Chitambar and two with Isabelle. The transcripts of those make up the appendix to this project. Christianity is a historical religion. I have provided a resource which will aid in the understanding of our history for other researchers. I have also increased by knowledge about my own Methodist background, by discovery of the inspirational lives of a number of missionaries who had never been real to me before.

As my tools for this project I have used library research for those background sections prior to the adult years of Amar and Isabelle Chitambar. In preparation for the oral history section I audited a class at Claremont Graduate School by Enid Douglass the head of the Oral History projects at that school. I also looked at several oral histories and how-to books; Baum, Oral History for the Local Historical Society; Lurie, Mountain Wolf Woman; Gerle, Envelopes of Sound; and McTaggart, Wolf That I Am. (See the bibliography.) The transcripts that follow this project are full of many personal memories and feelings of Amar and Isabelle. I wish that I could include many more of the stories that they shared with me, but that is not possible. Readers interested in any story told in chapter four may find both the questions I asked and the answers in the appendix to this project. There have been a few names and identifications deleted from the transcripts to protect those people from embarrassment.

Chapter two gives the background of the Methodist Church in India, how it got there, and what it did once planted. Chapter three follows the career of Jashwant Chitambar. Chapter four focuses on Amar and Isabelle Chitambar and includes their early years, medical training, the years as missionaries, and finally their relationship with the Board of Missions of the Methodist Church. The final chapter contains the summary of my conclusion from the sources.

Chapter 2

THE HISTORY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN INDIA

The missionary movement was very closely tied to the economics of the developing world powers of Europe. Kenneth S. Latourette names five factors of the Industrial Revolution in Europe that led to expansion into other areas of the globe. There were two waves. "The thirteenth-and-fourteenth-century enterprises of Western Europeans in Asia were commercial and missionary and were too slight and ephemeral to produce extensive or lasting results." The expansion of the fifteenth century was more extensive, and was accompanied by a "ruthless exploitation." "Yet it was also marked by a more vigorous and more nearly effective protest of the Christian conscience against that exploitation than had been seen in earlier centuries and by the formal conversion of millions with constructive efforts at making the coming of Europeans a blessing rather than a curse."¹

This economic penetration is the first factor. The second factor was that Europe possessed "the mechanical appliances which were one of the aspects of the revolution."

Equipped with the facilities which these devices provided for more extensive transportation and communication... and desiring raw materials and markets for the factories emerging from the Industrial Revolution and food for

¹Kenneth Scott Latourette, Christianity in a Revolutionary Age (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1961), III, 380.

their rapidly growing populations, European and especially Western European peoples were ransacking the planet.

The third factor is political protection of materials, markets and "opportunity for the investment of capital" so more territory was brought under administration. Fourth, is the national prestige that a growing nationalism demanded. Fifth is cultural change. The commencement of the Industrial Revolution had changed the cultures of Europe and those changes followed and affected every culture that the revolution affected.²

The Indian subcontinent was evangelized early and often by Christians. See particularly the apocryphal "Act of Thomas". Modern missions in India were started with the coming of the Portuguese in 1513. There are stories of "Antonio de Porto, a Franciscan, who destroyed two hundred temples, built eleven churches, and baptized more than ten thousand pagans."

The Methodists suspect that part of the early trouble they had in their work in the Bombay area was due to this kind of destructive approach and to the Inquisition. Established at Goa in 1560 by Dominicans, the Inquisition was finally abolished in 1812; there was a five year period between 1774 and 1779 that it was temporarily stopped.³ One of the big disappointments for the Portuguese was finding an

²Ibid., p. 381.

³Fredrick B. Price, India Mission Jubilee of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Southern Asia (Calcutta: Methodist Publishing House, 1907), pp. 205, 206.

indigenous population of Christians who had no relationship to the Roman Catholic Church. James Thoburn says the Portuguese "at once endeavored to induce them to acknowledge the authority of the Pope, but they soon found that this was not an easy task. Although they were relentlessly persecuted, the Syrian Christians still maintained their own distinct character."⁴

One can find a long political history of European powers and wars that have taken place in India. And the British play a part in most of them, for the British came early. The East India Company received its charter on December 31, 1600. The charter was in later years renewable every twenty years. The company early grew in power and influence. In 1764 because of declining power the Mogul Emperor acknowledged British supremacy.⁵

Both Latourette and John Hollister point out that the East India Company did not allow missionaries in its territory until the Company's powers began to be slowly eroded by the British Empire at its twenty year reviews of the Company's charter. Latourette says,

The East India Company forbade missionaries in its territories, but in 1793 the renewal of its charter Evangelicals obtained better provision for chaplains for its troops and a few of the chaplains began efforts for Hindus as well as for professed Christians. ...In 1813...

⁴James M. Thoburn, The Christian Conquest of India (Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham, 1906), p. 132.

⁵John Norman Hollister, The Centenary of the Methodist Church in Southern Asia (Lucknow, India: The Lucknow Publishing House, 1956), pp. xviii, xix.

Evangelicals, among whom Wilberforce was prominent, obtained provision for an Anglican ecclesiastical establishment with a bishop and three archdeacons and what amounted to permission for missionaries to live and work in territories controlled by the Company.⁶

Hollister adds that, "As late as 1819 a sepoy was expelled from the Army for the crime of becoming a Christian."⁷

Latourette says, "Active missions by Protestants began in 1706 with the arrival of German missionaries under Danish auspices."⁸ James Thoburn says

In 1705 Ziegenbalg and Plutschau were sent out as the first missionaries from Denmark, and the first Protestant missionaries who have been generally recognized as belonging rightfully to the great missionary brotherhood of the Eastern World. ...Unlike the other European powers in the East, the Danish government protected missionaries at all its settlements, ...while making the mistake which was common to all governments in that age, of trying to administer missionary affairs under the strict control of the secular power....

These Danish missionaries made some grave mistakes, but on the other hand they established some valuable precedents which are widely followed to the present day. They were the pioneers in the work of Bible translation.... They were the first missionaries to use the agency of schools, not merely as an ally of civilization, but as an aid to their missionary enterprises.⁹

During the same year that the East India Company's charter was revised for the second time, in 1813, there was a Methodist conference in Liverpool. At this conference "Dr. Coke, the second Bishop in The Methodist Church, and six young ministers were appointed to proceed on a mission to the West Indies. Dr. Coke dying at sea, the party came on to

⁶Latourette, III, 402.

⁷Hollister, p. xix.

⁸Latourette, III, 402.

⁹Thoburn, pp. 135, 136.

Bombay, where they remained one month, when with one exception, they proceeded to Ceylon, where they established a successful work."¹⁰ This was a time of ever growing frontiers both of faith and territory. In the new United States of America, "the Missionary Society was founded in 1819 under the leadership of Nathan Bangs,"¹¹ of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Latourette goes on to say

The alteration of its charter in 1813 which in effect permitted the entrance of missionaries to the East India Company's territories was followed by even more favorable terms in the renewal of the charter in 1833, including the creation of two more Anglican bishoprics. ...The coincidence of the expansion of the British domains with the awakenings in Protestantism and the increase of interest of Protestants in the geographic spread of the faith had much to do with the multiplication of Protestant missionaries. Protestants of the British Isles especially felt an obligation to the peoples made accessible by the British conquest.¹²

With the further liberalization of the charter in 1833 some missionaries of the American Board from Ceylon started work in Madura.¹³ So by this time several denominations, among them British and Wesleyan Methodists, were opening missions in India. The American Methodist Church was going through a dramatic time in its existence, with rapid growth, denominational splits, and the rising tensions between northern and southern branches of the Church. The Methodist Episcopal Church North was involved in the mission

¹⁰Price, p. 206.

¹¹Fredrick A. Norwood, The Story of American Methodism (Nashville: Abingdon Press, 1974), p. 336.

¹²Latourette, III, 407. ¹³Hollister, p. xix.

to India by John Price Durbin, who had become Missionary Secretary in 1850. By 1852 he had pushed the idea of taking up a work in India to a point where \$7,500 were appropriated to make a start. But no superintendent could be found. In 1852 Alexander Duff, who had been working in Calcutta since 1830, made a tour of Great Britain, the United States, and Canada. "He pressed upon the Missionary Society the duty of undertaking part of this work." He had made "an extensive tour over India, studying its conditions and needs, that he might lay them before the Home Churches." Still there was no superintendent, so in May 1855 Dr. Durbin published a fine proclamation which he called "The Crisis."¹⁴

It was in response to this call, and the prospect that the mission to India would be abandoned that William Butler volunteered. He "had known of the call for a Superintendent for a Mission in India, but he had so recently come to America he felt that a younger man and one more fully in touch with American Methodism should be sent. ...Learning that still no Superintendent had been found, he consulted his Presiding Elder and then, on October 10 (1855), with his wife's full consent, offered to go to India."¹⁵

Of Alexander Duff, Clementina Butler, the daughter of the Butlers, says, "perhaps there is no other which had a wider effect than his visit to the United States in 1852,

¹⁴J. E. Scott, History of Fifty Years (Mount Road, Madras, India: Methodist Episcopal Press, 1906), pp. 2, 3, 4.

¹⁵Hollister, p. xxiv.

when he appeared before the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church and made a stirring appeal that this comparatively young denomination should take up its share of the burden of redeeming India for Christ."¹⁶ It must have been a powerful message to get action at that General Conference. Frederick Norwood reminds us that the American Church had split into North and South in 1844. And as the Civil War came closer in 1852 the two prime issues were episcopacy and lay representation.¹⁷

William Butler was a Wesleyan Methodist who "had worked under the supervision of an older man, Mr. Lynch, who was a returned missionary from India, and had, therefore, learned a great deal about conditions in that land."¹⁸ In 1856, he and his wife and two of his children by an earlier marriage started their trip to India. His instructions had been to start the mission in an unoccupied field. His first stop was in England to confer with other agencies.¹⁹

One highlight of their trip was the crossing at Suez. Butler writes, "The Canal had not been dug, and it was necessary to cross the desert to Suez with a caravan of camels, seven hundred and twelve of the huge beasts of burden being required to take the ship's mail and baggage across to the Red Sea."²⁰ The passengers were moved by carts. The Butlers

¹⁶Clementina Butler, Mrs. William Butler (New York: Methodist Book Concern, 1929), p. 32.

¹⁷Norwood, p. 255.

¹⁸Butler, p. 32.

¹⁹Ibid., p. 34.

²⁰Ibid., pp. 34, 35.

left America in April and arrived in India in September, getting into their first home in December. All along the route there were meetings with other missionaries about where to locate and start work.

They were settled into a home in Bareilly when the rising frustration and hatred of the British administration became a violent revolt against that foreign administration and its institutions including the Christian Church. Politically the problem had been building for a long time. In the area where the Butlers started work the British had moved to put the Province of Rohilkhand under its protection in 1801. This further limited the territory of the Nawabs of Oudh, a neighboring province. The British felt that the province was being badly administered and only going from bad to worse. J. E. Scott tells the story like this:

Finally, in 1856, a treaty was proposed to the king in which it was provided that "the sole civil and military government of Oudh should be vested in the British Government for ever, and that the title of King of Oudh should be continued to him and to his male heirs, with certain privileges and allowances." On the King's refusal to sign the treaty, the British Government, on the 18th of February, 1856, assumed the administration of the Province.²¹

But the problems were more complex than the political. Social changes were occurring at an ever increasing rate. Thoburn says,

The appearance of Western inventions like the steam engine and the telegraph is said to have created widespread alarm. The failure of the government to open avenues of

²¹Scott, pp. 14-15.

official promotion to the natives is considered to have been a grievance. Even the use of lard to grease the cartridges (issued) to native regiments, so making them ceremonially unclean alike to Hindu and Mohammedan, was probably a blundering accident that has been made to serve as a cause. The fundamental reason seems to have been that a crisis was reached in the transition from old India to the new, much like that shown in the Boxer uprising in China in 1900.²²

Butler says, "This Mutiny was the last great effort of the Moslem power, which had ruled India for one thousand years, to crush the rising Christian faith as well as the governing power of England."²³ Frederick Price shows his narrow view of the work of Christians in India by ignoring the fact that many Christian groups became the target of the revolt, and their work was destroyed. He says, "So, with all reverence, I have to say that the cause of the Mutiny was God," because "it was that revolution which gave to India her present open door for the untrammelled progress of the gospel."²⁴

Scott tells of the revolt this way,

In May, 1857, the great Sepoy Rebellion broke out and the very provinces selected for the new Mission became the theatre of its operations...in Oudh and Rohilkhand the masses of the people were involved, and consequently the struggle in those Provinces was more bitter and prolonged. ...It was on the 9th of May that the eighty-five men of the 23rd Native Cavalry had refused to touch the "greased cartridges" and were consequently imprisoned under a native guard. The next evening they were liberated by their own comrades, and joining the sepoys of the 11th and 20th Native Infantry, all the Native troops broke into open mutiny....²⁵

The violence spread for a week before it reached Bareilly. By that time the Butlers had fled to the hills.

²²Thoburn, p. 44.

²⁴Price, pp. 79, 80.

²³Butler, p. 57.

²⁵Scott, pp. 20, 27.

They left behind a native preacher who was holding a worship service when the first sounds of the approaching violence were heard. About half of the natives who were at that vernacular service were killed during the revolt; however, the preacher, Joel Janvier, his wife and daughter escaped.

"The Nawab of Bareilly, Khan Bahadur, erected a gallows for Dr. Butler and made a standing offer of five hundred rupees for his arrest or the production of his head." The Butlers found safety at Naini Tal, with a small garrison of other foreigners for ten months. They were so cut off from the outside world that Dr. Alexander Duff published an obituary of Dr. Butler.²⁶ Clementina Butler in her account tells of her own birth at Naini Tal, "six weeks after the flight from Bareilly there came a little daughter into the home of the Butlers."²⁷ She also reports that, "Three thousand Sepoys were sent to overwhelm the little garrison (87 men and 113 women and children) at Naini Tal and were repulsed each time."

Several things occurred as a result of this violence. Scott claims that after the rebels were suppressed the air had been cleared and the governmental struggle was over: "The East India Company was no more." On November 1, 1858 Queen Victoria issued a proclamation.

We hereby announce to the Native Provinces of India that all treaties, engagements made with them by or under the authority of the Honorable East India Company are by us accepted and will be scrupulously maintained, and we

²⁶ Ibid., p. 34.

²⁷ Butler, p. 57.

look for a like observance on their part. ...Firmly relying ourselves on the truth of Christianity and acknowledging with gratitude the solace of religion, we disclaim alike the right and desire to impose our convictions on any of our subjects.²⁸

So the political results of the suppressed revolt were a clarification of the ruling power; the government now was part of Great Britain's colonial power instead of an agency of the East India Company. And by the proclamation of religious freedom the bars to the Christian religion in India were completely removed.

The political transfer of India from the Company to the Crown was completed on January 1, 1877 when Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India.²⁹ Because of the revolt, the government had been paralyzed for almost a year and a half. Lord Dalhousie convinced the government that the immobility of its troops and supplies had to be corrected. So an effort to connect the major cities and military stations was made; by 1895 the empire was connected by 27,000 miles of track, "placing India fifth among the powers of the world in railroad mileage, and employing over 400,000 natives."³⁰

One of the issues that is blamed for the slow start of the missions in India was the Hindu and Moslem distrust of the relationship between the Christian missionaries and the Government. The fear was that the Government was going to work with the missionaries to force people to convert to the

²⁸Scott, pp. 42-43.

²⁹Thoburn, pp. 44, 45.

³⁰Ibid., pp. 17, 18.

Christian religion. The fact is there was a close, at the very least, emotional tie between the Anglo administrators and the Anglo missionaries. In 1906 Thoburn says, "...the verdict of the missionaries is that British control of India is a marvelous example of efficiency, wisdom, progressiveness, and fairness to a subject race."³¹ For its part, the government did offer support to the Christians, if sometimes only to prevent further violence. Scott tells the story of an event that occurred very shortly after the missionaries returned to Bareilly following the revolt. "Mr. Inglis, the Civil Magistrate at Bareilly, although in sympathy with the Mission, advised the Missionary not to begin bazaar preaching during his absence from the station, as a disturbance might arise, and the first sermons were preached in front of the Thana, or Police quarters, under Police protection."³² Another example of government support cited by Scott, refers to the fact that officials had not welcomed and actually discouraged Dr. Butler when he first came to the city of Lucknow, so he had moved on to start work in Bareilly. During the battle for the "Residency" at Lucknow, Sir Henry Lawrence, among his last words, said, "Let a Christian Mission be established in Lucknow." So when William Butler returned to Lucknow, "Commissioner Sir Robert Montgomery offered every facility to this end by making over to Dr. Butler 'Asfi Kothi,' fitted up at the expense of Government, and by personally gathering

³¹Ibid., p. 50.

³²Scott, p. 61.

a subscription of one thousand rupees, of which five hundred were from his own purse, to start the New Mission."³³ One final example of missionary and government connection shows that there was tension between the two, while the mission was also dependent upon the government for approval of mission plans. Butler reports the government reaction to her father's plan to bring twenty-five missionaries into the two provinces making up the Methodist field. "The audacity of the missionaries in making these extended plans appalled some of the British officials. When appeal requesting aid for the educational work projected was taken to Sir James Outram, he accused the applicants of wishing to incite another mutiny, and asked why they should desire to introduce twenty-five workers all at once."³⁴

Once the rebellion was crushed and the British firmly came into control the mission was again planted in the plains. Naini Tal has remained a mission station from that time. From the very beginning William Butler had proposed that the field needed twenty-five missionaries to serve the field that he had chosen. The Church at home, which had at that time only two or three other missionaries in the foreign field was startled. "...Only two assistants came out in 1857 and seven in 1859."³⁵ As these missionaries received assignments they were sent to a "Station" which was named after the headquarters of the missionaries in a district of one or more million people. The

³³Ibid., pp. 55, 56.

³⁴Butler, p. 81.

³⁵Ibid., p. 81.

missionaries assigned to that station would travel throughout the district preaching, through interpreters until they had learned enough to preach in the local languages, usually in bazaars or at religious festivals for other religions. In the six years following the rebellion fifteen stations were established.³⁶ Scott says, "...the missionaries in the early years of the Mission employed their time almost exclusively in the study of the language, in bazaar preaching, or in itinerating among the villages."³⁷

However, these small beginnings would eventuate within forty to fifty years in large well established mission institutions. The first of these institutions were orphanages. At the close of the revolt Dr. Butler had travelled to Delhi; while there he was a spectator at the trial of some of the royal leaders of the Mutiny. Since he was tired of standing he looked for a chair and could only find the Crystal Throne; so with some fear of offending others he used that royal chair. While sitting there he received a vision of the misery that would follow, since many thousand children were now orphans as a result of this bloody revolt. He responded by "asking that the Church would assume the support of these orphan children at the expense of twenty-five dollars per annum." The first orphan was put in his care by a Major Gowan. The boy had been found on the back of an elephant

³⁶Scott, pp. 52, 53.

³⁷Ibid., p. 89.

after a battle. His father, an Indian officer, had been killed. "(By) the 21st of September, 1958, Dr. Butler reported that he had twelve orphan boys whose parents had perished either by war or by famine." There was much more opposition to the founding of a girls' orphanage, since it was against Indian custom to educate women at all. For a while there were only thirteen girls in the home. But "In the great famine which followed the Mutiny, the Government at Muradabad made over three hundred famine-stricken children who were brought, more dead than alive, in carts to Bareilly. One hundred and fifty of these were girls. So commenced the orphanage work."³⁸

Among the missionaries that came in 1859 was James W. Waugh, who had experience as a printer. The Bible Society had been in India since the early part of the century, so the scriptures had been translated; and since education was one of the prime goals, it was decided to buy a press and train some of the new Christians.³⁹ Butler says that when the press arrived it had no roller for the ink. "So Mr. Butler and Rev. James W. Waugh, made one out of molasses and glue."⁴⁰

As noted earlier one reason for the press being set up was to employ converts. There are many stories of people giving up job, family, friends, and possessions when they became Christians. There were instances of murder against

³⁸ Ibid., pp. 68, 69.

⁴⁰ Ibid., p. 88.

³⁹ Ibid., p. 69.

people rather than allow a family member to convert. Under these conditions the mission soon had the care of many of their converts who had been dispossessed. Several schemes for employment and resettlement were attempted. Scott tells about the first one.

The first Christian Settlement, Wesleypur, was attempted in 1861, to provide a home for the scattered and persecuted converts.... Dr. Butler secured a Government grant of five-thousand acres of fertile wasteland in North Western Oudh (Province)...and on the 9th of October, Mr. and Mrs. Parker arrived at the new Settlement to superintend it. They were joined by about twenty families from Bijnor and work was commenced to lay out a village. But the enterprise was a failure from the beginning. The location proved to be an unhealthy one. ...A disastrous fire destroyed the native huts. Nearly all the colonists came down with fever. The Parkers left the place, shattered in health, on the 20th of January, 1863, and at the conference held in Bareilly on February 5th, the enterprise was abandoned.⁴¹

At the fifty-year Jubilee celebration in 1906 the missionary thinking that led to these experiments was attacked and a review of the resulting failures was candidly given:

Some missionaries believe that converts should be taught the arts of civilized life, and should be protected from loss through their change of faith. This idea, no doubt, originated in the supposition that non-Christian peoples are semi-barbarous communities. ...The attempted colonization of Sikhs from Rohilkhand, in the Lakhimpur Tarai, failed because the climate was fatal to the colonists. The Bareilly manufactory became simply a place where skilled non-Christian workmen found employment, because Christian workmen were not to be found. The Moradabad Agricultural Loan Society, and the Christian village of Panahpur, failed because the people could not, or would not understand that the mission would enforce its financial claims against them. Panahpur is now a prosperous colony; and its prosperity dates from the time it ceased to be a mission enterprise.⁴²

⁴¹ Scott, pp. 71, 72.

⁴² Price, pp. 154, 155.

This phase of growth occurs during the time of Civil War in America. The following letter illustrates first the interdenominational spirit to be found in the mission field; second the wide-reaching effects that war had in the world; and finally the serious position that Christian missions had advanced to in India. Missions were already sheltering and educating many hundreds of people.

My Dear Dr. Butler:

Some of us to whom the cause of Christ in connection with every branch of his Church is dear are beginning to feel very anxious about the probable effects of the disastrous war in America on all American missions.... We are therefore making inquiries in order if necessary to apply to our friends alike in India and Great Britain. We would be saddened to see any of these missions curtailed in any way. Have you, for instance, any orphans brought in from the famine? If so, are you likely to be in difficulties about their support?...

Yours affectionately
Alexander Duff⁴³

Since the mission was sponsored by the northern church it was able to survive and grow during the war years. In fact, a great deal of growth occurred in the structure of the mission in those first years. When the mission opened, all appointments were made by American annual conferences. All rights and responsibilities for the ministries were granted by the Superintendent. Dr. Butler held four "Annual Meetings" during his eight years as Superintendent. The first meeting was held in Lucknow on September 5, 1859 planned for in conjunction with the arrival of the new missionaries from America. As the meeting began dealing with its very first

⁴³Butler, p. 87.

substantive issue the constraints to their power and authority were apparent. Hollister quotes James Thoburn's account of the meeting and says the first problem was what to do about young Indians who wished to be received as members of Annual Conferences half way around the world.

Then a most important school had been offered to the mission, and we were suddenly called upon to discuss the question of education as a missionary agency, and teaching as a legitimate part of a missionary's duty. We had first to decide whether we had any right to discuss the question at all....⁴⁴

Scott has an effective quote when he also is talking about this same meeting:

The majority of the men were members of Annual Conferences in America, and had been Pastors of Churches there, and were considerably annoyed and embarrassed by the new regime under which they found they had little or no authority in the administration of affairs, for the deliberations and discussions of the Conference could end in no conclusions not subject to the sanction and approval of the Authorities at Home, whose representative was present in the person of the Superintendent. The rapid increase in the missionary force, and the intricate and perplexing problems,...and the difference of opinion on many important topics which arose in the discussions, all led to a growing desire for a properly constituted Annual Conference.⁴⁵

The missionaries petitioned the General Conference of 1860 "asking for the status of an Annual Conference." The "Board of Bishops" were given the authority to form a Mission Annual Conference if they felt that was in the interest of both Church and mission, before 1864 the next meeting.⁴⁶ But this did not occur. The second Annual Meeting was held in

⁴⁴Hollister, p. 15.

⁴⁵Scott, p. 74.

⁴⁶Hollister, p. 15.

1861. All this time new missionaries were arriving at the rate of three and four a year. No meeting was called the next year, and that became the source of much more irritation and resentment of the lack of power among the missionaries. As a result, Hollister reports that friction with the Superintendent was so strong that a number of missionaries discussed not meeting with Butler until the mission became an Annual Conference. But on the first day of the third Annual Meeting Butler made a conciliatory gesture in which he "invited the members of the mission to assume and exercise henceforth all the powers and duties which belonged to them as his associates in the work of God, and while resigning to them the extra power he had hitherto necessarily held."

But Hollister finds evidence that relations were already beyond repair. "The harmony expected was not realized. On September 1, 1863, the missionaries received copies of his resignation as Superintendent which he had sent to New York."⁴⁷ The fourth Annual Meeting was held February 5, 1864 and again a "memorial" was sent to General Conference asking to be formed as an Annual Conference. "The General Conference, which met in Philadelphia during May, 1864, with considerable hesitation, made provision for the organization of the work in the Provinces of Oudh and Rohilkhand into a Mission Conference."⁴⁸ Scott goes on to quote James Thoburn who had returned to America, bringing his son home to stay after the death of Mrs. Thoburn, and had stayed to attend that Conference.

⁴⁷Ibid., pp. 17, 18.

⁴⁸Scott, p. 76.

Up to that time, no Annual Conference with full powers had been organized in any foreign country.... When brought face to face with the proposal, there seemed a general disposition to shrink from committing so great a responsibility to a small body of Missionaries on the other side of the globe, especially in view of the fact that recent converts from heathenism would probably be admitted into the body, and in due time form a majority of its membership. The petition of the Missionaries was granted, but with the important reservation that the Conference should only exercise its function with the consent of the Bishop presiding.⁴⁹

The important principle of autonomy and decentralization was established here. However, the General Conference withheld certain rights and privileges of an Annual Conference. The India Mission Annual Conference, "could not legislate without the official sanction of the Bishop presiding; could not send delegates to the General Conference; nor vote on constitutional changes in the Book of Discipline; nor draw annual dividends from the Book Concern and Charter Fund."

But the Missionaries strongly protested against having their ecclesiastical rights thus restricted. They received conciliatory counsel and advice from the Bishop (Edward Thompson), drew up a second memorial to the General Conference, and had the satisfaction of having the objectionable restrictions removed by that body at its next session.⁵⁰

The first Annual Conference meeting was held in December of 1864. But in the spirit of newness the Conference was allowed to select their Presiding Elders by a vote. It was proposed that Conference elect a committee to draft a budget and manage Conference finances. It was promised that those elected to the committee would be those appointed as Presiding

⁴⁹ Ibid., pp. 76, 77.

⁵⁰ Ibid., pp. 77, 78.

Elders. "Another advance, fraught with far-reaching results, was the admission of four Indians as members of this Conference."⁵¹

Since 1864 is the end of William Butler's superintendency and the beginning of a Methodist Indian existence, we can see that the Mission had by then been planted. Let us look at what had occurred in the first seven years of the mission. Hollister gives us the numbers that Butler was able to report in his farewell message.

Nine of the most important cities of North India occupied; nineteen mission houses built or purchased; sixteen school houses erected; ten chapels erected; two orphanages established; one publishing house; twelve Congregations had been gathered; ten small churches organized; 1,322 youths under instruction; 161 persons had attained a Christian experience; four of these became preachers and eleven became exhorters. \$55,186.50 had been contributed in India for the work of the Mission, and \$73,188.56 worth of property had been accumulated.⁵²

Knowing some of the conditions that Butler worked under, I wonder whether his personality, which gave him the drive and vision to plant this mission, was not also the cause of much tension and frustration among the missionaries under his care. Hollister reports that, "he seemed unable to forget position and authority to work with his colleagues." The trouble started even before the first annual meeting. His inclination was to ignore the opinion of others and act on his own responsibility.⁵³ This then could be his asset for planting missions and the cause of his fall from the superintendency. It seems, however, that he was sensitive enough

⁵¹Ibid., p. 79.

⁵³Ibid., p. 37.

⁵²Hollister, p. 18.

to make a move rather than cause a confrontation by trying to block the formation of an Annual Conference.

Episcopal supervision of the new Annual Conference was left in America until 1888. However, the new Conference was not left out of the church by its isolation. As I quoted earlier the full rights of an Annual Conference were awarded to the India Mission Conference at General Conference in 1868. At the very next General Conference Indian Methodism makes a significant contribution to the order of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with the addition of the District Conference. J. E. Scott gives us the history of this new layer of Church polity that originated in North India.

As early as 1862 an organization was effected at Sitapur, in Oudh, by Mr. Gracey, for the mutual improvement of the Mission workers on that circuit. A little later, at Muradabad, under Edwin W. Parker, quarterly gatherings of all classes of workers were held, at which papers were read, and addresses given, and matters discussed for the moral and literary improvement of the members. This, after a while, became a District Conference, at which the workers were examined on the subjects of various previously appointed courses of study, and at the last meeting of the year the members were appointed to their work... Eventually this District Conference, which had been in successful operation for several years, was authorized by the General Conference (1872) and became one of the Conferences of the Church.⁵⁴

As time went on the District Conference became also a district wide camp meeting or Mela with public preaching and the meeting of the Women's District Conference.

The decade from 1864 through the mid 1870s is almost

⁵⁴Scott, p. 246.

as important to the shape of Methodist Missions in India as the previous seven years of preparation, survival, and firm planting of the Mission itself. After the mission is part of the Methodist Episcopal organization the next development is the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society (W.F.M.S.). The women in America had been in organized work for many years. It started when the Woman's Auxiliary of the Missionary Society, "called the Female Missionary Society, was organized in Forsyth St., New York City."⁵⁵ This group was almost inactive by 1861. In 1860 the Woman's Union Missionary Society was organized, it represented "six or more different denominations."⁵⁶

However, it was the women of the Methodist Episcopal Church who had been in India with their husbands who realized that "Only women could reach women, and only when women were reached and won could India be evangelized." So on her first return to America in 1868 Mrs. Parker stayed with Mrs. Butler and together they and a Mrs. Flanders convinced enough women or organize on March 23, 1869.⁵⁷

The conditions of women in India were particularly appalling to these women. In India tradition was law and tradition dictated that women were not to be taught, that women were restricted to their zenanas. Zenana is "The part of a dwelling in which the women of a family are

⁵⁵Hollister, p. 69.

⁵⁷Ibid., p. 70.

⁵⁶Ibid., p. 69.

secluded."⁵⁸ Along with this system of female segregation there was no medical care in the country for women. Clementina Butler recalls the unsettling experience that her mother had when her parents were first travelling into Northern India:

One evening the missionaries came to the end of their journey and found the Dak Bungalow on a bluff overlooking the Ganges River. Mrs. Butler walked out to enjoy the sunset and looked down on the strand, the bed of sand between the bluff and the water. To her surprise here and there she saw people lying with their feet in the water of the stream. She could not understand the reason for this, but on inquiring was informed that they were only women, and asking still further, she discovered that they were women who were sick, sick unto death, as it was supposed, and as no man would be permitted to see the face of a caste woman, they must suffer on without the skill of any physician. If no simple home remedy could avail...the woman (had) to wait for death on the banks of the sacred river! ... After being placed there no food could be given, nor any medicine, nothing but an occasional drink of water. There were men upon the bank who were supposed to be in charge, either the husband, father, or son, who would go down occasionally to see if life still remained in the body. (After death) the male relative would come down from the bank, push the body into the water until it was caught by the current which would carry it down to the sea, or strand it on the banks below, where crocodiles lay in wait. ...After this experience it is no wonder that Mrs. Butler wrote home characterizing the country to which she was carrying the gospel message, "India is the land of breaking hearts."⁵⁹

So the women organized but even before the organization missionary wives were voluntarily teaching in the orphanages learning medicine and teaching in zenanas. Latourette makes this judgement in 1961. "Christianity was in part

⁵⁸Websters New International Dictionary of the English Language (Springfield, MA: Merriam, 1927), p. 2369.

⁵⁹Butler, pp. 38, 39.

responsible for the improvement in the status of women, for the rising literacy rate, especially among the underprivileged, for the enhanced value placed on the individual, particularly among the depressed groups, and for the weakening of the caste barriers which had condemned millions to hereditary inferiority."⁶⁰

With the organization of W.F.M.S. the work became institutionalized. So that by 1906 at the Jubilee celebration the report on this work states:

It is no longer necessary...for us to conceal our true motives, in teaching the women to read. The women know and accept the fact that, in order to be taught to read, they must take Scripture lessons and learn to read the Bible. In the early days, nearly all of the zenanas were opened by means of the crochet-needle. Now, for the sake of friendship, the women are glad to receive us into their homes, and often make us sharers in their joys and sorrows.⁶¹

Reflecting these twin concerns for education and medical care the W.F.M.S. sent out its first two special missionaries. One was Isabella Thoburn the sister of James Thoburn, and then Dr. Clara Swain. They arrived in India in 1870; "When Dr. Swain arrived, she organised a class of sixteen girls from the Bareilly Girl's School, and gave them a three year's course of medical study. In 1871, His Highness, the Nawab of Rampur, gave to the mission a donation of a large house and forty-two acres of land, for the purpose of establishing a hospital for women."⁶² Thoburn goes on to point

⁶⁰Latourette, V, 330.

⁶¹Price, p. 112.

⁶²Ibid., p. 104.

out, "Previous to 1870 there was not a single medical lady in all the non-Christian world, and when it was proposed to send medical women as missionaries to India, many influential parties opposed the movement, and not a few denounced it as impracticable, if not dangerous."⁶³ Six years after Dr. Swain's arrival three more female doctors had been sent out.⁶⁴ Sixty years after Dr. Swain's first hospital there were twenty hospitals, started by W.F.M.S.⁶⁵

Isabella Thoburn's work was no less spectacular. She spent all her time working in educating women in Lucknow. The college that is named after her in that city is a tribute to her many years of fruitful work.

The organization of a women's missionary society was not uniformly welcomed by the Mission Board because of the fear that the women would siphon away money. So the men wanted the women to become a fund-raising organization for them; this meant the men would control the funds.

But the women thought otherwise! Mrs. Twombly rose and said: "We women feel that we have organized an independent society. We will be as dutiful children to the church authorities, but through our own organization we may do a work which no other can accomplish." Finally, Secretary Durbin was convinced, and went off saying that he had no objection to the Society if it did not interfere with the work of the Missionary Board.

But this strained relationship was to go on at least to the General Conference in 1884.

⁶³Thoburn, pp. 183, 184.

⁶⁴Hollister, p. 76.

⁶⁵Butler, p. 122.

A third major event occurring in the early 1870s which had a profound effect upon Methodism in India was the arrival of evangelist William Taylor. At about the same time the ideology of James Thoburn and others, that the church should expand wherever it is called and is able to respond, was beginning to shape policy.

It had been Butler's intention, concurred in by the Missionary Society, to limit the India Mission to a field embracing the ancient Kingdom of Oudh and the Province of Rohilkhand....

The events of 1857 led to the first extensions of bounds by Butler himself. During his refuge in Naini Tal, he learned that a hill station would really be a necessity for the health of missionaries unaccustomed to the heat of India's plains....

In 1864, Garhwal...was occupied...

In 1871, the boundaries were breached by crossing the Ganges...to include Kampur.⁶⁶

During his two years of secluded life in Garhwal Thoburn had thought much of our church in India and become convinced that there was a much bigger work to be done than had been envisaged by Butler.⁶⁷

Thoburn invited William Taylor to India. Taylor had already earned a reputation as a remarkably effective evangelist. Latourette's citation on him says,

William Taylor (1821-1902) was largely responsible for introducing Methodism to the west coast of South America and to Brazil. A man of magnificent physique and great endurance, even more than John Wesley he made the world his parish. He had been an evangelist in California during the gold rush days and had also preached in Australia, South Africa, Canada, Great Britain and India.⁶⁸

⁶⁶Hollister, p. 106.

⁶⁷Ibid., p. 84.

⁶⁸Latourette, III, 302.

Taylor arrived at Lucknow November 25, 1870 and started right to work. Scott says, "His preaching could not be called eloquent, but was always interesting and instructive, while his methods with enquirers were most thorough, and his public ministrations were always followed up by systematic house-to-house visitations and cottage meetings." His personal style was so meaningful that people could quote his words to them thirty-five years later.⁶⁹ Hollister tells us that Taylor worked about a year in the North, but then as expected he moved on, accepting an invitation from the American Marathi and Free Church Marathi Missions in Ahmednager and Bombay.⁷⁰ Now he was outside Methodist territory. And he came out with a new idea "of getting the nominal Christians-Europeans, and Eurasian-converted, and utilizing them in mission work." The established churches either needed a revival and/or would not let Taylor carry on his mission. So he went to renting private halls and meeting in homes with great success.

He first organized them (his converts) into fellowship bands, appointing leaders from among the converts. He had previously advised all the converts to continue to go to the churches they had been most inclined to attend. (But) as he put it, "Pastors who will not allow me to preach in their churches-some of whom preach against my work-are not the men to nourish and lead to usefulness those who have been saved at my meetings. ...To establish a church here is to found a mission in a great heathen city.... The Methodist Episcopal Church of America has as good a right, as God may indicate (its) line of advance in (its) world-wide mission, to organ-

⁶⁹ Scott, pp. 103, 104.

⁷⁰ Hollister, p. 112.

ize in Bombay, as any other branch of the Church of Christ.⁷¹

After less than three months' work a group of eighty-three people asked him to form them into a Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1876 the General Conference authorized the South India Conference which included the Bombay and Bengal Missions. The break-out was complete. The agreement to stay out of fields already occupied was rejected by those who thought like Taylor and Thoburn.⁷²

Taylor made another contribution of lasting importance. The churches he organized were, ideally, to be self-supporting. This is called the "banyan tree" or "Pauline Method of Self-Support." He believed "that the thoroughly evangelized and organized Societies raised up in the English communities in India could and would support their own Pastors, and each member of the Church would become an aggressive and spiritual force carrying the Gospel to others whether Europeans or Indians."⁷³ This ideal changed with time but it was a distinctive mark of the Methodist Church in South India and I believe a contributing factor to the ease with which that church was able to join in church union, as opposed to the Methodist Church in North India.

So in 1876 there were two Annual Conferences in India; this is also the year Raja Ram Chitambar is converted

⁷¹Price, p. 170.

⁷³Scott, p. 116.

⁷²Ibid., p. 174.

to Christianity. As the work progressed, the need for coordination arose; so in 1881 a "Delegated Conference" or "Central Committee" met, and by 1885 a Central Conference was formed to oversee the work of the Annual Conferences. As the Christian populations grew and spread Annual Conferences likewise grew and spread, but they also divided when growth made an area too large and too populous to administer.⁷⁴ In 1888 at the General Conference James M. Thoburn became the first Missionary Bishop of India and Malaysia.⁷⁵

Of James Thoburn, Norwood says,

(Thoburn) saw the Indian mission grow in membership from a mere score to over two hundred thousand, most of whom joined the church during his last twenty years. A major policy shift directed attention to the lower castes and outcasts, who proved receptive of a gospel which promised freedom. Now and then, whole villages would be converted in what amounted, locally speaking, to a mass movement to Christianity.⁷⁶

Thoburn, who was a part of the Indian mission from 1859 through his retirement in 1908, wrote a historical introduction to Scott's work in which he tells of the "major policy shift" that Norwood talks about. He says:

The Mission...was commenced on a plan widely different from that which has been followed by its workers in the field. The good men in America who projected the work thought only of a limited field, embracing less than a single province, and requiring the presence of not more than twenty-five Missionaries. The early Missionaries accepted this ideal and for a few years tried to follow it, but as time passed providential tokens seemed to beckon them onward and outward until they had not only widely spread over India, but had planted important offshoots of their work on the Malay Peninsula, in the

⁷⁴Price, p. 278.

⁷⁵Hollister, p. 177.

⁷⁶Norwood, p. 336.

Philippines, Borneo, Java and Sumatra; and, strangest of all, they have had urgent calls from Eastern Africa where many natives of India are settling... (Yet) with each advance movement resources have been provided, often from most unexpected sources.⁷⁷

The missionaries started their work in India by the traditional Methodist street preaching; this work was done at "Melas", or religious festivals, and in the bazaars of the field. This scattered approach did have its stream of converts, and it even resulted in the first mass movement toward Christianity when, "five hundred and sixty Tharus, an aboriginal tribe on the borders of Nepal, were baptized by Mr. Knowles."⁷⁸ Amar's Grandfather was converted by a street preacher. The growth of the church in India follows a change in strategy. This was not an expediency, for all along "The Methodist Mission has been consistent, in its preaching and practice, that all who apply for baptism shall be accepted if they meet the necessary requirements, whatever their caste convictions."⁷⁹ However, pressure was building; more and more people were showing an interest in Christianity, people who needed instruction. It was in 1883 that the first Chitambar joined the Methodist movement. The debate was a hard one because the pressure was economic as well as religious. The missionaries were training Indians to lead in preaching and ministry but, as in England during John Wesley's ministry, those most attracted were the lowest,

⁷⁷Scott, pp. xv, xvi.

⁷⁸Ibid., pp. 83, 84.

⁷⁹Price, p. 163.

most economically oppressed classes. Price says:

The mass-movement has its springs in dissatisfaction with conditions. The classes being reached in large numbers have known much of oppression. They are influenced by the hope that Christianity will improve their status. At first, some may have come with the hope of temporal help; but in most places, this hope has long since disappeared.... The doctrine that all men are equal before God is certainly attractive to them.

Many are influenced by the hope that their children will be taught and will enjoy improved conditions.⁸⁰

I must point out that from the mid-nineteenth century until today the struggle for women's equality has been broadening the doctrine of equality before God to include all humanity; however, at the time Price wrote, equality of all people before God was reserved to males. I have retained his wording because it says exactly what was meant.

In order to handle the growing mass movement of lower class people to Christianity, Bishop Thoburn, in 1890, introduced the idea of "pastor-teachers," a lower grade of teacher than the ordained missionary or college trained teacher.⁸¹ He envisioned that these people would fill the roles of teacher and community spiritual leader. The type of growth that had to be dealt with can be seen in the Gujarat District. It was formed in 1895 with 496 Christians, in 1899-1900 there was a devastating famine killing many thousands of people. At the end of 1899 there were 5,321 Christians and in 1903 there were 16,000 baptized Christians and about 5,000 instructed

⁸⁰Ibid., pp. 199, 200.

⁸¹Ibid., p. 163.

candidates awaiting baptism.⁸²

As we have already seen in the history of the North India Conference, there commenced, a little before 1888, a mass movement toward Christianity on the part of the depressed classes, especially among the Sweepers of Rohilkhand, which very soon passed the original boundaries of the Conference, crossed to the western and southern sides of the Ganges river, and extended up and down the Ganges valley. The relatives and friends of converts...heard of the new movement toward Christianity and became inquirers...in a few years...an aggregate Christian Community (had) more than fifty thousand.⁸³

Latourette claims that "The denomination which had the most widely distributed missions of any from the United States was the Methodist Episcopal Church."⁸⁴ So as the twentieth century began the church was firmly institutionalized in India. It had District Conferences, Annual Conferences, and a Central Conference, high schools, colleges, orphanages, hospitals, professional men and women, a trained clergy, and Bishops. The desire for freedom from colonial rule never left the Indian people. Latourette says that the Protestant Missions in India recognized that and moved responsibly toward handing over the power to Indians. In the Methodist Episcopal Church the final moves toward independence were clear in the 1920s when the Central Conference was given more authority by the General Conference:

One of the results was the election by the Central Conference (1930) of J. R. Chitambar as the first Indian bishop. In subsequent years other Indians were elevated to the episcopacy until, by 1961, no foreigner was left in that position.... In the mid-1930's the Indian churches were supplying a little over one-third of their

⁸² Scott, p. 181.

⁸³ Ibid., p. 230.

⁸⁴ Latourette, V, 316.

upkeep and were finding that their spiritual life improved as they assumed more of the financial burden.⁸⁵

It seems to me when I look at this history that the Methodist Church brought much more than Christ to India. It seems that the ideals of human equality, and western technology, including medicine, education, and other industries that were introduced to care for the Christian Community and give it an economic base to offset the losses resulting from conversion, were more life-changing than the religion alone. It seems that to separate the religion from the cultural influence was not what the missionaries wanted to do. They really saw India as "the land of breaking hearts" as Clementina Butler has quoted her mother. The mission discovered that it had to minister to the body and the spirit at the same time, because if they ministered only to the spirit the converts had no community to survive in.

I see the missionary cause as most helpful to India during the planting phase of its ministry. For that is when the real needs of people were addressed and people were equipped to survive in a new industrial age. The missionaries were the human face of the encroaching industrial revolution. It would have occurred without them, but the alternative services of churches, schools, and hospitals would not have been present. It is just possible that this was the most humane way for India to leave the old ways.

⁸⁵Ibid., V, 316, 320.

Chapter 3

BISHOP JASHWANT RAO CHITAMBAR

The Chitambar family history is best presented in the book The Making of a Bishop by Brenton Badley. The book was written two years after the death of Jashwant R. Chitambar as a memorial. This chapter is a condensation of that book. Raja Ram Chitambar had two sons. The first died the same year as his father, 1893. The second became the first Indian bishop in the Methodist Church. His son Amar talked with me about his father. Some of Amar's memories will be added to the chapter.

About 1875-76 Raja Ram Chitambar was a student at Wilson College, Bombay, and an orthodox Maharattha Brahman. He had been married at age fifteen, his bride was eleven years old. One day "he bought a copy of the Holy Scripture from a man who was preaching in the bazaar, and before his eyes tore it into pieces, mocking him saying to him: 'Here is your inspired Bible! Let me see what it will do to me!'" Sometime afterward he bought a Bible with a view to finding mistakes and inconsistencies in it. "The following few days were days of restlessness and mental worry to him. He would go to the sea shore at dusk and would pray: 'O God of Christians, if there be such a God, give me peace which Jesus Christ has promised in the Bible to His disciples.' He made up his mind to be baptized, but knowing that it would create no small disturbance among his relatives he left

his home and went to Allahabad and was baptized by the Rev. T. S. Wynkoop."¹

Allahabad, which is northeast of Bombay, almost all the way across the continent, became the home of Raja Ram Chitambar, his wife and his father's aunt. His mother had died when he was only six months old. He studied at the Muir Central College at Allahabad. One testimony to his scholarship can be seen by the fact that in 1881 he was appointed a member of the Revision Committee of the New Testament; he stayed on the Committee until its work was complete. On June 28, 1883, Raja Ram was ordained in the American Presbyterian Church. We are not given any reason but about 1889 he resigned from his pastorate, severed his Presbyterian connection, and moved with his family to Cawnpore. In Cawnpore he became both the pastor of the city congregation of the Methodist Episcopal Church and Headmaster of the Mission School. Raja Ram Chitambar stayed in Cawnpore until his death in 1893.

The Chitambars had their second son Jashwant in 1879. So he was ten when the family moved to Cawnpore; he was a student at the Mission School. When Jashwant was 14 years old his father died; he and his elder brother were sent to the Centennial School at Lucknow. This is the preparatory school for the Lucknow Christian College. Charles Thomas

¹ Brenton Thorburn Badley, The Making of a Bishop (Lucknow, India: Lucknow Publishing House, 1942), pp. 9-10.

who joined the school at the same time, remembers Jashwant for "the smile on his face, his funny remarks and his hearty laughter." Paremeshwar Datt the elder brother died shortly after their arrival at Centennial High School. Badley does not mention what happened to Jashwant's mother and aunt; however, from hereon in the book the term orphan is used in some descriptions of Jashwant.²

Chitambar had a strong independent spirit, which can be seen in an event during the 1893-94 school year. The event was Jashwant's being sent to the Headmaster for a chaining by one of the masters who was offended when Jashwant addressed him in too familiar terms, using "'Tu, tu' twice instead of 'Ap' and 'Sir.'" During the same year he came under the teaching of a Bible teacher who required as much of the students in this course as any other subject. At the class examination in Bible Jashwant won a cash prize of Rs. 16. Under this influence he started memorizing Bible verses. This practice stayed with him the rest of his life, "he would quote verse after verse in his sermons and letters!"³

Jashwant came from a family that had given up everything to convert to Christianity. As might be expected he had a religious sensitivity of his own. In 1895-96 W. A. Mansell, the Principal, wanted a revival to take place in the Lucknow Church. He hoped to start it in the school; so he

²Ibid., p. 11.

³Ibid., p. 12.

held small meetings in his home and in the College. Jashwant felt converted at one of these meetings. "He made a deeper consecration soon after, when John R. Mott held meetings in the Church Mission High School, Lucknow, in February 1896. Jashwant signed the pledge to keep the Morning Watch, and the Student Volunteer Pledge to take up direct Christian work unless prevented by God."⁴

After taking his college entrance examination in 1897 he was employed by the Public Works department at Unao. He gave government service up because of "frequent exposure to the heat of the sun and working on Sundays which was most distasteful to him." Also he felt that he had clear guidance from God that he should study for college.⁵ During his college days death brought some changes to the world of Lucknow.

Miss Isabella Thoburn died suddenly of cholera on 1st September, 1901, and everything was upset in the Women's College for a while. News went around one day, that the girls were coming to our College to read with us for a time. ...In those days we had not heard of co-education in North India. The Christian boys counselled together. ...What were we to put on, how were we to behave? What a humiliation it would be if we made mistakes in our lessons, for the girls knew us by name and would be present. We decided to have a few Christian boys including Chitambar to keep a watch over the behaviour of non-Christian boys and warn them. We dressed better, we studied better, we behaved better. ...The Lucknow Christian College thus made history for co-education in North India at the beginning of the present century.⁶

The ideal is that everyone in the church should give loving support and encouragement to a young person who feels

⁴Ibid., pp. 13-14.

⁵Ibid., p. 18.

⁶Ibid., p. 19.

called by God. To have a convert who is taking responsibility to live and lead the faith would seem a great victory in the mission church. But that was not so in this case. Charles Thomas again gives us a view of the Indian mission field, this one not so pleasant.

My friend felt that he should join the ministry. But not a single Indian minister advised him to become a minister. One of them said that if he did, he would rue the day. The stories of how the missionaries treated Indian workers were most disheartening. Educated laymen advised him not to join, for a sensitive man like him could not get on with missionaries and Mission work was insecure. It was said that the missionaries were autocrats and that they seldom visited Christian homes outside Mission compounds. If you called on them, they were cordial and said, "come again," but they themselves would not call unless they were invited to tea. Then there was the lure of the Y.M.C.A. work for which he had received a definite offer.⁷

Jashwant decided to become a minister after much struggle and prayer, especially over the Y.M.C.A. offer. John Wesley Robinson writes that at one session of the Oudh District Conference at Bara Banki Jashwant came in a depressed mood trying to decide what to do. "He left and went back to Lucknow with the problem still in the balance, but a few days later came a letter, subdued in its joyfulness but confident of divine leading, in which he wrote that the call to the ministry of the Gospel, with all it might bring of self-sacrifice, of hardship, was definitely and finally accepted."⁸ It was very hard. He and Satyavati Singh were married in 1901, she was a graduate of Isabella Thorburn College. To prepare for the ministry he and Satyavati went to Bareilly so he

⁷Ibid., pp. 19-20.

⁸Ibid., pp. 22-23.

could study at the Theological Seminary there. He was the Seminary's first Indian graduate student. He was given a scholarship of Rs. 25 per month and some very bad living quarters. "Those leaking quarters were infested with rats and were fit for rats only." He had to support his wife on his scholarship, and the condition of his rooms added to the hardship. "It hurt his sensitive soul to the quick to feel that he could not provide ordinary comfort for one who had sacrificed so much for him."⁹

In 1903 he was hired to teach at the Theological Seminary. He was there two years when he went to his first pastorate at Naini Tal. "He was ideally suited to such a place, but the need having arisen for a Head-master of the Centennial School at Lucknow, ...he was appointed to the school in 1905, beginning his work as Headmaster in July. This position he continued to hold until April 1913, part of the time serving also as Hostel Manager."¹⁰ During his time as Headmaster Jashwant began to build his international reputation. In 1907 Jashwant was selected to be a representative of India to the World Student Conference held in Tokyo, Japan. This was the first of many trips abroad. As a man of great skill and energy many things began to happen to Rev. Chitambar. In 1909 he was appointed to the pastorate of the Central Hindustani church, Lucknow. He served this church

⁹Ibid., p. 20.

¹⁰Ibid., p. 26.

until 1914; most of that time he was Headmaster of the High School as well.

Badley recounts an experience during these years:

In 1910 there came a high honour to this young man of a growing reputation, when he was chosen among others to represent India in the first World Missionary Conference held at Edinburgh. With this distinction came also that of being a delegate from India to the World Sunday School Convention held the same year at Washington D.C.

I happened to be at Washington for the Conference, and can testify to the excellent impression this young delegate from India made at the Convention. ...The average American church member knowing far less of India in those days than do members of to-day's congregations, was greatly surprised at his correct and fluent English. One man asked him, - "How long have you been in America?" The reply being - "About six weeks," the good brother exclaimed - "and to think that you have mastered our English in such a short time as that!"¹¹

In 1910 Badley wrote an article praising the Rev. Chitambar for his work as Headmaster and pastor:

Mr. Chitambar's academical work has been of the highest order and his success in building up the high school has been remarkable, but he has been equally successful as a pastor and evangelist. He is pastor of the large Hindu-stani Church in Lucknow, where he preaches to a congregation of four hundred, and through his varied activities is building up one of the most influential and promising churches of North India. His services as a winsome and powerful evangelist are in demand in many of the great Christian conventions and conferences in this land.¹²

In 1915 Jashwant was appointed district superintendent of the Eastern Kumaun district, so the family moved to Pithoragarh. There were two reasons for the move; the first was family health, the second was to give "this rising young minister a closer touch with the evangelistic work of rural

¹¹Ibid., pp. 26-27.

¹²Ibid., p. 28.

sections. It was a wise move, and was always looked upon by the family as one of the happiest times in their family life."¹³ The following was written by Miss Lucy W. Sullivan, a missionary in Pithoragarh, when the Chitambar were there.

Neither Mrs. Chitambar nor the son, Arthur, was in good health and we were sure our excellent climate would be beneficial for them, and we knew Mr. Chitambar would put new life into the District and make needed changes; and so it came about and for three years, while they were there, we had a good time. Although Mr. Chitambar was often called down to committee and mission meetings, and that meant some days of pony and rail travel he seemed to enjoy the trips.

The work of the district called for much travel by pony to the centers, some 40 and 50 miles over the mountains, and with his new energy and ways, the district was much toned up. We were glad to see Mrs. Chitambar come into better health and strength and in their third year, a very bonny baby boy joined the family; and so fine and welcome a child he was, that he was named Raja, though later, down on the plains, he became simply Isaac.¹⁴

In 1917 Brenton Badley took a furlough after seven years as General Secretary of the Epworth League in the Southern Asia field. Chitambar was the choice to fill the post, so he and the family moved back to Lucknow. Jashwant continued to travel widely for he had Epworth League responsibilities in eleven annual conferences. "His inspiring messages in the schools and chapters of the Epworth League deepened the spiritual lives of thousands, and set before the young people a living example of a talented, highly educated, up-to-date young man who had found in Christian service even wider opportunities for the use of his gifts and training than in

¹³Ibid., pp. 29-30.

¹⁴Ibid., pp. 30-31.

Government or any other work."¹⁵ While still serving as General Secretary of the Epworth League, he added two new duties in 1920. At the Central Conference of Southern Asia, held at Lucknow, the Board of Home and Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Southern Asia was founded on January 25th. The Board's first Corresponding Secretary was Jashwant Rao Chitambar. The second duty was appointment as district superintendent of the Lucknow district. Then, "In October 1921, the Board of Governors of the Lucknow Christian College, elected the Rev. J. R. Chitambar Principal of the College, the appointment to take effect the following spring."¹⁶

One student recalls the famous Chitambar humor that made the students like their Principal.

One one occasion he was speaking about the College rule to keep off the grass. As the way from the Hostel to the College was shortest through the Lawn the temptation was great to pass through it and many boys yielded to it. So one day he said to the students,- "I never pass through the lawn. When I make a rule I observe it, you see." I thought I could find at least one exception to his statement and so I said, "We boys are not allowed to leave, without permission, the College Campus after nine in the night. Do you observe this rule?" He gave his usual pleasant smile and humourously replied, "Yes, I do. I take my wife's permission." We all laughed.¹⁷

Becoming the Principal of Lucknow Christian College was a great event in the life of Jashwant Rao Chitambar. The school had been founded in 1888. It took thirty-four years before an Indian was elected to the top post. So he adds another first

¹⁵Ibid., p. 33.

¹⁷Ibid., p. 40.

¹⁶Ibid., p. 34.

to a long list of firsts. During this time a student remembers him as "firm with one in mistake, but never unkind or authoritative. So after listening to his loving rebuke a student felt repentant rather than rebellious."¹⁸

Chitambar came to the College post during a time that Bishop Badley describes as "a time of the greatest political unrest and tension India had ever known during its long connection with the British Raj." The Principal had the advantage that he was Indian, and he walked the middle way. He was not militant or extreme so as to hurt the institution's support. But at the same time he was a committed Indian who believed and worked for progress toward self-determination. He admired the work of national leaders but he never was blind to the good in other nations and people. A friend of his is quoted as writing, "Wherever he went he aroused the Indian Christian community to take its due share in the political uplift and edification of the country. India was ever on his heart." Another friend wrote, "Although he did not identify himself with any political party, one got the impression that he was an adherent of a responsible kind of Indian nationalism which does not ignore the claims of internationalism."¹⁹

Jashwant's son Amar recalls the narrow path his father had to negotiate during this time. And with a laugh

¹⁸Ibid., p. 51.

¹⁹Ibid., p. 52.

he remembers that one day he and a brother climbed to the top of the principal's house and nailed a pole with a Union Jack on it to the peak of the house. "That was very embarrassing for Dad. Here was a hundred percent Indian and the independence movement..." had created an Indian flag. "And Dad didn't even know we had done it."²⁰

Jashwant was also a scholar and had great executive ability. While he was Principal he organized the Christian Endeavor, the Sunday School and Epworth League; he also worked on the Indian Christian Association in the Provinces. He was All-India President twice. As a scholar he was one of three prominent interpreters in Northern India. "He would sit while a speaker spoke for ten or fifteen minutes and then, from start to finish, would give his translation, passing by nothing, either fact or fancy, often making his picture more vivid and striking than the original." He was also editor of the Kaukab-i-Hind a weekly paper in Roman Urdu. The paper had an interest and value that was found difficult to maintain after he left. "Probably his most ambitious accomplishment was the revision of the Royal Dictionary. This work, which had been a pioneer, he made an authority. He also directed the translation of the Methodist Discipline in 1925, a volume of over 500 pages." Finally, he translated some of the more frequently used hymns.²¹

²⁰From transcript of taped interview with Amar Chitambar in Upland, California on October 31, 1977, p. 325.

²¹Badley, pp. 52-54.

In 1930 when the Central Conference met in late December the most important piece of business was the election of a Bishop. Since the tide of nationalism was running strong and Indians had held every other office, it was time to elect an Indian Bishop. J. R. Chitambar had held many important posts, he was a recognized leader. At Conference no nominations were taken but he received a majority on the first ballot. Badley writes:

A second ballot was immediately ordered, and at the opening of the next session the writer of these lines, as presiding Bishop, had the privilege of announcing the election of Jashwant Rao Chitambar as a Bishop-elect of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Southern Asia.... A new era had dawned, and we all knew it. On the Sunday following, in the Lizzie Johnson Memorial Church, at the other end of the city, the service of consecration took place. That church had been built on a site adjoining the house used as a parsonage in the days of the Rev. Raja Ram Chitambar, the father of Bishop Chitambar. The old parsonage had disappeared, and the space it covered had been included within the altar-end of the new church building. Thus it happened that the consecration of Bishop Chitambar took place on the identical site of the family's old Cawnpore home.... After the service, the author, in company with Bishop and Mrs. Chitambar and all the children, had the privilege of going to the cemetery and there, at the grave of Raja Ram Chitambar, we made fresh consecration of life, and talents, thanked God for the past and took courage for a greater future by committing all to the blessing and guidance of God.

Bishop Chitambar's appointment was to the newly-created Jubbulpore. A short trip by train or motor brings one to Nagpur, the capital of the Central Provinces the ancestral home of the Chitambars, whence Raja Ram Chitambar went to Bombay to attend Wilson College and to be won by Christ.²²

On January 4, 1904 in the college prophecies it had been foretold that J. R. Chitambar would become a Bishop.

²²Ibid., pp. 54-55.

Twenty-seven years later, on January 4, 1931 he was consecrated Bishop.²³

Amar recalls the service very well. He was thirteen at that time. He says,

I didn't cry easily, but I had tears on my face, when the senior bishops laid their hands on him and he was consecrated, it was as if our whole family was being consecrated. As if we were all being given a charge, not only he was being given that charge.... I could feel the power, I could feel the energy. It was a very real thing.²⁴

When Amar recalls his father's death in 1940, he says that the bishop simply worked himself to death. Jashwant had high blood pressure because as he traveled he could not disappoint the people who would welcome him to their village with a big feast. While at the 1940 General Conference he had a physical exam. Soon after returning to India he became ill. Amar recalls,

My eldest brother and one other got to Jabalpur while he was still conscious. The rest of us got there after he was unconscious. We don't know if he ever recognized us. And then he died. And two weeks after he died we got his medical report from the Board of Missions that, "This man is seriously ill and needs to be cared for."

Just before he went into the coma he told his wife that he had prayed for more time because, "There is so much to do." But then he said he had not received an answer. Amar says, "All of his life was that way, it was always asking for guidance. And he would get this guidance and go on."²⁵

²³Ibid., p. 21.

²⁴Chitambar, op.cit, pp. 323, 324.

²⁵Ibid., pp. 312, 313.

The Life of Bishop Chitambar.

- 1875- Raja Ram Chitambar; student at Wilson College, Bombay.
- 1881- Raja Ram appointed to Revision Committee of New Testament.
- 1883- June 28, Raja Ram ordained in American Presbyterian Church.
- 1889- Break with Presbyterians, move to Cawnpore, join M. E. Church.
- 1893- Raja Ram's death.
- 1879- Jashwant Rao born.
- 1893- Father and older brother die, enter Centennial School Lucknow, '93-'97.
- 1895-96 Jashwant's conversion.
- 1897- College entrance examination.
- 1901- Married to Satyavati Singh (Cissie, the good.) In June Jashwant received B. A. Degree
- 1903- End special course at Theological School.
- 1903-05 Teacher at the Theological School at Bareilly.
- 1905- First pastorate at Naini Tal.
- 1905, July- April, 1913- Headmaster Centennial School, Lucknow.
- 1909-1914 Appointed pastor of Central Hindustani Church.
- 1915- Appointed District Superintendent of Kumaun district.
- 1917-19 General Secretary of the Epworth League of Southern Asia, in Lucknow.
- 1920- Appointed District Superintendent, Lucknow district, continues with Epworth League.

- 1922- Spring he becomes Principal of Lucknow College.
- 1925- Translated Methodist Discipline.
- 1931- January 4, consecrated Bishop appointed to Jubbulpore.

Chapter 4

THE LIVES OF AMAR AND ISABELLE CHITAMBAR

Isaac Amar Chitambar was born while the Rev. and Mrs. J. R. Chitambar were stationed in Pithoragarh, which Amar describes as being deep in the Himalayas. I am examining three periods in Amar's life. First, the early years including medical school and his first missionary experience. Second, the years in a mission hospital in Nadiad, India. Third, the relationship with the board of missions. This chapter is the Chitambars' own story. I am well aware that there are other sides to the events talked about. However, the scope of this project does not permit a full hearing of all sides. I feel that it is well within the range of a local pastor to preserve on tape the stories that members of a congregation may have. Church historians can fill in the pieces and draw the conclusions.

This is a subjective history of two people: they met in a Methodist church, were married while on a Methodist Crusade scholarship; worked in a Methodist Mission hospital, and instituted the first open-heart surgery program in northern India, but disappointingly not at a Methodist institution.

AMAR: THE EARLY YEARS

At the time of his father's death Amar was studying at King George's Medical College in the University of Lucknow. He graduated in 1944 and received his first experience of missionary medicine when he worked for the Christian Missionary Society (C.M.S.), a British mission in Kashmir, from March '45 to September '45. He discovered that each member of the staff took turns at preaching, either to the people in a ward or to the out patients who came to the hospital each day. When he started at the hospital it was still cold outside. To keep warm the patients would sit in the sun and carry little charcoal burners under their loose clothing. At twelve all the people who had come to be treated were gathered into a big room. He remembers,

Well, if they didn't move fast enough, they were made to move fast enough. And I have seen these people being hit and slapped because they didn't move fast enough.... Then my duty was to speak to the post-operative ward. And here you had people who were in traction. They were post-operative patients. There were people that had huge casts on, they couldn't move, a captive audience; and I couldn't go along with stuffing the message (the love of God) down their throats whether they wanted it or not, and usually they didn't.¹

However, during that time Amar also experienced surgical camps in the villages close to Russian and Tibetan borders.

¹ From transcript of taped interview with Amar Chitambar in Upland, California on July 18, 1977, pp. 208, 209.

Amar says,

I was taught as an intern to do these cataracts by one of the greatest eye surgeons of Britain, Sir Henry Holland.... You would have six patients there for surgery and you would do the first patient and then go on and do the next and then go on and do the next. By the time you finished those six, they'd have moved the first few and put others there. And so we'd do as many as a hundred (cataract operations) a day.²

Amar says that he "couldn't take" the way the patients were being treated even though he loved the work. So he returned to Lucknow for about a year of general private practice. In September of '46 he became the assistant surgeon at the Methodist hospital in Nadiad, which is near the west coast of India, about three hundred miles north of Bombay.

While there, he was selected as a Crusade Scholar. Amar first studied at the Graduate School of Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania and then was a resident in surgery at Clifton Springs Hospital and Clinic in New York State. In 1951 he received a master of medical science degree from the University of Pennsylvania. Amar adds, "By then, of course, we were a family."³

ISABELLE: THE EARLY YEARS

Isabelle Chitambar tells about a life that revolved around the British military in India. She is not sure where she was born because the family had two homes. One was in New Delhi on the plains of India where they spent the winter

²Ibid., p. 209.

³Ibid., pp. 210, 211.

months. The other was in Simla in the Himalayas, during those hot summer months that make the plains so uncomfortable.

She says,

I had two homes really. We had one household all completely set up with drapes and china and glassware and everything, that we never took to the plains. And on the plains we had a complete household we never took up to the hills.⁴

Isabelle's parents were Aileen Marjorie Rutledge and Herbert Carlson, both also born in India. Isabelle describes her parents as a bigoted Catholic and a bigoted Protestant. Her mother was determined that Isabelle not be christened Catholic. So one day when Herbert was away, Aileen took the baby Isabelle out into a hail storm to the minister.

Isabelle adds, when the minister

asked my mother what the name was, she handed me to him and said "Isabelle Grace."

So he said, "Isabelle, I think we will spell it I-s-a-b-e-l-l-e because I want you to be a b-e-l-l-e." Which is beautiful and he wanted me to be something special.⁵

Isabelle reports that when she was nine years old, she went to a British military school--called Sanawar--in the Himalayas. In those days the boarding school was "rather spartan military."

Isabelle remembers,

We slept on corrugated iron sheet beds with hay mattresses. The mattresses were stuffed with pine needles from our own trees around there. And it was cold; and it was cheerless.⁶

⁴From transcript of taped interview with Isabelle Chitambar in Upland, California on July 18, 1977, p.99.

⁵Ibid., p.99.

⁶Ibid., p.102.

School offered a chance for Isabelle to discover herself. Many of the people who were influential in her educational life were good athletes as we discovered when we were taping the interviews. Isabelle says, "I did more in athletics than I did in academic work." And adds, "I loved needle work and domestic science and athletics, but when it came to having to study history and geography and other things that I didn't care for, no one could make me do it." During this time Isabelle's parents separated, and her mother and aunts became her family.⁷

She studied at Sanawar until 1943 when she passed her Senior Cambridge examination, which is the equivalent of American high school plus some college. She says, "After we did our exams, the papers were all sent--in those days by sea--to Cambridge, and there they were corrected. So we had to wait a long time for our results." Then she went to Isabella Thoburn College in Lucknow. It was at Isabella Thoburn College, started by the sister of missionary James Thoburn, that Isabelle met Amar. His sister was Isabelle's music professor and directed the school choir which sang for the Methodist church in the city. The young men of the congregation made up the tenor and bass sections--Amar sang bass.⁸

While Isabelle was at college, the war was coming to an end and the movement for Indian independence was at the

⁷Ibid., p. 106.

⁸Ibid., pp. 101-102.

center of a lot of unrest. Isabelle's mother became "nervous" and wanted the family to leave the country for England. But Isabelle wanted to finish college in Lucknow. When her mother insisted, Isabelle went to Sarah Chakko the principal of Isabella Thoburn College. Sarah Chakko wrote to Isabelle's mother, and Isabelle was allowed to stay to graduate from college.

Isabelle remembers,

I had quite a heart-to-heart talk with Sarah Chakko. And she became a dear friend after that. She's a very wonderful person.... Another one who was fine at physical education, a good athlete. These people seem to stand out in my mind.... Because they shaped my life, you know? . . . Somehow my values came to me through phys. ed. I think.⁹

By this time Amar had left to study in America. But before he left, he and Isabelle had become engaged. So after graduating from Isabella Thoburn College, Isabelle went to her family in Essex, England until she could join Amar. Isabelle recalls this as a very hard time because her family was against the marriage and especially against her going back to India with Amar. During the two to three years Isabelle lived in England, there was an ever-present tension in the family. No one would help Isabelle with the necessary preparation--such as getting the visa and tickets for going to America. Isabelle explains that she had led a very sheltered life, "wrapped in cotton wool." She had not been allowed to run free in India but had been chaperoned wherever she went.¹⁰

⁹Ibid., p. 109.

¹⁰Ibid., p. 115-116.

However, the support that her family did not provide came from other sources. One source was from the staff of an orphanage for the retarded children where Isabelle worked while she was in England. Her first job had been in the slums of London working as the only teacher in a day nursery for children of mothers who worked to support their children after the war. Isabelle says she left that job because she felt she was not receiving staff support and the matron of the school was not doing a good job. So she volunteered to work for Dr. Bernardo, the head of the Bernardo Homes which were known throughout England. The home Isabelle worked at was in Berkshire County.

And we had children from about nine years old to high school age.... There were two teachers, the senior teacher and me. And I had children in my class from nine to fifteen, and had about nine children. And we couldn't do too much with them because they (were) quite retarded.

The work was very tiring because the staff had to maintain discipline. "Amongst those children, if one starts (to act out), then the others pick it up. It's very hard to maintain order," Isabelle adds.¹¹

In spite of the hard work, Isabelle says that she was happy there. After three or four months there, Isabelle came to America. "I felt I was not wasting my time. I felt as if I did something there. The children were very sad when I left." It was the staff who saw Isabelle off at the sta-

¹¹ Ibid., pp. 121, 123-124.

tion. She says, "They really gave me the support that I should have had from my family but didn't."

Four days after she arrived in the United States Amar and Isabelle were married, December 31, 1949 at the Arch Street Methodist Church in Philadelphia.¹²

It was three years later on their way back to India that the Chitambar family stopped in England. Mark, the oldest son was two by then. After Isabelle's family met Amar for the first time earlier objections were forgotten and everything was fine; Isabelle's mother took great pride in introducing her son-in-law to her friends. So Isabelle went to the mission field knowing that her marriage had the blessing of her family.¹³

AMAR: IN NADIAD, INDIA

In the later part of 1952 the family returned to India where Amar had agreed to work with Herschel Aldrich. Dr. Aldrich had served in Nadiad for about twenty-five years without being able to take a furlough because there was no one to relieve him. Amar was to be that relief so that Herschel Aldrich could have a real vacation. Amar started work at Methodist Hospital in Nadiad in January, 1953; in April 7, 1954 he was made superintendent, a position which he held until March of 1959 when the family returned to the U.S.¹⁴

¹²Ibid., pp. 123, 124, 100. ¹³Ibid., pp. 124, 125.

¹⁴From transcript of taped interview with Amar Chitambar in Upland, California on October 24, 1977, p. 249.

According to Amar, Methodist Hospital in Nadiad was established by a Dr. Corprin and his wife, who were Methodist medical missionaries from Florida. Their first assignment was in a highly civilized area in the mountains. When Corprin found that he was not doing medicine for poor villagers or city people who lacked medical care, he decided to leave India. On the way to Bombay the Corprins had to change trains or layover in Nadiad. When the village elders heard about the surgeon, they asked for help, and Corprin started to see patients under a tree. He decided to stay; so he built a two-room house for him and his wife. Amar says, "Then he got a serious patient. So he put the patient into their bed." That house became the nucleus of the hospital. "Then it just grew and grew and grew...from an architect's standpoint in a most horrendous manner." The Corprins then built themselves a massive bungalow, in which the Chitambars lived and entertained.¹⁵

When Amar joined the staff at Nadiad as associate surgeon in January 1953, the hospital was handling an inpatient load of about one hundred and eighty, he says. To fit in this number,

we had patients lying in between beds. We had lean-tos created. And the walks between the building which were covered walks we put beds there and lined the thing with burlap on the outside, sheltered it.

Nadiad itself was a village, "in terms of its facilities."

¹⁵Ibid., pp.269, 270.

Even though Amar estimates that 50,000 people lived in the vicinity. The goal of Christian medical missions, as Amar explains it, is to take good but inexpensive medical care to the poor of India, the villagers. Nadiad was a heavily orthodox Hindu area. The hospital was to be a Christian witness, and close around it lived a small pocket of Christians. All hospital employees were Christian, but the hospital was open to all who came.¹⁶

To show how expenses ran, Amar says,

The most major operation, plus full hospitalization, was a hundred and fifty rupees. Now in exchange-value today that is approximately fifteen dollars. At that time it was about thirty dollars in exchange-value. If a patient paid that full amount, we made a profit of approximately seventy-five cents, for the operation.... So the hospital was receiving a lot of help from the Board of Missions (from the United States).... But money was only being sent for projects because the hospital was doing such a volume of work that it had become the only self-supporting mission in all of India.

If a patient could not pay the full cost, the anesthetist who collected the money tried to evaluate what the patient could pay. Some paid one hundred rupees, some fifty and some patients had operation, hospitalization, medication, food and lodging for free.¹⁷

Hospital fees were collected by four members of the staff: the anesthetist, the pharmacist, the X-ray technician and the head of supply room. At the end of each day these persons would present the money they had taken in. There was

¹⁶Ibid., p. 251, 252.

¹⁷Ibid., p. 253.

no system of giving receipts or otherwise recording the income of the hospital. As Amar points out,

You couldn't say, "We did ten operations; therefore we should have fifteen hundred rupees," because you know very well that all ten of these couldn't afford one hundred-fifty rupees. Same with X-ray. Same with pharmacy (and with supply). So whatever they handed in, that was just taken and put into the hospital treasury.

Nothing was done or said by Amar while Herschel Aldrich was still in charge. However, after Aldrich left, Amar hired a business manager, and they started to investigate. They discovered, for instance that the pharmacist who was paid only one hundred-fifty rupees a month,

owned four apartment houses. He owned tremendous acreage of farmland.... For irrigation he had his own tube well and pump, had one of the two or three cars in the entire area.... And he had a whole lot of children. So this was all on this little salary.

The other three people were in a similar situation, living beyond the legitimate income.

Another piece of damaging evidence was the result of Amar's enjoyment of the surgical work. In preparation for the hospital's golden jubilee, graphs were prepared to show the number of operations performed at the hospital in selected years. The graphs showed a sharp increase in the number of operations performed in the 1953-54 years while both Dr. Aldrich and Dr. Chitambar were present. Although the number leveled off after Amar took over by himself, however, it was still much higher than in previous years. Another graph of income showed no change in the level of income.¹⁸

¹⁸ Ibid., pp 254-256.

In order to stop loss of income Amar says, they introduced a numbered receipt system that "met with horrible antagonism from the hospital staff." Amar recalls telling his staff,

"There is no restriction on the amount of charity that we do. You will still give concessions to whoever needs it. But let it be shown on the receipt." ...The four people really ruled the hospital, and I would get the hospital people together, and I would talk to them, and I would say, "We are here. We are a little pocket of Christianity in this vast area of Hinduism. We have to show that there is something in Christianity that makes us Christians." And I used to bring out honesty and integrity. And then when I finished talking and the whole meeting would be over, then I found out later that these people would go to the various staff members. And they would say, "You know, he said so and so, but what he actually meant was this,"... They'd completely twist my words around.¹⁹

Amar goes on to say that even though the hospital employees were all Christians, those who had come from the untouchable caste of Hinduism were still being treated as unclean by other staff members. Amar could not understand why the poor sweepers supported the four people who treated them as untouchable. Very frustrated Amar says he finally discovered that the anesthetist, X-ray technician, pharmacist, and head of supply room were also money lenders. They controlled the poor workers through their debts. The Indian tradition of having large weddings often put these poor people in debt to such an extent that they could hardly keep up the interest payments. Amar says that he was very fortunate

¹⁹Ibid., pp. 256-257.

that a supportive board of directors agreed when he took from the hospital's treasury to pay off these debts.²⁰

Instead of the situation improving, things grew worse. Charges of injustice and oppression were being made against Amar. The hospital staff joined a union and immediately issued a strike notice. Amar recalls his first response was to allow the strike to occur. The hospital had been accredited for two years of post-graduate medical education. Amar and the residency students felt they could run the hospital by themselves. He says,

Immediately the government arbitrator stepped in.... The union had to be taken care of in the proper way.... So I went to the first meeting, and I came out of that meeting feeling as if a whole tubful of dirty water had been thrown on me. All the things they accused me of doing and the things they accused me of saying and how I was oppressing the people.²¹

Amar went for help to a former patient who sent him to Chimanlal Parikh. Parikh had been a very successful lawyer who stopped while cross examining a witness and said to himself,

"What way is this of making a livelihood?... Look what I've done to this person on the witness stand. I've completely shattered him. I've made him look foolish. I've humiliated him. I've actually disgraced him."

At that point he left the case and went into using his knowledge and expertise in law for the poor villagers. Amar remembers him by the name "Raja", which means king, a name that the local people used to honor him.²²

²⁰ Ibid., p. 258.

²¹ Ibid., pp. 259.

²² Ibid., pp. 260, 261.

As chief of the hospital Amar was often treated as something special.

So when I went to see this man, he pretty well put me in my place.... There was a thin mattress on the floor with a sheet over it and then a little table like the speaker's dais.... He had that in front of him, he was sitting cross-legged on the floor on this mattress and working on one of the cases for these poor people. And I came in the door, and he was told who I was, so he looked at me, stared at me without a change of expression, over his spectacles. He looked at me like that and had me sit down over there. [Amar sits head tilted forward looking sternly over pretended glasses and points arm fully extended and one long finger directing the place to sit.] ...So I just sat and waited, and every now and again he'd just look at me, and then he'd go on with his work. And then when he turned to me finally and we started talking, and I told him this same story and we went through all of this. And he said, "Ah, what you're trying to do is to root out corruption."

Raja took the case and, Amar says, Raja was so well trusted that the secretary of the All India International Trade Union Conference, (I.N.T.U.C) also used Raja as their arbitrator.²³

Things changed dramatically when Amar went for the second meeting at which the staff demands were presented. The first demand was for four sets of uniforms for all the staff, the nurses, anesthetist, and the sweepers. Amar answered,

"No, I can't agree to that. I can only agree to two." And we fought this back and forth. Oh, they had to have four. I said, "No, we have so much work. We do so much charity work. We are only willing to give two." So finally we decided on two.... So I said, "O.K., you've decided on two?" They said, "Yes." I said, "All right, for your information, at present we are giving six uniforms per year."

²³ Ibid., pp. 261, 262.

Another demand was that, "Nurses should not have to carry patients from ward." Amar adds, "Now when did a nurse ever have to carry a patient? We had stretchers." And so with every demand Amar recalls he proved that the hospital was already giving more than demanded. In every case he first, "beat them down" even from their original demand. This made the ring leaders look very foolish, but it did not improve the situation in the hospital.²⁴

The matter was not settled quickly. Amar estimates that the entire process took three years or more to resolve. During this time some of the local Methodists, including some who were on staff at the hospital, tried to organize a demonstration parade to force Amar to leave town. Amar's mother, who was in her eighties, lived with his family in Nadiad. Amar says that he was afraid of what his mother's reaction to the danger would be. He says,

So I went to her--into her room and I said, "Mother, you know I have been having this trouble in the hospital. And so now I think you should know that they are planning a procession against me, and they have threatened my life. People have firearms and so now, so I think you should know about this." And I was totally amazed by the reaction because my mother, she smiled and she said, "Oh, you mean that the devil is rearing his head. Never mind, son, you have broad shoulders." And that was her reaction to it.²⁵

²⁴Ibid., pp. 262, 264.

²⁵Ibid., p.281.

ISABELLE AND THE HOSPITAL CRISIS

Isabelle's account of the problem and the parade gives more detail. She says that the hospital people were particularly angry because they felt that the hospital should be run for the benefit of Methodists, for the Christians. Amar's emphasis on doing charity work for any person who could not afford it meant many Christians who were well off had to pay. Isabelle says,

The district superintendent got very angry because he had to pay for his son's tonsillectomy, and similarly ministers and various people would come and get furious because they had to pay. So then they got wind of the fact that he was putting in a central cash system.... So the various departments that had been making money...suddenly were not able to do it. So the Christian community was furious, and they were ready to run us out of town. And they had a procession and banners made and everything. [But the local Methodist minister said, "What are you doing? Can't you see you are bringing disgrace to the Christian community? What Dr. Chitambar has done for the hospital is so appreciated by the non-Christians in the village, the other medical people, the whole area, not just the village. Can't you see what you are bringing on your own heads?" And he talked them out of it, so they didn't do it.

Even though the demonstration was prevented by the minister, anonymous letters came for three of the five years Amar was in charge of the hospital. Isabelle says that the letters so upset her that she would cry and suggest that they go somewhere where they would be appreciated. Amar would ask if she wanted to be run out by people such as these. "And finally I said, 'No, we won't. We'll see it through--see the system through. And then we'll leave when we are good and ready.'"²⁶

²⁶Interview with Isabelle Chitambar, July 18, 1977, pp.127-129.

AMAR: THE THIRD MEETING

Finally, the All-India Secretary of INTUC came through the area and met with Amar, the local union secretary and Raja. Saying that he was not there to argue but to tell a story, Amar said,

I told him exactly this same story, about the work. And I said, "I want to show you our books." And I said, "First, look at our surgery statistics." And I showed him the way the graph had gone up. And then I said, "Now look at our income," and the income remaining exactly the same. And I said, "Here is the date that we put in our cost accounting and receipt system. And here is our surgery up to that point and after that."

The graph for surgery was running level; however, from the date the new system was introduced, the income level on the graph climbed at an angle of almost 60 degrees from horizontal. Amar then recalls, "He took a look at that and he turned to the local secretary and he says, 'You mean you're making me back crooks?' (Laughter) And our battle was won."²⁷

The next problem was what to do with the four people who were still in key positions. Amar asked the national union secretary what to do since union rules prevented his firing them. Amar says that the secretary suggested that they be placed in degrading make-work jobs, such as keeping counts on how many people, cars or wagons passed in and out of the hospital gates. He says, "Now here were people who were landlords, holding with the iron fist." With union backing, their power was broken. With that done, "Almost

²⁷Interview with Amar Chitambar, October 24, 1977.
p. 264, 265.

overnight the entire atmosphere in the hospital changed. And the last two years were years of utter joy."²⁸

When Amar recalls his six years at Nadiad, he says that the early years were good "Because I just reveled in that amount of work that we were doing. And in the fantastic results that we were getting." Then came three years of frustration. The frustration was because of the corruption and resentments; but it was also because the four leaders used Christian words and concepts to further their own goals. Amar gives the credit to Raja for finally straightening the hospital out. He says,

I was just hitting a blank wall and I didn't know where to go, how to manage it. Because if you spoke biblically or if you spoke about Christianity, these four people had used exactly the same words. And I didn't know how to get around this. But finally and through a non-Christian we got around this and as a result of this non-Christian the hospital became more Christian than it ever had been.²⁹

AMAR: WORK AT THE HOSPITAL

From several places in our interviews I have pieced together this sequence of events. Amar started work under Dr. Herschel Aldrich who was just starting a school of nursing at the hospital. The first class of nurses graduated after Amar had become surgeon in charge. Then about a year later the hospital was accredited for two years of post-graduate work by the University of Baroda and the University

²⁸ Ibid., pp. 267, 268.

²⁹ Ibid., p. 281.

of Ahmedabad, both in the state of Gujarat. So more and more Amar was teaching as he worked.

Amar recalls,

We first used to start surgery at eight in the morning. And I couldn't finish it. I'd find that I went on to about nine o'clock at night and find that the poor out-patients were waiting. And they had been waiting since early morning. So then I'd start seeing out-patients at that time at night. And it happened--not very often but it did happen--where I'd be working and the sun would come up.... I'd quickly shave and then have some breakfast. And we'd go on with the next day's program without my going home.

I have gone as much as three weeks without [Amar and Isabelle's sons/ Mark and David, who were then quite small, without them seeing me, because I was never home when they were awake. And I don't know how Isabelle lived through that period because there was nothing for her to do.³⁰

Amar claims that with one surgeon, the hospital averaged twenty-five hundred major operations a year. So surgery had to begin at six a.m. Even with the nursing students, there were not enough people to care for everyone, "so that the patients were allowed to bring attendants with them." The hospital had a chaplain, but because of Amar's experience at the hospital in Kashmir, "I didn't allow him to force his attention on any non-Christian." Devotions were held in an open area in the mornings so that the staff and attendants who were not busy could participate. "We'd have a crowd around the staff just listening to the...daily meditation, and the daily reading, and the daily prayers." Amar adds that the chaplain would greet each new patient. "But

³⁰ Ibid., pp. 268, 269.

you would be amazed at how many non-Christians the day before surgery would ask him to come and read from the Christian Bible to them and to pray with them."³¹

To create a family-like atmosphere at the hospital, the Chitambars used their large mission bungalow and compound and provided recreation for the staff. There would be table games, party games, with badminton in the yard. For people who had grown up with hardship, recreation was a new and exciting thing. The recreation also meant contact across caste lines. Amar remembers that if any of the Christians got upset, all he had to do was remind them they were Christian. However, he couldn't use the same argument with his graduate students, for they were not Christians. But the Hindu, Moslem and Sikh students "fitted right in." The point had been made however, Amar says,

Afterwards I would receive letters that would bring tears to my eyes, after these boys had spent their time with us. "Not only did you teach us surgery but you taught us how to live the life." Just one little sentence like that in a long letter telling me what they were doing, and how they were pleased with the training they had received.³²

With the aid of interns Amar started to do surgical camps such as he had enjoyed while in Kashmir. It was only after Indian Independence that some villages had their first paved roads or electricity. Because of the lack of antibiotics, many children needed to have their tonsils removed. So Amar's interns would go into a village to check the children

³¹ Ibid., pp. 272, 273.

³² Ibid., pp. 273, 274.

to determine who needed their tonsils removed. Equipment and health staff would be transported into the village.

Amar says they would set up

operating facilities on school tables. And we'd have a person holding a flashlight as the operating light.... Isabelle's job was swatting flies, and comforting the children when they would come in scared.... But then this [successful surgery] would show that surgery was something that was safe, and immediately then when people got sick in this village...here was a mission hospital that was willing to give them medical attention.

The surgical camps were done free for the villagers.³³

The hospital became so well known for its surgery, that Amar says they had patients from every part of India, patients from Pakistan, and even from East Africa. Not only did former patients tell relatives, but once in a while something dramatic happened, such as this story which Amar tells:

There was this woman who felt a tumor in her stomach, but she was so poor...she had to keep working or else they wouldn't have enough to eat.... But this lump kept growing and growing and growing and growing until she wasn't able to work any more.... Then her family took her into the hospital [not Methodist Hospital]... And at a lunch one day--some lunch honoring somebody or the other--I was at that lunch, and this man met me and he said, "I've just operated on a woman with a tumor that's too large to remove." So in conversation he asked if I would like to see this patient. And I said, "Yes, I'd like to." So this patient then was sent to us. She was a patient of about thirty-five, completely skin and bone ...lying in bed unable hardly to move because her tummy looked as if she had octuplets inside, just huge and everything else just skin and bone....

So we took this woman to the operating room and we operated on her. The most difficult thing in operating on her was controlling this tumor so that it didn't fall and take us and the patient and everybody onto the floor with it.... We got it out. It weighed fifty-three (53)

³³Ibid., pp. 275, 276.

pounds.... She went home and when she came for her checkup six months later, a beautiful woman walked into my examining room. I didn't recognize her.³⁴

Another example Amar recalls is a nine-year-old boy whose brother was charged by a tiger. When he ran to his brother's aid, the tiger had swiped him with its paw, opening his chest so you could see the lung on the right side and opened the left side as well. The boy was brought twenty-five miles in a bullock cart. Amar says, "That boy should not have been living, but he was living when he came to me." Amar operated and the boy recovered. Amar feels that obviously a much greater power than modern surgery and medicine was at work.³⁵

ISABELLE IN NADIAD

The reader will recall Amar saying that he didn't know how Isabelle had tolerated life in Nadiad. It was a place with no facilities for entertainment, shopping, or employment. But Isabelle brought a special gift to Nadiad and Methodist Hospital. She recalls,

I was amongst the younger missionary people there. I was new to the mission. I knew nothing about Methodism. I had come from the Church of England, from British military atmosphere. And I was the only one who wore lipstick and painted my toenails and liked to give parties, and...liked pretty clothes.... 'Till I left, there were some older people who thought that I was terribly shallow.... Which I resented and which made me quite angry and bitter.³⁶

³⁴

Ibid., pp. 277, 278.

³⁵

Ibid., pp. 279, 280.

³⁶

Interview with Isabelle Chitambar, July 18, 1977, pp. 129-130.

The other missionaries at Nadiad were single women from America. They included the nursing supervisor, the head of the laboratory and one or two visiting nurses who worked outside the hospital. These missionaries lived in one large bungalow. Each one had a private bedroom, but they shared one living room, a servant and dining room.

Isabelle's gift was to know when to help the staff relax and let off some of the pressure. She says when tensions rose among the women or when the nurses were angry at Dr. Chitambar, she'd throw a party: "Evening gowns essential." There was grumbling during the preparations; nevertheless, "they'd come and they'd have a lovely time. And for some weeks this would carry over into the work." Isabelle adds,

The one who had been most nasty I paid the most attention to her. Because a lot of it is loneliness and not having your nearest and dearest and being thrown together in a bungalow with people that...are not really your friends So we understood that...but we suffered some slings and arrows.³⁷

Isabelle recalls that when the new cash receipt system went into effect, there was suddenly money for improvements around the hospital. They put in hedges and gardens and painted outside. Fans were installed in the nurses' stations to help with India's hot weather. The receipt system also provided the money to make their bungalow and compound into a club for the staff to relax and socialize.³⁸

³⁷Ibid., pp. 131.

³⁸Ibid., p. 133.

Isabelle had not entered the mission field to be a missionary. At first she was there because that's where Amar wanted to be. She recalls, "To begin with...the people would come around with their diseases and their sores on their faces and I could hardly stand to look at it." After the new business system was running, the business manager Amar had hired left, and Isabelle started helping with the hospital office administration. She handled correspondence with churches interested in the work and she put out a newsletter.

And after I went to the hospital and I was on the premises and I saw the people waiting all day to see him.... I suddenly began to realize what kind of work he was doing and what kind of work was being done by that hospital, and the patience and love that went into this work.... And the faith of these people who very often would walk in, miles away just to spend all day to be seen.... And suddenly the whole thing changed. Suddenly I was not resentful because he was there all day. Suddenly I began to feel this compassion and a part of the work.³⁹

Isabelle really believes that during this time her mission was born. She was able to give a healthy outlet to the young people entrusted to the hospital as students in the various training programs. She organized the first choir in the church, and the choir put on special programs that were very popular. She says,

But the most important thing was that through all this, I began to realize that I was glad to be there and happy to be doing this.... And even when I ran into a lot of criticism from some of the older missionaries...I was quite angry about this but not enough to make me stop. And any time it got really difficult and sort of hot

³⁹From transcript of taped interview with Isabelle Chitambar, in Upland, California on August 15, 1977, pp.163, 164.

amongst our colleagues, then I'd give a party for them And it was amazing how this was like therapy and everybody was kindly to each other and the resentment sort of, you know, dissolved.⁴⁰

Isabelle says, "I have a feeling of satisfaction that I did do what my nature led me to do and what the gift of God given to me in my personality; it was right for that situation."⁴¹

During the time in Nadiad much of Isabelle's spritual growth was assisted by the Chitambar's acquaintance with some nearby Alliance missionaries. Even though they were more fundamentally inclined than Methodists, Isabelle says,

They were not just ordinary Christian people. They were in it from the toes up, and the warmth and the love of God just exuded from them. They were very special people. And one day I was at a meeting, and they were witnessing. And suddenly I found I couldn't sit there. The tears were just pouring out of my eyes.... But it seemed as if it all had to wash out, all these things that were maybe corroding, I don't know. Through this experience and a lot of reading and lectures/ came a commitment, a feeling of, "My gosh, these spiritual truths are real. They're great," you know, "I've got to do something about it." And suddenly I began to realize that just these things that you mouth in church are not enough. You have to live them.⁴²

AMAR AND THE BOARD OF MISSIONS

Amar had taken charge of the hospital in Nadiad to fill in while Dr. Aldrich was on furlough. During his time in the hospital the first open-heart surgery had been performed in the United States, in 1954. Amar had seen a need for heart surgery and wanted training in that field. Not

⁴⁰ Ibid., pp. 165-168.

⁴² Ibid., p. 177, 178.

⁴¹ Ibid., p.171.

long after that Jim Matthews, a Board of Missions area secretary visited the hospital. Amar says that he and Matthews made a pact that if Amar stayed at Nadiad until 1957, the Board of Missions would bring the family to the United States for training in open-heart surgery. Amar says, "Then they couldn't get me a replacement in '57..... They couldn't get a replacement in '58. And finally when I got this position in National Jewish (Hospital, Denver), it was too good an offer and I said, 'I must go.'"⁴³

Dr. Herschel Aldrich was not assigned to Nadiad when he returned from furlough. Amar says he knew Dr. Aldrich was not happy about the different assignment and so Amar asked to be sent to another place. However, Jim Matthews, the secretary for Southeast Asia, evidently felt that Amar's work was good enough that he should stay where he was.⁴⁴ The Aldriches, on their way to their new assignment, visited the hospital. Amar says, "They went around the hospital, and they saw what I had done.... And Herschel assured me there was no feeling on his part... He was very pleased with what I had done." However, Amar is convinced that many people--friends of the Aldriches--were angry on their behalf.⁴⁵

⁴³From transcript of taped interview with Amar Chitambar, in Upland, California, on November 7, 1977, pp. 338, 339.

⁴⁴Interview with Amar Chitambar October 24, 1977, p. 289.

⁴⁵Interview with Amar Chitambar November 7, 1977, p. 349, 350.

The Chitambar family left India amidst a flood of appreciation. When they visited the Board of Missions office before travelling to Denver, they were told that no one had really carried the message of world mission to Colorado and they were asked to "open it up." So they did; both Isabelle and Amar say they spoke, "the length and breadth of Colorado." Each church where they spoke took a collection.

We were amazed at how much they'd raise. And the minister would say, "Now, here is this money." And we would say, "No, we don't want it. You give us our expenses, and you send the rest to the board. Just tell them that it's for us, and send it to the board."

We didn't check in with the board. We didn't think this was necessary.... I knew that our open-heart surgery equipment would be so expensive. And I didn't want the board to have to put all this much out.... Now that was hard to do turn down the money because...there were times when we didn't know where we were going to eat.⁴⁶

While living in Denver, the Chitambars developed a close relationship with Park Hill Methodist Church, and during their speaking tours of Colorado, they developed another close contact with Colorado Springs Methodist Church. Before the Chitambars had left India, it had been suggested that they find a sponsoring church in the United States so that they could return to India as the missionaries of an American church. Up to this time they were considered native Indians working for the mission board. When the Colorado Springs Church let it be known that they wanted to be the sponsoring

⁴⁶ Ibid., pp. 341, 342.

church, Park Hill said, "No, they're members here. They will be our missionaries." Colorado Springs responded by offering to provide the expensive equipment needed to set up an open-heart surgery program. In other words, the Chitambars could have returned to India and set up the first open-heart surgery unit at almost no cost to the Board of Missions, and their salary would have been underwritten for years to come.⁴⁷

The first concrete indication of trouble with the Board of Missions came in 1962 when Amar was finishing his training. He wrote the board about the family plans to return to India and asked that arrangements be made. The return letter said that arrangements would be made for Dr. Chitambar but that the rest of the family was not the board's responsibility. Amar explains,

So this sort of a thing went on in two or three letters and finally...I wrote to Jim Matthews, who at that time was bishop of Boston. And I said, "Jim, what is this? What shall I do now?"... Jim contacted the board and I think this just heaped coals of fire because then I got a very straight letter from the board saying, "Passage has been arranged for all of you, on such and such a ship."⁴⁸

The next exchange of letters started when Amar wrote to ask that some of the funds from speaking engagements be used to purchase a heart-lung machine offered at about one-third the cost by National Jewish Hospital. The board responded by saying, "'There is no such thing. It is non-

⁴⁷Interview with Amar Chitambar July 18, 1977, p. 213.

⁴⁸Interview with Amar Chitambar November 7, 1977, pp. 342, 343.

existent. There is no such thing as your fund as you call it." The board never acknowledged that any money had been received. So Amar had to secure equipment needed for open-heart surgery on his own. Amar explains that he also wanted to take back a station wagon so that they wouldn't have to make so many trips with equipment and people to set up surgical camps in the villages. He says,

So Park Hill Methodist Church suddenly just took a collection for us and gave us a fantastic amount. So I was able to buy the heart-lung machine. I was able to buy our car.

However, they did not have enough to pay the duty fees in India. On a previous trip they had help from the Intermission business office. But this time Amar had received a letter in London saying,

Please, do not embarrass us. We know you are bringing a car. Please do not embarrass us and ask for any help with the duty because we have received specific instructions from the board that you're not to be helped.⁴⁹

The Chitambars arrived in India with very little money and no mission assignment. They had to borrow money to get their possessions out of customs. Amar spent several months looking, unsuccessfully, for work in a mission hospital. The only fruitful part of that time was a chance to work with a Bombay doctor who was starting work in open-heart surgery.

At his sister's urging Amar had applied to a new government hospital and medical school that was just opening. This school is in the new capital of the Punjab,

⁴⁹Ibid., pp. 344, 345.

Chandigarh (established 1956). Amar remembers that needing to find some work he accepted a job as lecturer.⁵⁰ The hardest part was not working in a Christian institution as he had dreamed and realizing that former classmates of his had been hired as professors. The man who had done the first chest surgery in the Punjab was an assistant professor. "Now I came to do open-heart surgery, and this was something that had never been done.... [He] suddenly found that his thunder was being stolen...and he showed his antagonism immediately."⁵¹

While Amar was assembling and training a team, a long list of possible patients was drawn up. When the team was ready, Amar says, "All the cases disappeared. And not because the patients were scared. Because the cardiologists didn't think we were ready." Every time a patient was decided on, someone would send the person home before an operation could be performed. A small boy whose growth was stunted by a hole in the heart finally became the first open-heart patient in North India, but only because one of Amar's students happened to catch him after being discharged before the scheduled surgery.⁵²

I want the story told just as Amar told it to me:

O.K. So now we have the patient. Now sterilize the heart-lung machine. So I took it to the institute. All the sterilizers had not been installed, but I couldn't get the heart-lung machine into the sterilizers that had

⁵⁰ Ibid., p. 347.

⁵² Ibid., p. 373.

⁵¹ Ibid., p. 361.

been installed. So then I was so grateful for our ranch wagon.... Isabelle took some big sheets and sewed the machine into it and into the sheets three time over.... I had wrapped it first carefully. Then we drove sixty miles away to a medical school...and we had our machine sterilized over there. Then I took it out, brought it back in the car.... And that's how we sterilized our machine...

Alright, then we started doing this operation. And I got the heart-lung machine going. And stopped the heart, opened the heart, saw the defect--which was quite a bit more complicated than what we had expected--no problem. I said, "Here is the hole in the heart. Now here are the veins coming from the lungs. You see they're coming on the wrong side. They're coming into the wrong side of the heart. It'll add a load to this side of the heart. He will get less of proper blood. Therefore, I have to transpose these veins into the other side of the heart. And this is how I'm going to do it."

I was in the middle of saying this, when my assistant suddenly shouted out what sounded to me like "air" and I looked down.... O.K., now as the blood would come to the heart, I'd take it out from the major vessels into our machine. So it's the dark unoxygenated blood; I'm taking it out to be oxygenated. Then made arterialized, the bubbles taken out, all air taken out and then pumped into an artery here /pointing to the groin/.... So the body is being supplied with blood. You can stop the heart and you can open it because the heart isn't doing any of the work, the pump is doing the work.... What you do in the heart-lung machine, is that you see that the blood does not go below a certain level.... You sort of adjust out-flow and in-flow and keep the patient's blood pressure at a certain safe level.

O.K., this fellow started the pump and it was going fine Now this man was a trained surgeon. They had never seen a defect in the heart. So--this man was about 6'3"--he looked at the pump. It was running all right, so he left it...and he was looking over my shoulder at what I was doing.... And he didn't realize that the pump was pumping faster than the blood was coming in.... It was now beginning to pump air into the body.

So fortunately I was pointing things out with a long pair of scissors.... So at once I just cut this line. /Amar indicates the line going into the groin./... Fortunately it had been seen as the air started in, so we were able to bleed the air out.

O.K., now we've got the boy with no air in him but an open heart and not beating.... I don't think I've ever repaired a defect quicker than that. I repaired the defect, I filled the heart, we didn't have blood, I filled the heart with normal saline.... Put a clamp across the place where I'd opened the heart and then I shocked the heart and got it going.... O.K., then we took our time closing the heart and closing the wound. O.K., everything is fine, the boy is breathing, but his pupils don't react.... I had worked fast but I didn't know how much time had gone by. And so then I really suffered.⁵³

Amar recalls that the boy's color and pulse were very good but that he had no reflexes. Amar also remembers the support he received from the professor of cardiology. He would come to the door at the other end of this big ward, "and all he'd do is look in and say, 'Is he dead yet?'"

For two or three days there were still no reflex actions. One day while cleaning out the boy's lungs, Amar says he felt the slightest twitch. Then the next evening the same student who had stopped the boy from being discharged, came running to the badminton court after work to say that he had taken the boy some candy. He talked to the boy and got no reaction. He put the sweets on the bed beside the patient. A little while later he saw the boy's hand slowly begin to move toward the sweets. Amar says, "Then I just knew he was going to be all right.... And by the time we left, the boy was almost my height (5'11").⁵⁴

After the first successful open-heart surgery in North India, the jealousies intensified. At the next evalua-

⁵³Ibid., pp. 374-377.

⁵⁴Ibid., pp. 378.

tion and promotion Amar was advanced two steps and this was cause for further antagonism. When he talks about his years at Chandigarh after he was established as head of the cardio-thoracic surgery department, he says,

But then I met with obstructions that completely bowed my shoulders down. I met with obstructions that resulted in death for my patients. It was done just so that I would not have the successes that I was having.⁵⁵

Amar feels that this is part of the Indian value system. Individuals had to look out for themselves and friends so political cliques formed. As an example, Amar recalls, "If you wanted your telephone line to be put in, you talked to the high-up people and then you bribed everyone down the line.... It worked that way. And this sort of a thing, both Isabelle and I refused to do."⁵⁶

After the first surgery proved successful, many newspapers carried stories about it. Even though there had been no contact with the Board of Missions, Amar recalls,

I sent a newspaper clipping to Jim Matthews, just out of interest. And I sent one to [name and position deleted]. And I said to him, "This is what I wanted to come out of a mission hospital. I wanted to do this same thing in a mission hospital.... Did you ever think that there might be something in your office?... Some of the fault might lie in your own administration there." And what a corker I got back. In terms of, "How dare you suggest such a thing? How dare you bring up a subject which I had not brought up?"...or something like this. So then I just tore up the letter. That was the end of all connection with the board.⁵⁷

⁵⁵Ibid., p. 362.

⁵⁶Ibid., p. 365.

⁵⁷Ibid., p. 347, 348.

Chapter 5

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSIONS

The Chitambars left India in 1968 to return to the United States. They have become American citizens. I met them while I was a student intern from the School of Theology at Claremont working at the First United Methodist Church of Upland, California. Both Isabelle and Amar are active members of that church. This project traces the history of Amar Chitambar from the first Methodist missionaries in India to the first open-heart surgery performed in that area of the world. It was a long hard struggle to carve out an indigenous Christianity. The first Methodist came in 1856; a Methodist did the first open-heart surgery on November 30, 1963. We saw in chapter two how the mission brought religion and technology; the surgery is evidence that the process is complete.

One thing that this project shows is that a local minister can identify lay people who could provide church historians with significant material. Once these people are identified, a lay person can tape record their recollections. In other words, the local church can help to preserve some very valuable historical data. This can be done at a small expense and with a few simple guidelines, or through area training workshops. What a great treasure trove of memories could be produced for future researchers!

The goal of this project was to do an oral history of one family close to the Indian history of religious aculturation. In the early years of this century a large body of material was developed in missionary biographies. However, little of that material was analytical. In my reading I felt that the writers were attempting to capture the mythic qualities of the missionary age. This resulted in a loss of the actual personalities of the people involved. Church documents are also good sources of information that leave the personalities out.

At the end of my work I am happy to conclude that the oral history method is able to provide both the information and the personality insights that I wanted. In the transcripts one can see the operations of the Methodist Board of Missions and how the Chitambars reacted to it. I feel that I failed to explore some of the cultural differences that might have provided a deeper insight into the conflict with the board. However, I feel that in chapter four one could see that the Church is not a faceless institution but a very human institution making both good and bad judgments about people that have historical effects. For example, the Methodist church could have claimed the first open-heart surgery in North India; instead it chose (for reasons not examined here) to drive a skilled surgeon out of Christian mission.

Finally, this project shows that the institutional church and each Christian must be called back to Christ's quiet witness of love, over and over and over again. Everyone

of us has the right to bring up subjects that others want to keep silent on. We will not always get an answer. The missionaries and maybe even the church's mission boards felt that because Jesus was the way, the truth, and the light, if the mission preached love of Jesus, it would itself be right. That is not the case, for the project proves we are less than perfect. It seems to me that it is only those willing to see the truth in the past who are ready to move toward the truth in all of our futures.

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A P P E N D I X

I, Isabelle Chitambar give my permission for the use of edited transcripts made from interviews taped on July 18, 1977 and August 18, 1977 in the doctoral project of Russ M. Locke. This permission includes the permission to cite and the permission to include the edited transcripts in the appendix of that project.

These transcripts are donated for educational purposes and permission to cite is given to all who acknowledge the source in full.

Signed: Isabelle Chitambar Date: 4-17-78

Witnessed: ~~Isabelle Chitambar~~ Date: 4/17/78

Lynne M. Locke

4-17-78

I, I. Amar Chitambar, give my permission for the use of edited transcripts made from interviews taped on July 18, 1977, October 24, 1977, October 31, 1977 and November 7, 1977 in the doctoral project of Russ M. Locke. This permission includes the permission to cite and the permission to include the edited transcripts in the appendix of that project.

These transcripts are donated for educational purposes and permission to cite is given to all who acknowledge the source in full.

Signed: I. Amar Chitambar Date: 4.17.78

Witnessed: ~~I. Amar Chitambar~~ Date: 4/17/78
Lynne M. Locke 4-17-78



Primary interview July 18, 1977 with Isabelle Chitambar. Her home. Interviewer Russ Locke.

Russ Locke: I have some questions that are going to spark my mind, and I'll take some notes as far as place names, names that might be a little hard to spell so that I can check the spelling with you in case...

Isabelle Chitambar: I haven't, I can't remember the dates of my father's and mother's births. You can work it out: she is 80 years old this December. (December 23, 1896.)

RL: Things like that, I think, aren't as important, but from 80 years old I can work back....

O.K., what I want to do today is start out with a preliminary picture. We can talk about the structure of what it is we're going to do and answer any questions if you have any and...just get used to using the tape recorder and those sorts of things.

IC: We had good...we had good practice in the other...

RL: Right, we did...thought I'd start out with a bunch of simple questions, like who were your parents?

IC: Now, how do you mean, who were they? What their background was?

RL: Names and background.

IC: My mother was Aileen Marjorie...do you want her married name or her maiden name?

RL: Maiden name.

IC: My mother was Aileen spelled A-i-l-e-e-n, Aileen Mar-jorie Rutledge R-u-t-l-e-d-g-e....and she was born in India. And my father was Herbert Carlson (spelled). He was the son of an English tea planter. He lived in, was born in Assam, I guess. And my mother's father was English, and his name was....Oh, did you want my mother's father?

RL: umm-hum.

IC: Oh yea, my mother's father then was English, and his name was Alfred Rutledge.... And he came out to India as a military man to begin with and then went into school teaching. And then my mother's mother was a Raj put. She was Indian. Her name was Sara. Her married name was Rutledge; I don't know what her maiden name was.

RL: That goes back quite a ways....

IC: Yes, it does. I don't remember my grandfather at all, but my grandmother I grew up with. She lived with us... and until I was in college, I was about...let's see, I must have been about 22 when she died...and was very dear to me.

RL: And when were you born?

IC: 1925, March 23rd, in India. The interesting thing about my baptism was that my mother had to take me out--I think I mentioned this to you before--had to take me out in a hail storm when my father was away because he was a Catholic. And rather a bigoted one, and my mother was a

Protestant, and rather a bigoted one. (laughs) So they ...but she was determined I was not going to be christened Catholic. And so, those days they cared much about these things. And so I was whipped off in a hail storm and christened. And my father was away on some kind of military maneuvers at the time. So that was rather interesting. And my name, too. The minister was in on all this, and when he asked my mother what the name was, she handed me to him and said, "Isabelle Grace." So he said, "Isabelle, I think we will spell it I-s-a-b-e-l-l-e because I want you to be a belle," (laughter) which is beautiful and he wanted it to be something special. So that is how I got my name, the spelling of my name. (laughs)

RL: I don't think you mentioned where you were born. Did you? If you didn't, I'd like to know.

IC: I was born in New Delhi. Yes, I am never very sure of that (laughs) kind of thing because we lived in Simla and Delhi. Simla, which is in the mountains, and we went back and forth every year. And I had two homes really. We had one household all completely set up with drapes and china and glassware and everything that we never took to the plains. And on the plains we had a complete household which we never took up to the hills. So I had these two homes and I was never absolutely sure, but I'll check on it. (laughs) Isn't that dreadful?

RL: When were you married?

IC: 1949, the last day, December 31st. I had just come over from England, been in the country four days. They required that four days, you know, for your blood tests and so on....we were in Philadelphia.

RL: You were married here in the States?

IC: Yes (unclear) Arch Street Methodist Church in Philadelphia.

RL: O.K., I'd like, if you can remember, to sketch where you lived from the time you were born until the time you were married.

IC: Let's see, uh.

RL: Are there several different places?

IC: I lived in New Delhi and Simla, those two places back and forth. We went up and down each year. Until I went to school when I was about nine years old. And I went to school to a British military school in the Himalayas called--in Simla, not, it was outside Simla--called Sanawar (spelled). And there I spent all my schooling... until I was...we had the equivalent of your high school which was the Senior Cambridge examination. And after we did our exams, the papers were all sent in those days by sea to Cambridge, and there they were corrected. So we had to wait a long time for our results. (laughs) So I went back and forth between Delhi and Simla and we were in Sanawar. Sanawar was about six hours by car from Simla. So when the family was up in Simla through

the summer months, we who had parents in the hill stations around Sanawar were allowed to go home for the various Michaelmas (Sept. 29, Brit. St. Michael), the Easter holidays. The Michaelmas came around in about September. These are all strange to you because they are British.

RL: A little bit, yes.

IC: Yes, we had usually two ten-day breaks, one was Easter, the other Michaelmas. And then...let's see...I spent all that time and all those years in the same school; that would be from about 1934 to 1943. And then, those were my high school.

RL: un-hun.

IC: Elementary and high school, do you want to go...

RL: So that you graduated in '43.

IC: Yes.

RL: Where were from '43 to '49?

IC: Then from there I went to Isabella Thoburn College, which you might have heard about. It is a Methodist institution in Lucknow.

RL: Right.

IC: India. And that's where I met Amar. His sister was my music teacher. And we met in the vestry of the church, I think we told you this. And her choir used to sing in the city, in the Methodist church in the city, not the one on campus. And it was comprised of altos and

sopranos from the college. And then young men from, whoever wanted to, from the congregation. And so Amar sang bass. I met him right in the vestry of that church. And then, let's see, he left in '47 and I left in...'48. I left for England, lived in England for almost two years. And then came across to this country, and we were married in about two years. (inaudible) We were married on the last day of '49.

RL: This is kind of a longer question. If you were writing your own autobiography, what major events in your life would you include?

IC? Going to boarding school was my first rather exciting but harrowing experience. Although I did have a big brother and sister there, and it was, I was excited to go to this wonderful school. At the same time I was heartbroken to leave my family. And I remember lying in bed the first night I was there. It was rather spartan military those days. And we slept on corrugated iron sheet beds with hay mattresses. The mattresses were stuffed with pine needles from our own trees around there. Yes. And it was cold, and it was cheerless, although everybody had been kind to me. But that was the first thing that stood out in my mind when you asked the question. What was your question again?

RL: If you were writing your autobiography, what major events in your life would you include?

IC: Yes, alright, that would be an event, going to school.

So many, so many enter my mind, but I can't tell you all of them. Graduating from school. We didn't have the same kind of graduation that you have, you know, white dresses and ceremonies and so on. But it was an occasion that we celebrated together ourselves. Having graduated and leaving school was a sad experience because, you know, when you have been to one school all these years, boarding school, people have become very dear to you, the staff, the friends, and so on, you know?

Then going to college was a new experience, and because it was so totally different, it was...suddenly from a very British background, I was now in an American one, and I had had no contact with Americans. It was very strange and new, and the whole system was new, and the college life was new. There again it was very hard to say goodbye to my mother who had taken me there.

(laughs) I was really rather wrapped in cotton wool.

RL: Protected from the society?

IC: Yes, yes. Being the youngest in the family and living in India, you know. You didn't just run around freely. You had to be escorted here and there. Let see, my marriage, of course. Going to England for the first time. Coming to this. But it was like meeting an old friend. Everybody, Westminster, and I knew exactly what everything would look like. It was like meeting an old friend. My whole culture had been....

RL: British.

IC: Yes. And then, of course, coming to this country, which was a very major thing. I was frightened. And getting married. The birth of my son. The birth of my second son. (laughs) Going back, going to the mission field, a totally new experience.

RL: What year did you go to the mission field?

IC: Nineteen fifty...I think it was 1953. Mark was born in ...(1950) yes it was nineteen January 1953, I believe it was. I'll check that with Amar. (laughs) That was in Gujarat, India.

RL: I hope this to be a point that we can come back to and talk about more specifically when we decide exactly what we're going to focus on. How about since you went to the mission field, were there events, specific events that we ought to talk about while you were in the mission field?

IC: I really have to think about this because, you know, there's so much I don't know where to begin. Because of the fact that we traveled, and, you know, back and forth from this country to that. Seeing my family in England. The work at the hospital; that in itself, you'll get that more from Amar. The fact that we went there, and it was so unhappy for those first few years because of the people. And because of Amar's trying to straighten up the corruption and that. And the life so completely different from anything I had been used to, living in a village, you know. The house was beautiful, but living in a village where I had been a city girl,

not speaking the language. There is so much. And then getting ready to come back to this country. A new experience again when Amar started his open-heart (studies). A totally new group of friends and acquaintances and a totally new life in Denver. And then back again to India, to the institute over there, to Chandigarh. Another completely new set of circumstances and a new life. Where to begin and where to end, I don't know. And then back again to this country, the decision to come back this time and to become citizens. Becoming a citizen, that was another thing. (laughs)

RL: How long have you been in this country this time?

IC: It's about nine years now...nine and a half...in California just about a year and a half.

RL: Where have you lived since you've been living permanently in this country?

IC: We were in Clifton Springs, New York when we arrived and lived there eight years, where Amar was employed by the hospital, Clifton Springs Hospital. And then didn't leave there until we came here a year and a half ago. Actually we thought we would stay there, but it was too cold. And then I--we loved Clifton. We loved it dearly. We liked the people. But it was--when you think of retiring, number one, in a very cold place where we are not used to shoveling snow. Oh, we love the sun, you know. And as you get old you don't want to be in that terrible cold. And then it was a small town, a very

small town. The people refer to it as a village actually. And, much as we liked everybody, our close friends were not in Clifton Springs itself. They were out of town. And when we thought of retiring, there was a lonely feeling because we really didn't have our close friends near us. And somehow the pull came from California, and so we began to look around for a job for Amar that he could really enjoy. And we found one.

(laughs)

RL: What...who were some of the outstanding people in your life?

IC: My mother, of course. She brought us up almost entirely on her own because she and my father separated when I was quite young; actually when I was in boarding school, must have been about...probably about eleven years old. And so she was the parent I knew. And my aunt, I had an aunt who lived near us--was always like a mother to me, too. My grandmother, and then so many people since then, how to enumerate them all. Different people at different times, you know.

RL: We may want to look at certain people as we go through certain segments of your life.

IC: Yes, yes.

RL: And we may want to add or subtract as you go on, but it might be helpful if there were four or five....

IC: I think I remember I mentioned to you this last time when we were talking in the study group. One of the

questions was who was the first person that you can remember, not your family, that was kind to you and I remember telling you about Mrs. Tilly (spelled) who was my house mistress at school. She became very dear to me. She was like a mother to us. And I could speak very freely to her.

RL: Someone you could confide in.

IC: Yes, yes, and grumble to and so on. (laughs) She was very dear, and she was a very fine phys. ed. teacher. She taught me how to play hockey and lacross. I was a very good athlete. I did more in athletics than I did in academic work. (laughs) In fact, I was singularly poor at academics. I liked English, so I did very in that, and I liked art. But, and I loved needle work and domestic science and athletics. But when it came to having to study history and geography and the other things that I didn't care for, no one could make me do it. (laughter) I had...my sister was brilliant. She was always what you would call a "straight A" student in this country. She was on the debating society--in debating society. She won prizes for that kind of thing. She was just a very all-around person. The only game she played was tennis. But she was very all-around. She was a musician and so on. And I dabbled in everything, but I was singularly poor at academics. (laughter) Everyone was surprised when I went to college to do my B.A. degree. Then when I went to college there was a new set of people.

Amar's sister was the first one that I--she was a music professor. And I became--she became a friend of mine really even though she was a teacher. I met her before I met Amar. And she was my voice teacher.

RL: Is that where you picked up your interest in music, at college or...

IC: No, I was trained in school as a soloist. We didn't have voice lessons as such. But we were taught to sing various songs for various occasions, and I was coached to sing things from the Messiah and I did so fairly well in high school.

Then when I went to college, I wanted to sing in the choir--her concert chorus, Amar's sister's concert chorus--and she tried out all the freshmen. And the ones that she thought had promise she gave voice lessons to. So she wrote us all down and ticked us off. And so I was part of--like an extra college thing. We didn't get credit for it. But she gave us lessons, and we did the solo work in the church and whatever was required in college. Then a whole new set of people in college; she was the most important one. Another one that I think was--I cared about a lot was Sadie Johnson who is now in Duarte. She's in the retired missionaries' home. Who I've been in touch with recently. She was a fine phys. ed. teacher also and taught me all the American games. Oh yes, and Sarah Chakko who was the principal of Isabella Thoburn College. She meant a great deal to

me. In fact, my mother wanted me to leave college. It was at the time that they were having all that confusion with the British and the India--British-Indian clashes. You know, everybody...all the Indians wanted the British to get out. It was before independence, and the British were determined to stay or they couldn't leave until everything's straightened out. But there was a lot of bitterness and fighting and clashing. And she got nervous and she wanted to go to England, and she wanted me to go. First with my brother who was going, and then with my sister who was going later. And I said, "No, I want to finish at Isabelle Thoburn. If I don't finish here, then I'm not going back to school." So she was still going to take me out, and I went running to Sarah Chakko, you know, in tears. And I said, "Look what's she's doing," and "Can't you do something?" And she wrote to her. And I had quite a heart-to-heart talk with Sarah Chakko, and she became a dear friend after that. She's a very wonderful person. Then all these --another one who was fine at physical education, a good athlete. These people seem to stand out in my mind.

RL: All the good athletes at school.

IC: Yes, because they shaped my life, you know? They understood that I had the talent for it. They saw my zest and enthusiasm for it, and they all shaped me. And somehow my values came to me through phys. ed., I think.

You know, the team spirit. I used to be terribly unsporting as a child, as a little girl. And the only one who understood me was my big sister who said, "Don't laugh at her. Don't tease her." Everybody, my mother, everyone used to tease me. If we were playing a game and I started losing, I'd get tears in my eyes. And I felt so ashamed about it that I tried to do everything not to cry. And they would watch me, and I couldn't, they wouldn't help me. You know, they would watch me to tease me. And my sister was the only one who said, "Don't do that to her. She is not unsporting. She just has a very keen sense of sportsmanship." She was the only one. But I couldn't bear it and then I got so angry with myself and so frustrated because I knew the tears would come no matter how hard I tried. When I went to school, I straightened up completely. I did care about losing, but I said, "Oh well, I played well." You know, I got over that terrible feeling of losing. No one teased me now anymore, you see. And then the thing that really mattered was when I taught my friend how to play tennis. And then I lost to her in the Scanlon tennis tournament, which is the biggest one of the year. I had failed my senior Cambridge that year, my high school, and I had stayed back to do it again. And it was a terrible experience. It was...I was so ashamed and I didn't want to stay in school and I...my mother said, "Well, you don't have to stay and do it

again if you don't want to. But you must realize that even if you want to work in an office as an office girl, the ones who get on are the ones who are Senior Cambridge graduates." So it took me several months to make up my mind and in that, and then I had flu and I was in the hospital. And I came out in this terrible weakened state, mentally and physically and I had no zest for anything, and I lost the tournament. But having lost it, I didn't show it to anybody except I held out until I got into my shower that night before supper. And then the tears simply flowed, and I got it out of my system. Only one person knew that this must be so, and she was an English teacher called Miss Farrell. She was actually Irish, but she taught English. And she called me and she said, "Come here young Carlson." Two or three days later, I think it was the next day or two or three days later. And she said, "It meant a lot to you to lose that Scanlon tournament, didn't you...didn't it?" And I said, "Yes, it did." She said, "You had no business losing it." I said, "I know." She said, "Well, you will see, young Carlson, that you can't...you've won everything since you've been here, haven't you? Long jump, high jump, hundred yards, hurdles. You've been captain of this and captain of that in sports." She says, "You can't...this will just show you can't win everything in life." She said, "Let this be a lesson and you remember this: You can't always win." And I have remembered it.

She really understood.

RL: It must have really been quite a lesson to be beaten by someone you taught.

IC: Yes, yes, and, you know, I was captain of the tennis team and captain of this and of the hockey team. You know I was considered the athlete. I had to work hardest at tennis than I did at any of the other sports. They came very easily to me. And so all this, you know it was sad in part, but it was a lesson I've remembered all my life; you can't win at everything. There is always someone who is better, so you'd better just enjoy it and do it for fun and try to be good as best you can. But don't worry, you know, if there is someone better.

Singing was the same, you know, I used to be as a youngster, if I didn't get the solo, I used to be quite envious and jealous of the other person, and think I should have. (laughs) Most of us are this way, very competitive. But there comes a time when it falls into place and you begin to--well actually it wasn't until I was married and I had my babies and so on that I began to realize that it wasn't that important, and I began to enjoy it more and be less competitive. And then since then I've been quite surprised when other musicians have wanted to scratch my eyes out for getting the solo work. (laughs) Musicians are like that, you know. (laughs)

But I think a happy marriage and a fulfilled life made me relax. I was very tense, very nervous, very

highly strung, so much so that I always had a headache. Even if I went down to a cricket match and I had a lovely time, I'd come back, had a headache. I'd go shopping, I'd have a headache. Go to the opera, did have a headache. I went to a party, had a lovely time, came back with a headache. And this didn't let up until I was really....not until about ten, twelve years ago. And now in my old age I'm feeling much better, and I don't get them quite as often.

RL: But you think the headaches were because of the trying so hard?

IC: I was just too--No, I was just very highly strung. I did everything...I was always keyed up. I was not a very relaxed person. My marriage has helped me in this, too, because Amar is so calm, you know, so.... And my maturing spiritually has been the factor, I think, in calming me down. Suddenly you begin to realize that to have faith in yourself because you must be important in God's eyes. And it doesn't matter, you know, if you fail, it doesn't matter if you...nothing matters because he accepts you as you are, and you begin to relax and live according to that belief.

And the more I communicated in prayer, the more I read spiritual literature, the more I tried to practice the presence fumblingly, stumblingly, the more I tried to do that, the more my life seemed to ease out and the tension seemed to go. I used to fly into terrible rages

and get dizzy spells of rage. I used to be so intolerant of other people who didn't have what I considered my standard of living. You know, I didn't say, "Well, they come from a different family, they're different." They have to do things just that way or (swipe of the hand) they were just not up to it, you know? Up to me. And intolerant of views different from mine. And yet I was always well liked and very popular. (laughs) I can't imagine how people liked me. (laughs) I was bouncing and happy always. Having lots of friends, but only a few special ones. Did a lot of things with a lot of people because of my interests, but had just a few very special ones, you know that you really opened your heart and mind to.

So the one which I think of in college was a--I was so far only thinking of adults. But I had a very dear friend in school--in college called Jeanne D'Abreu (spelled). And no one thought that we would be suited --we were so different, but we became very close friends. And she...oh I could, you know the kind of person you could really tell everything to. She was my most special friend. I had a group of friends in school. You know, when you're growing up, one is important at one time and one is important at another. And you fall out with this one and letters used to fly back and forth, little notes, you know. "You said so-and-so to me" and then (laughs) "Yes, but you turned your back on me and went with

Sheila, and I was waiting for you." You know, silly little quarrels would go back and forth, and we'd make up again. But Jeanne who was my best friend and...since then she's...I lost touch with her, but she died and so I...I still don't know how or what happened. I'm still trying to find out. She was in India and wanted to come here to do journalism but never made it, became principal of the school there. But she suffered through my love affairs going wrong and everything. (laughter)

RL: It is important to have somebody like that.

IC: She used to go...to come into my room. And she'd say, "What's the matter now, lamb?" She called me...she said she...I reminded her...I had very short and curly hair, and I was always bouncing about the place, you know. And she always...she called me lamb or lambkin. And I remember once she made me a little runner with a lamb on it. And she'd come into the room and she'd say, "Now, what is it, lamb?" And I'd say, "Oww..." and I'd pour out my troubles to her. (laughs) She was an only child but extremely gentle, thoughtful, and very sensitively appreciating what you felt. You know, I had forgotten that until you mentioned it. A special person.

RL: Was...how about after college? Who are some of the people you can think of?

IC: Then I went to England, and I didn't have a very happy time between arriving in England and leaving for America. Because my family thought I had just gone off--you know, I was being a romantic idiot falling in love with an

Indian. And they didn't want me to go back to India, especially as they had left it in such chaos at the time of pre-independence. And so they did their darndest to get me--my mother wanted me to go to school over there and not come here. She said, "If you still feel the same after you've graduated, then," you know, "you can get married with my blessing. But they were all convinced that I was just being romantic and I was carried away. No one understood that this could be real. They just couldn't conceive of it.

And so while I was there, I had to try and get my visa on my own, (after) having led a very sheltered life and wrapped in cotton wool. No one would help me. My brother wouldn't even help me. Because he said, "Suppose I help you to go and then you're not happy? I'd blame myself." It was a big step. And in a roundabout way, Amar, Amar had a chief--one of the people who--he was actually a G.U. surgeon, and he had a patient who had a shipping company. And he was stationed in England. And through him--he wrote to him--and through him--in the eastern end of London, he called me and I went up to see him. He helped me get the visa and everything.

My family wouldn't do a thing, and I had no one to talk to because the minute I even mentioned anything about America or leaving or getting married, ow! I dare not mention that, everyone would get tight with

tension and, you know, I spent most of the time by myself in my room. My mother and I were, you know, I couldn't talk to her about it because she was so much against it. When I went to say goodbye to my aunts, the two of them...the three of them, my aunts, my mother--my two aunts and my mother, they were all three sisters. They had all collected at one of my aunts' houses, and they cried and carried on as if I was going to my death. They didn't want me to leave. They thought, you know, I'd be...I'd go just go back, get married, and just go back into this terrible chaos of what they had seen of pre-independence.

And so it was a very unhappy leaving. And even at the last minute, my brother and sister tried to talk me out of it. And I was very close to my brother and sister, all my life up to the present time, very close. It doesn't matter, we can see each other--be away from each other for twelve years, and we get together and we just pick up the threads as if we--it's amazing. And so then I did leave.

And I, I was teaching at an orphanage, a retarded children's orphanage. And the high school teacher and the principal of the place and the various members of the staff and so on, they gave me a lot of support. They saw me off at the station and so on. And then I came--it was a really harrowing experience for someone who had led such a sheltered life. To do this all by herself.

RL: Yes.

IC: I remember when I got my first job in England. My brother came with me--put me on the train. He said, "Now Isabelle, will you be all right?" He said, "I'll take the day off." He says, "Now you've got to learn to stand on your own feet." I said, "I know!" I was dressed up in a hat and a smart coat and everything going for my first interview...dying of fright. And he said, "Now..." At the station...I was at the train on the tube. He said...It was in London. He said, "Now, Isabelle"...at the last minute he got...he softened and he said, "Now, shall I come with you? I can take the day off if you want." I said, "No, no thank you, I can manage." He gave me all the instructions and I was so frightened, I was tight with fear, and I was so frightened and so uncomfortable I didn't want to appear to be foolish, you know, not knowing where to go or...I didn't want to ask questions. I didn't have the self-confidence to ask, to stop someone and ask a question. Had to pluck up courage to ask a question: which way to go, where to get off the bus, and so on. Haven't I come a long way, baby? (laughter)

And so I did go to my first interview, sitting primly tight on the edge of my chair. And she said, "Now relax, don't be afraid, don't be nervous." The English system is much more difficult than the American. Everyone is so friendly here and so warm, so casual. But

over there you have to go...everything is the right manners, at least at that time. It's easing up now. But you have to...you just have to do everything the right way. And, you know, your walk of life, your income can be told at once from what your walk of life is if you...by your whole demeanor, the way you speak and your manner and so on. And so you're rather nervous, and you're rather prim, and you want to appear at your very best. Give the best impression lest you don't get the job. (laughs) And...but she was kind, she saw that I was tight with tension. And she said, "Now relax, Miss Carlson. There is nothing to be nervous about. I just want to ask you a few questions." (laughs) And I got through all right and I got the job. (laughs) It was to work in a day nursery in the slums in--see the stirrings of missionary instinct were there. I wanted ...she said, "I can give you this offer to work, to teach at a school, or you can go to Stephanie." It's an awful area, White Chaple. You know the East End of London?

RL: No.

IC: You don't, well...Stephanie and White Chaple, and Mile End and all these places, in fact they say--you know, the famous Bow Bells? The Bow Bells of East London, the chiming bells singing a tune. Each one has a different chime. Each one has a different one. (sings)

RL: I've heard the song.

IC: (Singing) That's one and then there are different ones. They're different tunes, and they have different chimes. Well, if you are born in the sound of the Bow Bells (spelled), then you are a true cockney, is what the saying goes. (laughs) Well, anyway, we lived in Essex, and I used to take about an hour on the workman's special to get into White Chaple. And I was the only teacher in this day nursery and I had to organize the play and so on. They took in children of working mothers. Actually, it was a scheme sponsored by the London county council, whereby all the women who had been left with all these illegitimate children after the war had a place to leave them so they could go out and work. And so we took care of them from 8 in the morning until 5 in the evening. And I had...worked with various nursery nurses and some of them trained and some of them students. But I was the only teacher, and I had to organize the play in nursery department-- in the nursery, two nurseries, one was the junior nursery and one was the senior nursery. This was the pre-schoolers, before they went to kindergarten and the pre-school pre-school. In other words, it was the 3-to-4 and 4-to-5's. And they were there all day. We gave them hot breakfast, and then we gave them a hot lunch. And then I had to organize all the paint jars, the plasticine, you know, like you have in nur-

sery school. And didn't like it very well because I didn't get much cooperation. Didn't have too much respect for the matron.

So I finally decided that I would go to Stephanie and meet Dr. Barnardo, who was the head of the orphanages throughout the London area, the Barnardo's Homes, actually they were well known throughout England. He'd been in India and so on. So I went and visited him, and I said, "I'm not a trained teacher, but I know I can teach. Could you use me? I am going to go to America to get married, but it may be months and it may be weeks. But could you use me for as long as...because I don't want to go back to the nursery. Could you use me?" And although I wasn't trained, I had done psychology--child psychology and so on--for this warden's course that I had done for the nursery. Also in college, that was one of my courses. And so he questioned me back and forth, and the fact that I was a very all-around, you know, I could sing and I could dance, and I could...I was good at phys. ed. and with my hands, you know, I like to sew and knit and make things and so on.

So he took me on as the junior teacher. And I worked in a place called...it was in one of these orphanages. Actually, a new experiment whereby they had taken out of the London area schools all of the children that were mentally retarded. Taken them out and they had put them together in this one place (I'm trying to remember the

name). It was in Workingham, Berkshire was the county... I'll think of it.... And so we had children from about nine years old to high school age. And there was a senior teach--there were two teachers, the senior teacher and me. And I had children from--in my class from nine to fifteen, had about nine children. And we couldn't do too much with them because they were quite retarded.

(End of side A of tape.)

RL: ...We're going to think in in coming interviews, then we can focus on one area at a time.

IC: Yes, yes. If you find something that you are particularly interested in, we can focus on it.

RL: Right. That's what I hope we do today.

IC: Well, I won't go into detail about this. Unless you want me to?

RL: I'm very interested, and I don't want to cut you off.

IC: No, but you, you guide me now because I may go on talking more than you need to have me talk at the moment.

RL: Well, uh...you're talking about Dr. Bernardo and the retarded home.

IC: Yes.

RL: Was there anyone, did you work with him?

IC: No, I didn't. But I was very grateful for the fact that he took me on, even though I was untrained. And he... because I didn't waste my time. I went there for several months, it was about three months or four months

before coming here. And I felt I was not wasting my time; I felt as if I did something there. The children were very sad when I left, and they kept saying, "Don't you love us any more? Why are you going to America? It's so far away." I said, "You know, when you get married if you love someone, you go very far, and I do love this person." And so for a long time they didn't like this at all. But, you see, when they get attached to a member of the staff, they get very attached because they...either they have parents who don't care about them, which is why they are there, or they don't have parents. And they really cling to someone they love. And it's very hard, you can't give yourself to everybody. If you kiss one child goodnight, she gives you a hug, you have to go all around, because they all want it.

RL: Sure.

IC: And I found that a little difficult at that time. It was--at the end of the day I used to get very tired, and very oppressed after a full day with these children. And--because the discipline was very difficult. You know, they would suddenly do something, burst out laughing in the middle of the classroom, or they would disrupt the whole line, you know, as they were going into--filing into the dining room, or something like that. And we had to be very severe because they...it would be a madhouse if you let go. And one--in the situation like that, amongst those children, if one starts, then

the others pick it up. It's very hard to maintain any order. So at the end of the day, I used to be very tired and I used to go for long walks in the country with the head-mistress's dog. She was glad for me to walk her. (laughs) But I was happy there. Staff were all excited when Amar would call up, you know. "Miss Carlson, a telephone call from America!" (EXCITED) And I might be in the tub, or I might be anywhere. They'd come all excited, and then they'd say, "We'll leave you here." But they'd all listen. (laughter)

RL: Quite exotic for them.

IC: And they all saw me off at the station, and they really gave me the support that I should have had from my family but didn't.

However, three years later when we were ready to go back to India, we went through--I wanted to go through England to see them (family). And of course they met us, and they met Amar and Mark was born then, he was almost two. Having met Amar, they adored him (laugh) and everything, it was fine. They didn't want me to go back to India, and they tried to put pressure on him to practice in England. They said, "Oh, Indian doctors are so well loved and, you know, they are just so popular. Why don't you practice here?" But he wasn't interested. He wanted to go back to the mission field. I wasn't interested in the mission field at that time, but I was

interested in him and so of course I went, (laughs) not knowing what to expect at all. But my mother before she left--anytime we met church people or any of her friends, she was beginning to introduce him with great pride and say, "This is my son-in-law." (laughs) And then before we left, she said goodbye to me and I got onto the boat train--you get onto the train at the London stations and they go all the way down to Southhampton or wherever you're leaving from. We were leaving from Southhampton so they called the boat-train and all the passengers that are going to embark on the boat--And so she said goodbye to me, and she held Amar back, and she said goodbye to him. And said, "I am very sorry for my attitude. I really am very sorry for what I said, and how I acted. But I was so afraid for Isabelle." But she said, "I hope you forgive me." So then my cup ran over.

RL: Yeh.

IC: And then I went back, and I was really happy. I was happy in my marriage always, but--I mean up to that point, but after that it was, so you know, with the added blessing of your beloved family.

RL: That is very important to have.

IC: Very important in a close family like ours.

RL: And take away some of the pain of the previous years.

IC: Yes...right. I don't even remember that any more. I just remember the joy and the love and the sincerity. Each time we have been back it's been more so.

I've got hay fever, so I hope that this horrible sound I have in my nose, and if then, if I get emotional, it gets worse. (laughs) But fortunately that won't be in the writing.

RL: Right. I think it will distort it enough that you won't recognize it. Were there some of the people in the mission field...that we should particularly focus on?

IC: There was one missionary who I became very friendly with. Her name was Betty Fairbanks. She is still on the mission field now. And she...yes, she used to play the piano for us and enjoy having music with us. And I would say she was our closest friend over there. Except for the collector of the area. A collector is a term used for a civil official, government official. He was the head of the--almost like the governor of an area. There was a governor, but he was--it's a very high position in government. It's just called--I can't explain it any more. He was a collector, and he had all these officials under him and so on. And his wife broke her wrist and he brought her to the hospital, and we became friendly. They were from Goa. Very well spoken, well educated, cultured people. About the only ones in the area that we had anything in common with. We became friends. And his sister's brother Filipe, his name was (spelling,) Jose Filipe. That's a different name. And he had just come out of Goa, and he was a medical man and was looking for something to do, and he came

to work with us, came to work with Amar, to learn surgery and so on. And became a very close friend, and we did a lot of things together. Oh, they used to go hunting, and they used to play badminton, and we used to picnic, and he was a real blessing to us. Because at that time it was terribly important, the hospital people, the Christians at the hospital gave us a very hard time. They felt that the hospital should be...the hospital should be run for the benefit of the Methodists, for the Christian people. You have to remember we're in a non-Christian country where the Christian community is very small. Well, this Methodist hospital was started and for years they felt that--they had been receiving free treatment. When Amar went there, he said, "This is--the witness of a Christian hospital is for everybody. It is to give the best treatment that we possibly can to anybody who can't afford it, not just the Christians." Usually the Christians were--well, many of them were in good positions, and they didn't need it. And there might be starving people from the villages, Hindus, and...mostly Hindus, or other religions. And, you know, the Christian witness was to take care of everybody, not just the Christians.

And the district superintendent got very angry because he had to pay for his son's tonsillectomy, and similarly ministers and various people would come and get furious because they had to pay. So then they go wind of the

fact that he was putting in a central cash system. He will go into detail with this. And then so the various departments that had been making money--he'll tell you all about this--suddenly were not able to do it. So the Christian community was furious, and they were ready to run us out of town. And they had a procession and banners made and everything. So the few who had excited everybody to this and the ministers....

RL: So they had a demonstration against you.

IC: Yes, and they were going to parade down the street, the main street. And the minister said, "What are you doing? Can't you see you are bringing disgrace to the Christian community? What Doctor Chitambar has done for the hospital is so appreciated by the non-Christians in the village, the other medical people, the whole area, not just the village. Can't you see what you are bringing on your own heads?" And he talked them out of it, so they didn't do it.

But anonymous letters used to come for at least three of the years that we were there, maybe even four. Anonymous letters would come saying, "Is this the way the Bible teaches? Is this the way--the way your administering the hospital--is this the way that Jesus taught?" Slanderous, dreadful letters, you could tell what they were. They were written in pencil; they were illegible forms. And you could tell as soon as they came that

they were anonymous ugly letters. And it was such a dreadful feeling, not knowing who was writing all this ugly accusing rubbish. And rubbish though it was, it was so depressing and so, so upsetting.

And I used to cry and say to Amar, "Let's get out of here and go where we'll be appreciated." And he'd say, "Honey, do you want them to--people like this--to run us out?" And finally, I said, "No, we won't we'll see it through--see the system through. And then we'll leave when we are good and ready." Well, by the time we did what we wanted, the last two years were very happy. People began to see that it was just and fair. That if they couldn't make money, nobody else could. They also saw that they couldn't run this man out. (laughing) Because gentle as he is, he's very strong. And so things settled down, and we were all right.

But through all this dreadful harrowing time, Betty stood by us and Felipe. They were very special friends. And it meant a lot because I was amongst the younger missionary people there. I was new to the mission. I knew nothing about Methodism. I had come from the Church of England, from British military atmosphere. And I was the only one who wore lipstick, and painted my toenails and liked to give parties, and, you know, liked pretty clothes. And later on then we did get a few older--

younger missionaries people who were a little more modern and so on. But 'till I left, there were some older people who thought that I was terribly shallow. You know, I couldn't possibly be fond of all this--I couldn't possibly be spiritual. Which I resented and which made me quite angry and bitter. But there again my wonderful marriage. You know, it didn't last for long because I was so fulfilled in this happy, wonderful life that we had with our little boys, and my husband and these friends who were very dear. We managed to live very complete lives throughout it all. (laughs)

RL: That's really something. Were most of the missionaries there, then, Americans?

IC: Yes, yes they were all Americans. There was a woman (name and position deleted). She gave us a hard time. And then--very prim and proper, very suspicious of the fact that I had boys and girls performing together. Didn't you know, they didn't want any of that. And then there was another one who used to be head of the lab. And from time to time I'd get them--they'd fight with each other, you know, they had--there would be maybe three or four of them living in a bungalow. They'd all have their separate bedrooms, but they all had to board together. They shared the dining room and the servant, and they shared the living room. And they'd get on each other's nerves, and, you know, sparks would fly in all directions.

Or (name deleted) would get furious with Amar for operating at such a pace, and she couldn't keep the nursing--her staff ready to supply all the needs. And would get a (inaudible) shoot her mouth off to somebody else, you know. So things like that...So when things got really rather hot and uncomfortable, then I'd throw a party. And I'd say, "Evening gowns essential." Make them take their dresses out--it was a village, you know, dusty and everything. But the houses were nice. And they'd grumble, "What nonsense," you know, "She wants us to wear long dresses." But they'd take their dresses out of tissue paper and so on. And they'd come and they'd have a lovely time. And for several weeks this would carry over into the work and into--I really did a good job just social by...through the social, keeping tempers and so on. And the one who had been most nasty I paid the most attention to her. (laughs) Because a lot of it is loneliness and not having your nearest and dearest and being thrown together in a bungalow with people that you don't really--not really your friends, you know. It was hard on them. Single women all with pressures of living in a different country and having no one to call their own really. So we understood that between...we suffered some slings and arrows.

RL: Was....

IC: And some really very ugly accusation about things we did, you know. It was at Christmas time we...that we wanted

to decorate the place, and Amar gave money for a picnic, you know, through the hospital. And entertained the people. They said, "They just want to do it for cheap popularity." You know, it's really nasty.

RL: Hard to live with.

IC: Yes, very hard. It was just awful. Instead of cooperating and being glad that the hospital was going to beautifully, they always had to pick on something.

RL: Was Amar head of the hospital?

IC: Yes, he was--the first year that we were there, he worked under Herschel Aldrich who had been there for twenty-five years. And Herschel was going on furlow. And they wanted Amar to take over for that year while he was gone. And he did such a phenomenal job in that year, when Herschel was gone; it was rather uncomfortable, they said--the board, the Board of Mission. Jim Matthews said --Bishop Matthews, who is now a bishop, who was head of the Board. He said, "Amar if you are willing to stay here, you know, for six years, we'll see that you get back to Denver to do your (or wherever it was), we'll see that you get back to the country to do your open-heart surgery. If you will stand by us now and stay." Which was very uncomfortable because they--we thought we'd stay up until Herschel came back. Instead of which there was such a tremendous improvement all around. You know, the money, the cash system, the whole--we'd put in hedges and gardens, and whitewashed the place, there were

fancy--with this cash system--central cash system, we were suddenly able to have some funds. It wasn't leaking out, you see?...

RL: Um...

IC: into the pockets of these six or seven people. And so we were able to make tremendous improvements, physical as well as for the comfort of the patients. And put fans in the nursing stations. The nursing stations had no fans in that hot weather. And so many things we were able to do. And give these...set up some sort of evenings of entertainment so that there was a sort of club like, for the staff if they wanted to. There was nothing like that in the village. We put up a badminton court with lights, and we had games and so on. They could come over, social--to socialize. Which, incidentally, was wonderful because at first the high caste people, the Hindu interns, at all wouldn't mix with the Christians because they were--most of the Christians are low caste in that area--had been low caste people who'd become Christians, you know, because they were the ones who were the destitute, that were ministered unto by the missionaries. And they looked down by the hierarchy because ...but gradually with the social life and with the feeling of brotherhood that began to come and soon you find two partners in a game: one was a Hindu high caste doctor and the other was just a very low caste man from the

village. And everyone began to mix up--it was absolutely great and all this carried over into the work. Instead of making these ladies glad, they were really very... whether it was jealousy or what it was, I don't know. But they gave us a hard time. They even accused us when we left of--accused Amar of embezzling funds from the hospital, although we had auditors every year--government auditors. There was some, the clerk had done some (inaudible). But every year the auditors had come, the mission auditors, you know, Christian mission auditors, Methodists, and gone through the books. We didn't know anything was wrong. They'd passed it and everything. So when we left, these ladies joined in. And I can't understand why, I really can't.

RL: Sounds like...

IC: But we couldn't, we weren't there to defend ourselves. And then, you know, they wrote to the mission board about it, and so on. And Betty wrote to us at that time and they said--she said "You know this is being said and that's being said." We were in Denver at that time-- "For goodness sake, write a letter and explain." And I --Amar will tell you about that, whether he wrote it to the board or what...I don't know. We didn't have good relations with the mission board. We'd never work for the Methodist Board of Missions again, as long as those people who were there at that time, you know, as long as

they were there. But Jim Matthews and Kenneth Scott were really fine people....if it hadn't been for them, we wouldn't even have stayed there. Jim Matthews, even now we know him...we think of him with affection and every so often we will communicate. But he's in the East and we haven't seen him in many years. Very fine person.

RL: Kenneth Scott, you haven't...

IC: I don't know...he was at the board also. I don't know what his official designation was...something at the board.

RL: Were you employed by the board also?

IC: No. No, all the work that I did was...to help Amar out and to help the hospital situation out. Because, you know, you get there in a situation like that, and you find that any pair of hands that's willing can help. You know, trained or untrained.

And so I found myself getting involved. You have a school of nursing, you know, which had started--actually the preliminary had started with Doctor Aldrich. But the dedication of the building, the actual starting of the students' training program happened when Amar had taken over. So when you have all these students--lab technician students and nursing students--you've got to have some extra curricular activities for them. So I had started this choir, with boys and girls, and we sang in the Methodist church over there.

And then we had an awful lot of social life, that the

students could come and join--and the staff could join in, too. And we had a huge mission bungalow with tremendous amount of land outside, so we were able to put up a badminton court with bright lights, so that they could play after duty hours at night--during the dark. And the inside of the house: one whole side of the house was set up with pingpong and all the various indoor games. And it became a very happy time. See if you don't have any outlet, a silly little quarrel assumes enormous proportions. And then people take sides and, you know, you have these little camps one against the other. Well, we found that once they came, played badminton and laughed and had fun, that kind of thing dissolved. And it took years, it took several years, but our last two years there were very happy.

And when we left, it was really sad, the station--we had to lift Mark up the station was so crowded with people to see us off. And we had--whoever came to say goodbye brought a garland, you know the marigolds, and the whole compartment almost a block long..not a block long, almost a...I can't tell you how long, but, you know, the length of a railway car. The whole thing was garlanded, because we'd be from here up to here with garlands. (Showing from shoulders to ears or higher.) Then we'd take them all off, and someone would take them on to the compartment, and then more would come. It was

really very touching, and Mark had to be lifted up, and David--because they were getting crushed in the crowd.

It was undelievable because this was not just the people of the village and his various patients in the town and the townspeople and so on. But it was the Christian people now, the same people, the same people who wanted to run us out of town, realized that what he had done was good, was fair and just, because he had, he really worked very hard for them and "My golly he's going, and now what are we going to do?" There was real affection for him before we left.

RL: So there had been a whole turn-around during that time.

IC: Yes, yes, but we didn't know the extent of it until we left, and there was this tremendous display. That was really quite an experience.

RL: Very moving.

IC: Yes.

RL: How about since you've been in the mission field, are there some people...

IC: Then we went to Denver, and all the way on the boat I was worried. I was going to have to do public speaking because I had been a missionary wife. And, you know, Amar was going to be so busy with this open-heart training, working in the hospital. I knew that groups--church groups and so on--and all the way over on the boat I worried. I was not a speaker. If they asked me to sing,

I'd do it gladly. But to speak, you know, in public. I worried all the way, and it spoiled my trip. Well, sure enough, we arrived in, I think it was July or May --somewhere around in May--put a question mark there. Name the dates and time, Amar will tell you very--you know, he just does this naturally.

We arrived in Denver, and we found a little apartment and--it was absolutely empty. We had beds. We had a kitchen table, and we had one chair, and we sat on trunks for those few...several weeks. And..we lived very, very hand to mouth until we got, let's see, until January, I think it was. Meanwhile we had found this beautiful church, Park Hill Methodist Church. And Dr. Babbs came over and visited us and he said, "would...we have an apartment rent free that all our ministers are housed and our missionary people. And we have this apartment free. Would you like to live in it?" They got wind of the fact that by the time we paid our rent, we had about twenty-three dollars to live on for the rest of the month. And the board of mission--Ken Scott had said, when he found this out, he said "Look here, you'd better accept a stipend until you're on your feet." So I think for a few months there we were getting twenty-five dollars. (laughing) And there were times when we had no money to buy toothpaste even, we had until payday came. And we never had a thing like a cooky in the cooky-jar.

But we got an early snow that year, and I saw Mark going off to school in his, you know, little Keds, and no ear-muffs, no boots or anything, and I stood at the door crying because I saw him going off to school like this. A year later when he had his boots and he'd run off in the snow, it didn't bother me a bit. (laughing) But I felt very sorry for myself, I felt very much as if I was being a martyr to this mission, you know? And I wasn't willing to give as much as I'm willing to give now. And, I said to myself, "There's a limit to this missionary business. When you have to see your child suffer, and when they come home and look for cookies and you can't afford to buy any." Fortunately that only lasted a few months, because Dr. Babbs got wind of the fact that this must be pretty hard for us. (laughs)

He was loving his work meanwhile, enjoying it thoroughly and we were happy, you know. Our children had no toys or anything. All the children in our neighborhood were playing superman. They had little--I made Superman capes for them out of tablecloths. And they would fly around the place and we had tents, made on the clothes line. And everyone came to play with our boys because (laughs) although we had no toys, they had great fun.

And then a few months later when Dr. Babbs said this, he's still in Denver at the Methodist church...Park Hill, Park Hill Methodist Church, Denver. And he said "We

have this apartment, and the building is going to be torn down in a year, so we can offer it to you rent free for the year at least. Will that help out?" I didn't even know what to say, it was on the phone. He said, "Isabelle, rent free! Would you like it?" So I said, "I...I...I, oh, of course, I'd love it! Are you sure?!" Ready to burst into tears.

And then the women's society swept it and garnished it. They even washed the shelves for me. We went in and then began a very dear and close association, with the women's society. And oh! it was so wonderful...I...I have scrapbooks to show you about. I'll take those out and let you see. That will give you a large part of what we did there. The feeling... And we still have dear friends there and they've just been visiting us. Two couples, one after the other, just visited us. When we came through Denver we just had two days, we flew! around madly for those two days, still didn't see everybody. It was a most happy, wonderful association, almost four years. Dr. Babbs was extremely kind to us. And we made so many dear friends, I'll never forget our Denver days.

And the other thing was that the woman that I learnt --studied interpretive movement and worship with was right in our church, Pixie Hammond. And she had studied with the author of the book...of this dance in worship, in fact she was a close friend of hers, which made it

very special for me. And, oh! there were so many special people there, I couldn't begin to enumerate those. But Pixie was one because she--oh, so many people, in different departments. The people in music. There was our voice coach Jerry Lepinski who became a very close friend, and we sang with the Classic Chorale, which was a professional group--well it was a near-professional group. We weren't paid, but it was all--you know you had to audition. We sang at the symphony and so on, the Denver symphony. And, you know the Red Rocks theater there?

RL: No.

IC: You haven't been there.

RL: I've never been to Denver.

IC: It was a marvelous experience. And then we did so much speaking--oh, yes. then inevitably came the first invitation to speak. How I suffered over it and it was just a delightful warm, friendly group of women in a church circle. They were...must have been about, maybe twelve women. And I went dressed up in my sari. They asked me to bring things to show and tell. (laughs) And I went and I had prepared the whole speech, but I was nervous and I was so worried. You see, in England and in the school in which I grew up, great emphasis was placed on grammar and fluency and so on. And I thought, you couldn't be a public speaker unless you could speak grammatically, correctly and fluently. I had no idea

that the American way was so casual, and even people like me who speak haltingly--sometimes I've very fluent and other times I speak in kind of jumps, you know, as you will hear on the tape. And my thoughts go faster than my words do, so my mind is going ahead and I don't have the faculty to say it beautifully. Or I get carried away because of one topic, because I'm not a trained speaker and I haven't had the experience and then I forget--I get carried away, then I forget what the main point was.

But because people were so kind and so dear, this was the experience. Whenever I had to speak, I suffered over it. But, I'd wake up in the morning thinking to myself, "Oh no, today I have to speak." I always enjoyed it when I went because people were so kind and so appreciative, and so warm and enthusiastic and listening to what I had to say, and always reputed things to me that I really didn't deserve--"She's wonderful, she's beautiful. Wasn't that interesting," you know, things like that when I really didn't deserve it, honestly I didn't. But Americans are this way--they're just so ready to be --they're just so easily satisfied and so easily entertained. They're so ready to see beauty where there isn't any. And so, anyway...and they're so ready to say "how good that was" when it really wasn't that good. They're just so appreciative. And enthusiastically inter-

ested in what you have to say. Well, this I found hard to resist. They wanted genuinely to know about our work, and so I was able to tell them. And I gave almost the same talk wherever I went, but I never--pretty soon I wasn't using notes any more because according to your group and according to the...to the type of person they were, they might be elderly ladies, well you geared it that way, falling asleep in the afternoon, you know, after lunch. Or it may be a group of well-educated club women, not only churches, all kinds of clubs that asked us throughout.

The interesting thing was that we spoke to all types and classes of people in Colorado, not just Denver, and we cut through a cross-section of the whole of Colorado society. It was very interesting, doctors' wives and medical people on the one hand, musicians' groups... teachers, all kinds of people of high education and social standing, right down to little village churches where the people were very simple and very often illiterate, and farm communities and so forth--all the way right through all shapes and sizes of people in between. It was very interesting. And always we were met with the same enthusiasm, this warm appreciation of what we were trying to do. In fact we were told--we went to Green-castle, you know the conference at Green-castle, the missionary conference, it was held in July, I think it was. And we were there for a week, and we were told

over there, "Amar and Isabelle, go on there and open it up to missions. It's untouched area." And we did, we really did.

And we spoke and spoke, and we accepted only what our expenses were, fifteen dollars, twenty-five dollars, whatever it was. And then they raised money, especially when we went out of town. And all that money we meticulously sent to the board, because we were told, "Any extra money you have--you send to the board and we'll save for your heart/lung machine" and so on. And I think we told you this story, haven't we, how we sent all this money there--it must have been thousands and then the man in charge there said, when we wrote and said we were ready to leave, "Could we have the money for the equipment--for the heart/lung machine?" He said, "What funds?" You know there's been--that's why, that's why we'll never work with this man again. He had been in India a missionary, but I don't know why, and he--everybody believed him rather than Amar, you see. So when Amar tried to straighten things out...he was regarded as the bad boy, the greedy boy who the mission had done everything for and who's now, you know, being greedy and asking for money that wasn't his and so on. Can you believe it?

RL: Do you want to name this person? (She shakes head no, tight lips, pressed together.)

IC: I'll name him to you, but I don't--you can ask Amar

about--while they're living, I don't think we should. But his name was (name deleted), and he worked on the field for many years. And he was one--we suspect he was one that didn't want the same benefits for Indian workers on the mission field as the missionaries got. He wanted Indians in one category and Americans in another. A lot of them who had been there for years had this class consciousness and race consciousness. And he didn't want--he was...I don't know, Amar may feel that he wants to tell you more. But we feel that there was a lot of jealousy there and he deliberately.... He wrote to Dr. Babbs and said all kinds of things against us. That ours was a mixed marriage and it wasn't working and--I mean he'd pick things out of the air. That we didn't like--get on with our own people, which is why we had to leave (Nadiad). That he--Amar had embezzled all this money and all kinds of things, even the mixed marriage came up, you know? Now maybe years ago in (name deleted)'s time, I don't know, maybe this was so that missionaries frowned like anything on their daughters or any missionaries marrying Indians, you know, almost like the black and whites here. So maybe he himself felt that this was not a good thing. Whatever it was, this is the last thing anyone can accuse us of not being --of having trouble, you know, in our marriage. Where he picked it out of the air, I don't know.

Anyway, by the time he came to tell all this to

Dr. Babbs--because they didn't want us going back on the basis of the American Missionaries, Park Hill wanted to support us, so did Colorado Springs, which was a big church. And when Colorado Springs said, "We want to support the Chitambars as our missionaries," Park Hill said, "No, you don't. They are ours. We're going to support them." But they hadn't said anything up to that time. So Colorado Springs then said, "Well, we would like to give them the equipment that he needs for open-heart" and we could have gone back, established a fine hospital because of all...of these two churches. The hospital--it wouldn't have been a drag on the hospital because they wouldn't have had to pay our salary. And the Colorado Springs was willing to send all the equipment that Amar wanted. But (name deleted) stepped in between and said, "There's no place set up. There's no place that", you know, "he can do his open-heart surgery." He did everything that he possibly could so that Amar--he wouldn't place Amar anywhere. So, till the time we left he would say, "Your passage is taken care of, but not your--we know nothing about your wife and sons." So by the time he came to tell Dr. Babbs all this, we'd been there nearly four years. Dr. Babbs assessed us himself. And decided that what he was hearing was, you know, maybe not all true.

RL: You had been back in India four years?

IC: In Denver all this time, yes. By which time--it was

almost four years--by which time we had come to know the Babbses very well, the people who (name deleted) was trying to tell all these to. And one day Dr. Babbs said to Amar, close to the time we were leaving, he said--Amar was sort of worried. He said, "Well something will work. I don't know where I am going. They don't seem to have any place for me" and he said he had, I think Ludhiana in mind which was in the North and he thought he'd go there, they needed an open-heart surgeon there and he wanted to do--to set up his open-heart program. And knowing it was so expensive, we could have done it through these two churches, you see?

RL: Um, hum.

IC: And done all this charitable work for the very poor people who couldn't afford to pay for it. So we were ready to leave and he wasn't placed, and they were not about to place him. And so we were then faced with going and looking for a job ourselves. And Bishop Matthews when he found out about this was furious. He came out for some conference or other and everybody was at lunch and he balled out the bishop and everybody for losing Amar to the mission--to the government. He said, "A man like that you'd let him slip through your fingers? What was the matter with..."--publicly he saw the bishop off and everybody else. And because they said, "You should have done something to place him, and we should not have lost this man. Now he's gone to the government, and,

well, he'll do his work, but we shouldn't have lost him." And then while we were still working in Denver--this part I should leave to Amar, anyway he will tell you all about it, but I'll just skim over it, you get my side of it this way.

RL: Right. (laughs)

IC: So then, Dr. Babbs sized up the situation and instead of sending the support that they had raised already--six thousand dollars--instead of sending it to the board for us, they gave it to us directly. They (board) didn't give us anything for traveling, you know, they just, I --he absolutely washed his hands of us. You know, "to heck with them," and Dr. Babbs was smart enough to size up the situation. He was also loyal enough and wise enough to see that what was being said was not true. So he--before we left he said, "Amar, I've decided that the first part of your support, the half that the church has raised, which is \$2,000.00, I think you ought to have it." And so this saw us through until we were settled in this hospital--this government hospital, Park Hill saw us through. We had no funds. And so we got, I think, it was \$6,000.00, then \$2,000.00 and then \$2,000.00 more and so they lost their credit, you know the credit you get when you send money to the board, but in spite of that they did that.

RL: Wow.

IC: Isn't that something? So we have very, very strong feelings of love and gratitude toward that church. We saw Dr. Babbs and Harriet when we came through. And in fact the one that just visited--Mike and Peg Wytias--he's the business manager there. He wasn't at the time, but he has been since we left. And really fine people. So all these vicissitudes, we weren't even there to defend ourselves, and then when any board members came through, you know, visiting, would Park Hill Church members leave them alone? They would not. "How come you said this about the Chitambars?", you know. "How come they were not placed?" They really--it boomeranged. And I think people were afraid to visit Park Hill after that.

(Laughter)

RL: Really stopped them...

IC: So it was a warm feeling though all of this ugliness went on. Must have been some reason for it, you know, for our spiritual growth....

(End of side two of the first tape with Isabelle Chitambar.)

This is interview number 2 with Isabelle Chitambar at her home in Upland, California on August 15, 1977. The interviewer is Russ Locke.

Russ Locke: Well, what I'd like to do is...

Isabelle Chitambar: Skip over mine and...

RL: ...is talk about some of the things that you have experienced in the mission field and as a missionary here in this country. Part of my...part of my thinking was a little bit that you and Amar are acting almost as missionaries here to us.

IC: Not consciously, really.

RL: Not consciously.

IC: No, not consciously at all. Now when we were in Denver we did. We felt a very strong sense of bringing the two countries together on the man of the street level. Because, you know, what's accomplished between men and women--ordinary men and women is a far greater thing. It can bring far greater understanding and brotherhood than it can on the political levels. And so we did do this. We went out of our way to speak. As I told you before, I never cared to speak very much. I'm not a speaker, and you know I didn't look forward to it. However, when ever I went out--I did it because when ever I went out I was met with such warmth and enthusiasm, such real interest, such love, and I felt that I was bringing an understanding of India to the drawing rooms where I spoke,

to these people. And I was enough of a western woman to see the western woman's point of view. I was enough of an Indian woman to know what they should know about India, about the women and so on. And so I felt it was a bounden duty almost and we were missionaries at the time, working on the missionary--mission field in India. I felt it my duty, I must bring my understanding and knowledge of India to the people of this country. And the warmth and enthusiasm that we were received with just kept me going, you know? I said almost the same thing wherever I went, just changing it a little bit, depending on what they wanted. If they wanted only women, or if they wanted a history, or if they wanted changes in modern India, or something like that. It depended on what they wanted. So we did...I did have that strong sense of being a missionary at that time. Now we are just mingling as people in the country, and when we are asked to speak--if we are able, we go, but we don't have that feeling that we really must do it.

RL: But you did have that feeling in Denver.

IC: Yes, very much so.

RL: That's one reason I want to talk about Denver.

IC: In fact, the Board of Missions' people told us, "Amar and Isabelle, that area is absolutely untouched. Go and open it up to missions." So we felt this also. It was part of our work.

RL: I noticed that when we were talking earlier, that you said that Park Hill had the apartment for its ministers and missionaries. I was wondering what missionaries they had had before? (Note: The apartment had been only for ministers. Park Hill had not supported a missionary.)

IC: I can't remember what, who they were, but they were people who had gone out of the country and who were serving on the field and were being supported, in part, not totally. In fact, that big church felt rather ashamed because they had never supported a missionary fully. And so when the time came for us to go back to India, they wanted to support us; they wrote to the Board and said, "We want to support the Chitambars. And it is high time that this big church should do something." So it had only been in part, I think. I don't even think on a regular basis. But when those people came back or if they were students, you know, coming back to study to go to the theological--you know, Iliff (seminary) is there.

RL: Right.

IC: ...to go to the theological school or something of that kind, when they had this apartment that they would let them live in rent free.

RL: What were some of the things that you attempted to communicate to the people in Denver? What were some of the specific things that you were trying to get across?

IC: The main thing was our work on the mission field and trying to explain to them that when they send five dollars

or they gave even two or three dollars to the mission project or to the church or to the women's society and, you know, a percentage of that goes to the board for this work. Letting them know exactly what that money did. You know it saved lives literally. You give it and then it's lost. But when you can meet someone who has been on the field who receives the money and can put it towards new buildings, medicines, treating someone who had no money to pay for it themselves, things of that nature, then it means something. They they give, and they give with love. And I feel that giving...giving is good, but when you give with love and with sacrifice, it's all the more--it has all the more love energy, and it does good. And so when I spoke to the women I noticed that they would--they went to the point of saying, "Well, I don't think I'll buy that new hat this week. I think I'll send the money." You know, little ways like that. Well, it was--they were small sacrifices, but they were making them because suddenly they understood what was happening with their money.

That, and also they had very little understanding of Indian life. You know, they tend to think of people living in mud huts and not speaking English, and the way of life being totally different. Well, it is in the villages; but it's not in the cities. Our life over there is very much like it is over here, except that we have servants, and we don't have to clean and wash dishes and

cook and that kind of thing. And so I would take my life as it was over there, and I would convey to them the kinds of things I did and how I did it and how we ran the home. And that we had universities and we had concert halls and we had shops, department stores, restaurants, you know, the kind of everyday living, which was an education to them. They didn't know this. And then I'd talk to children sometimes, and they'd come up with questions like, "Do you have knives and forks there?" This was after I'd spoken and said "Our homes are like yours here." And I'd say, "Yes," and I'd realize that the understanding hadn't been complete, so I would go into that. Or they'd say, "Do you have razor blades there?" (laughs) "Do you get potatoes there," things like this. So this made me realize how great and vast the ignorance was. History books were not giving a real picture, and history books can't, only people can, in telling about their lives. And so very often I just went and spoke woman to woman about my life and then, of course, our work always. And what it meant to us to be Christians and to work in the Christian life. And how well worth it it was to continue to diligently seek the fruits--to attain the fruits of the Spirit so that your life was enriched so that you could have the abundant life and you could bring it to the others who were less fortunate. So that was the extent of it.

It led into all kinds of things, you know, showing them how to wear a sari, telling them about Indian fashion. (laughs) That Indian women indeed wore...girdles, and up-lift bras and things like that, and went to the hair-dresser and the beauty parlor just as they did. The city women, of course. I had to differentiate, take village India and take city India because they're two very different things. And this would use up my hour. And I always left a little time for questions. And each time people asked me questions, then I was able to understand better what I should say next time. Because this gave me an insight as to the understanding and the knowledge.

RL: Did you see, for instance, one or two people in the church there who had heard you speak several times...did you see their understanding of India really change?

IC: Yes, yes, and our particular friends also; you see we didn't just speak, we always spoke and then Amar--in the church several times--showed his pictures. You know, one or two series it had to be, at a time, because he'd explain and then he'd show the pictures. And then he'd say, "You see? There's the map. Remember I told you about Lucknow, where it was? Now you see where it is? And see how far it is from Bombay where the work was?" That was his hometown and that was where we worked. And then he would show the pictures, "These are the palaces I told you about, that were built by Akbar, you know, the

Muslim emperor. These are the Hindus' buildings"--and such and such. "This is a modern hospital, this is an old one. This is the old building and now--this was the old building that you saw; now here's the new one, the surgical buildings that we put into, you know, our hospital." Things of that nature. So people who had heard us several times, in fact, would follow us around, in order to hear us again. Because we felt we were saying the same things, but they always said--especially Amar who is a good speaker--I was just the, you know, drawing-room kind, but when I had to pinch-hit for him, I did. Cause a microphone restricted me and you know you have to be trained for this kind of thing. (laughs) But I felt it was a duty. I really felt I ought to do it and that when people asked me, I must. And so they followed us around and we'd say, "But you've heard us so many times." "Oh, no, it's always different." And then of course the questions people would ask wouldn't always be the same, so that opened up a whole new understanding just by answering the questions. It's very interesting; but I nearly always had a headache.

(laughing)

RL: When you finished.

IC: Yes, now when I was singing, when I was asked to sing, it was entirely different. I was trained for this. I loved doing it and there wasn't the pressure. But here

I was doing it when I wasn't trained for it. I wasn't as calm then as I am now, and I'd get very excited and tense, and I wanted to do a good job, you know? And sometimes you'd be speaking to dear little old ladies after lunch and their tummies were full and it was warm and it was at nap time and I had to work to keep them awake. (laughs) It was very hard. I loved it. Once I was doing it, I loved it because how can you not respond to this interest? And this warmth, and people would just--they'd give you much more credit than is really due you. And so much appreciation. So then I would really give all I had and come home with a tearing headache. (laughs) And then somebody else would call, "Can you speak?" and my heart would sink, "Oh, not again." But I would do it, you know. And then I promised myself when I went back to India that I was not going to be this busy. The boys being in school made it possible for me to do all this and people were very kind. I couldn't drive those days, and people would come and pick me up and drop me again. So no matter how far it was, I always had a ride. That helped. Even now I haven't driven on the freeway, I just drive around, you know, Ontario, Claremont, and so on. (laughs) I've only had my license about three years, but you take about six months out of those three years when it is snowy and icy and, you know, slippery, and a beginner doesn't drive too

much. (laughter) So these are the things I concentrated on.

RL: You say you felt it was a duty to speak.

IC: Yes, the reason being the mission had paid our passage in order for Amar to come back and do this open-heart surgery training. And they said, "If you will" they told him, "If you will stay on the field in Nadiad until so many years, then we will see that you get to Denver to do your work." In other words, they paid our passage and so on. So that we felt having been on the field, we felt an obligation really to do this. (Interruption.) I did feel it a sense...it was not...it wasn't because I enjoyed doing it like I did singing. It was, I felt an obligation, I felt that this was the least I could do. And then I was fired with enthusiasm because I saw what to ordinary people, on the streets; how much love and brotherhood and understanding we could bring to this country, of the people of that India--of the people of India and bring the two countries together in brotherhood.

RL: So it was more than just speaking Methodist to Methodist.

IC: Yes, it was. It started off as an obligation, and I felt that the least I could do when I was asked was to tell about my husband's work in the church. You know, here are people very interested--how can you say "No. I'm not going to speak, I'm not a speaker." You have to do it the way you best know how.

RL: Right.

IC: And not withhold this important thing from people when they're so interested. And who can tell better than us who've lived there and been there? Also there were so many people who would visit and come back and tell, and they would give such a superficial picture. You know, you have to be in the country a long time to really give a good picture of any country. And so we felt "If we don't do it, who will really give a proper picture?"

RL: Did you find you were correcting a lot of mistaken understandings?

IC: Yes, a great deal, yes. And bringing understanding about the Hindu woman; how she was married, how the Christian woman was married. There was--there--at that time I don't know about now, even now, there was a total lack of knowledge about the way of life in India. Books didn't give it. I suppose those who were well read and who read novels and autobiographies and so on, would have a better picture. But the man on the street doesn't do that, very few people do that. If you read the life--autobiography of Nehru, for instance, you'd know the kind of home he lived in. You know, as he--how they spent their money, what their interests were and therefore what was available in the country, culturally, socially, and so on, intellectually, educationally. But if you haven't read books like that about people telling about their lives, then you don't know, then you ask,

"Do you get potatoes in this country?" (laugh) Or another very mistaken concept was that--there were three concepts that we found really quite amusing. (laughs) One was that India was nothing but a mass of village life and that we all lived in little mud huts and couldn't speak English. People would ask me, "How long have you been in this country?" And I'd tell them--two years, three months, whatever it was. And they'd say, "My you speak beautiful English! How quickly you picked it up." And I'd say, "You know, I didn't pick up English in this country. I picked it up from the time that I was born there. My parents spoke English." "Oh, they did?" I said, "Yes you know I'm partly British, but even in Indian families, most families in the cities are bilingual, you speak Hindi and English or Urdu and English, whatever, Punjabi and English, and most people have grown up speaking English." "Oh!"

Then you see, they didn't understand that even after you told them about the schools and the medium of instruction was English. Then they had that concept, then you would have to show pictures of the palaces and the homes and the houses like this and so on.

The other one was that India was fabulously rich and nothing but parks and palaces and rajas and ranis and the people, you know, dripped with gold and jewelry. And it was nothing but a life of processions with elephants, you know, with cloth of gold. Now this was a part...

this...that whole book there, Autobiography of a Princess, tells about Jodhpur Bikaner and all the life of the royal...royalty. And that was...that was their life, but that was also only one part of it. And there was this part that is really more, the poverty and the living in mud huts, that kind of thing, much more of that than there was of the other, that was really very little.

And the other concept was that it was nothing but jungles and if we stepped out on the street, we had to be careful we might step on a snake or get mauled by a tiger. (laughs) And that was really funny because there --I remember Amar's one...remark once, to a woman who said, "Oh, you're going to take this little baby back to that country. Maybe he'll be bitten by snakes." So... Mark was almost two--she thought we were going right into the jungle, you know, mosquitos and snakes and tigers and lions. So Amar, he said, "Ma'am, there's as much chance of Mark's being bitten by a snake as there is of you being scalped by an Indian here in Clifton Springs." (laughter) She said, "Oh, really." She was an elderly person...had no idea. But you know, this is true. (laughs) So we had to go in there and we had to tell them what was...(laughing) And then to try to do it all in an hour was really very difficult, but we did our best.

RL: You said that you tried to talk about your Christian beliefs as missionaries.

IC: Yes, why we went into this work in the first place.

RL: O.K., I would like to hear that from you, too.

IC: Well, from my point of view, I went into it only because I had married Amar, and he wanted it. I had no feelings that I wanted to go on the mission field at all. I thought I was pretty good--I was pretty smug--I thought I was a pretty good Christian, you know, singing in the choir and doing a few little good works here and there. But if anyone had said, "What are you going to do with your life?" I would never have gone to the mission field. And yet the stirrings were there because I wanted to work with children, I wanted to work...in England I almost went into physiotherapy into a hospital called the Sunshine Hospital to work with children. And then--I didn't do that. And then I wanted to teach, and I wanted to give of myself to these children. And then the time came to get a job, I chose--this was entirely my own choice--to be into the slums of London, which had been bombed during the war and which were in a very bad state. But I chose to go there. I just felt that this is what I wanted to do, to give of myself there. But the mission field hadn't entered my mind and yet I suppose there was a stirring of interest towards that. But I went, really honestly, into the mission field because I loved Amar and I wanted, you know, to be with him, and this is what he wanted. And I remember going into the mission field to

begin with and seeing...the people would come around with their diseases and their sores on their faces and I could hardly stand to look at it. The compassion was there, but I didn't want to be involved with it. I'd look at it and say, "Why can't they go to the hospital? Why do I have to look at it?" And it wasn't until we lost our business manager and I went in to help in the hospital--the office--a little bit. Just nothing special but to take care of the correspondence and someone would say, "There's a drain smelling...you know, is stopped up"...and I'd go see why. And if Amar wanted notices put out, if he sent it through the clerk in the office, the people...the staff...would resent it. But if I sent it out signed by my name...you know "Who are you to tell us what to do?" That sort of thing. But if I sent the notice out and signed it, then they...you know..this was Madam Sahib, this was Doctor Sahib's wife, no one questioned it. So he'd say, "Honey, put out a notice about so-and-so." And I would and I'd give it to the clerk and he would do the work, but the fact that I had put it out, you know? Little things like that, cause they were all on one level, even being Amar's mouthpiece. They wouldn't take it from him. They would get very resentful, "Who are you to tell us? You're not above us." That kind of thing. So in little ways I would...I took care of all the correspondence. Gifts would come in and, you know, letters of interest from people, from

churches and we felt that these ought to be replied to personally rather than a newsletter once a month. So we would do that and the response was very great. And then I wrote a newsletter about once in three months or so, telling what we had done and telling a little of what...if there were any interesting Hindu festivals that month or anything of interest, I would put it in. If there had been a great deal of rain or floods or maybe an epidemic, whatever, whatever the life was. If we'd had a party for the staff or anything like that. And so that I would do. I began to get into this. And after I went to the hospital and I was on the premises and I saw the people waiting all day to see him, waiting for him to finish operating and then he'd do the out-patients at night. And they'd sit there patiently rather than go anywhere else, even to a hospital twelve miles away. I suddenly began to realize what kind of work he was doing and what kind of work was being done by that hospital, and the patience and the love that went into this work. And the patience and the faith of these people who very often would walk in, miles away just to spend all day to be seen, or take maybe days to come in on a bullock cart. And suddenly the whole thing changed, suddenly I was not resentful because he was there all day. Suddenly I began to feel this compassion and a part of the work. And so this I continued with. And then I began to get involved with activities. You see,

you have a program like lab technicians, nursing students and then you have all these young people, but you can't only cater to them academically. You have to take care of their extracurricular activities, so I came in handy there, you know, jack of all trades, master of none. I had started a choir, the first time that the Gujarati church over there--Gujerati Church, Gujarati (language) meaning the vernacular, we had an English service in the evening which was very small, oh, maybe about twenty-five to thirty people at the most would come to those services. And a long drawn-out service in Gujarati in the morning, probably about two hours. So when we started this they...the people didn't understand, you know, harmony. They'd say, "It's very beautiful, Mrs. Chitambar, and the choir is singing very nicely. But why can't they all sing the same tune?" So it took awhile to get them educated to listening to two-part, three-part, four-part harmony. But finally they began to appreciate it and they would ask, "Are you doing a Christmas program this year?" And it was with great...a simple thing like all the girls dressed in white saris with a little red rose pinned onto their shoulders processing up the aisle with candles and, you know, the formality and the little bit of pomp, I suppose, of walking into their places in procession, this was unheard of. And in this vast church, you know, with children on the floor and with people here and

people there. This was something...and they couldn't keep quiet, you know. It was like a performance. And this discipline of keeping quiet and so on was new to them. And very often we had to start off and sing through a lot of noise and confusion because they didn't understand what we were doing, we were singing in English. And then they didn't appreciate this harmony. But gradually they began to appreciate it and we worked up the choir from just two parts--altos and sopranos--into four parts and people began to ask, "Are you going to do a program this year? And what about one for such-and-such occasion? And what about this and what about that?" So they began to appreciate it in their own way. So that meant the fun of extra-curricular social life and activities for the staff. Amar demanded a very high standard of work. They started very early in the morning, and they worked very hard, and they had no outlet when they went home. So we had this huge mission house, and we had this big mission compound. I think I told you about this last time. And we started--it was almost like a club. People could come over and play badminton or ping-pong or just sit and visit, listen to music, that kind of thing. This amazingly carried over...in ...this brotherhood and this love and fellowship...It comes with fun, you know?...carried over into the work, and there were fewer factions, there were fewer grumbings and resentments and fewer quarrels and people

taking sides, you know. Just...There was a much better spirit of compassion, you know, to whoever came in... and the sick. And this cooperation and this brotherhood made for far greater and much better work. It was amazing how it did.

RL: So you could see during the time you were working as business manager and...

IC: No, I wasn't business manager, I was just...I was nothing, really. (laughter)

RL: Or filling in.

IC: But just helping here and there. Very, very small ways in a way that only an untrained person can do, but only I could do as Amar's wife.

RL: But you could see your own mission in that.

IC? Yes, yes, I could. But the most important thing was that through all this I began to realize that I was glad to be there and happy to be doing this; and that suddenly my whole concept of mission work had changed because I had this compassion now...and this feeling that I wanted to be part of it and I wasn't just there as Amar's wife, you know, sticking it out for that period. But that I wanted to do something, and even when I ran into a lot of criticism from some of the older missionaries who felt that I, you know, was very frivolous because I gave parties and, you know, enjoyed all this social part of it. And that I couldn't possibly write a serious article because I was... or be spiritual in any way because I was so...I liked all

these things, you know, painted my toenails and such. I was filled with resentment and I was quite angry about this but not enough to make me stop. And any time it got really difficult and sort of hot amongst our colleagues, then I'd give a party for them. And that would relieve the situation and the ones who had...I found that love does amazing things and the fun of getting...wearing pretty clothes and planning the menus and getting the house ready, the resentment just flowed out of me. And when they came to the house in the evening, I would make a bee-line for those who I knew had been the most bitter and tight with resentment and spend time with them and be deliberately charming to them. And it was like therapy. Things would straighten out, and then I would wait to the next time, and then I'd do it again. And it was amazing how this was like therapy, and everybody was kindly to each other and the resentment sort of, you know, dissolved.

RL: How much of this was conscious, and how much of this happened...?

IC: It was mostly because I loved doing it. This was the part that just was right up my alley, you know? I could do it, and I had this natural joie de vivre. I was happily married and I loved my home, my children, and it was such fun to do things, to do whatever I did, whether it was singing or playing tennis or going out for a picnic or having a party. It was...whatever else happened, life

was always fun. And this joie de vivre has always been with me, even though we as human beings have our downs, you know, depressions, fears and worries and so on. Somehow I'd bounce back up again, and I had this. So it was like a rubber ball bouncing. It was just there, and I did it because I loved it, it was me. But many times I did it because the ulterior motive was to pour oil, and bring love and inject a little fun. See, 'cause most of those women were unmarried and they didn't have this outlet of their own, someone of their own to love and take care of and lavish affection on. They were by themselves really, and if they got on each other's nerves, they only had themselves. So, this is the real sacrifice, I think, of the single missionary. Married people have the outlet of each other, their children and their home. The single ones have a hard time. I really think this is a far greater sacrifice for them. So I was conscious of all this. The compassion came through working in a hospital, the compassion carried over into this, too. And so I'd...very often I'd deliberately give a...this was consciously doing it...I'd deliberately give a party because I knew that people needed it. And I saw what good it did. Most of the time I loved it. (laughs)

RL: I was wondering if you had given a party and found out that that had really relieved tensions and then you realized that that is what was needed...

IC: Yes.

RL: And so you were able then to give other parties, or had you...?

IC: And then I would carry it through with it. I would, maybe that week when I was in the hospital, pop into someone's office and say, "How are you this morning?" And sometimes I'd be met with great warmth and, you know, "Oh that was a lovely party. It was so nice, Isabelle. Thank you so much." Other times I'd find that I had to work a little harder because the person who was in charge, the head nurse who was in charge of the nurses in the operating room and so on. One day I was met with, "Amar has no consideration whatsoever! He finishes one and he moves to...he wants to go straight into the next operating room before we have time to set up." So I said, "Did you talk to him about it? Did you?..." She said, "Well, no." So I said, "Why don't you tell him about it?" you know. "If you tell him, maybe he'll understand." But she was tight with anger because he was doing this ...He didn't even know he was causing trouble. So then I would be able to say "(name deleted) was absolutely livid with rage because you didn't give her time...and her girls time." So then I took to taking a cup of tea in a flask over and it would not only relieve his tension from working, going from one operating room to the other and back again, but it would give them time, you know. Because I was there writing my letters. Right outside the operating room we had a little...nurses'

office in which I could sit, and I'd do my correspondence work and that. And he'd come out and have his cup of tea and then he'd go back. Things like that, if I hadn't been on the spot, I wouldn't have known. I didn't like hearing all this, but at least I could do something about it. And then, if it continued for a while, then I'd say, "Come on over for dinner. You know, we haven't had a chance to talk for a long time. Come on over." It wasn't always a party. It was a little dinner, you know. And then I would consciously do that to help. But whether I...I know it did help, but whether they gave me the credit for it or not, that I'm doubtful about. But it doesn't matter. I really worked hard, and I have a feeling of satisfaction that I did do what my nature led me to do and what the gift of God given to me in my personality; it was right for that situation. And it helped Amar. It relieved the pressure on Amar, too. 'Cause we both enjoyed it very much.

RL: So it was fulfilling.

IC: Very fulfilling. And then as we saw--you know to begin with, remember I told you about all the dreadful anonymous letters that would come in? And how they hated having the central cash system brought in so...because they couldn't cheat any more and steal money. Did I tell you about that?

RL: Yes. A little bit.

IC: Well, they didn't like the central cash system and they

were ready to run Amar out of town and so on. But after all that settled down and we worked hard, we continued with this same sort of thing. By the time...the last two years there were really happy. We'd run into these tensions with the staff more, with the missionaries, you know, who somehow...I was criticized, for instance, for having not just girls in the choir but introducing boys. They didn't think that this was right. You know, they didn't feel that boys and girls should be brought together. And I said, "But this is in my own home. You know, they're chaperoned. They go home, you know, they go home in a bunch together back to the building. And they are under my own roof. Nothing is happening. In fact, they should have this fellowship with the boys, in a healthy way." But they didn't like that and that was one of the root reasons why, you know, of resentment. And the woman who used to...she was in charge of the lab and she was a very good teacher, very good lab technician...but she stopped being my accompanist because she didn't approve of this. So I didn't have an accompanist for a long time and the choir would have fallen apart and this fellowship of the young people so healthy under my own roof, you know?...this would have...we couldn't let this go. So we had to let go of the accompanist, let her have her resentment as long as I continued, feeling that this was the better good. So things like that, you know?

RL: Yah. Were the boys and girls in school then?

IC: Yes, they were lab technician students and nursing students.

RL: I see. So they were young men and women.

IC: Yes, unmarried and students. And then they worked in the hospital together. They might be on a floor together. They might be on duty together. But it was something that the older missionaries couldn't, were not ready to accept, that this...the boys and girls who had been segregated so long, it was time for them to come together and meet and have fun together. And then the social life that we instituted, you know, they'd be partners together in a game or somebody would be playing a guitar and everybody would be singing. They didn't... the younger ones, the younger missionaries loved it, but the older ones, they just weren't ready to make this change. They'd been there on the field for twenty-five years and so on, and they knew only one way and they were...it was hard for them to change, I suppose. But you know, you wondered at times where the love of God was that prompted them to come to the field in the first place, when they got this bitter and this resentful. And kept it, you know?

RL: Must have been a little hard to deal with them as children of God.

IC: Yes, it was. It was harder to deal with them than it was these people who had come up from a background vastly

different from the missionaries...would come up...who didn't have the background, the ethical training, the moral training that these people had had. So it was harder to take from them, really it was the same thing, you know? But harder to take from them than it was from the people that we worked with, you know, the nationals that we worked with.

RL: What were some of the spiritual reasons that you were able to talk about in Denver, with the people; that might have come out of the Methodist church or the Christian church. We'll talk now about the...your experience of becoming a missionary by doing the work.

IC: Yes, and then, by doing the work, my heart seemed to be touched, my heart and my mind seemed to be touched directly by God. And suddenly the fruits of the spirit that Jesus talked about: love, gentleness, discipline, some of these...humility, some of these things began to be real to me. And do you remember that book? I don't remember whether I talked to you about this last time, but if I did, you know, stop me. Do you remember a book that came out about that time? It was in the middle fifties I think, about the martyrdom of five missionaries who had gone into Ecuador to open it up? (Through Gates of Splendor)

RL: No, we haven't talked about that.

IC: O.K., well, Ecuador had not been opened up at all, and these five missionary men had got together, and they

decided that even if it meant death, they were going to go there, and they were going to try to get into Ecuador to preach and teach the people. And these five women--wives--went with them. Well, to get right into Ecuador they had to...they were stationed in one place outside, and then they had to fly in. And they decided that they would fly in and they landed and just outside this area --this wild area--they camped. And it turned out that all five of them were killed. And suddenly, you know, I just...it seemed as if a dam had opened up inside of me and the tears--it was like a personal thing, you know, that I knew these persons, people, personally that such a dreadful thing should have happened. That they should go in to preach and teach them about Jesus and the love of God and to educate them, and these same people, without their doing any violence, they had no guns or anything, they took food and they dropped it and so on. Read the book sometime; it's very interesting. That these people should be killed, but those women, what made me feel so dreadful was the fact that at this time I was going through a feeling of contempt. "Why do missionaries have to be so down at heel? So dowdy, why can't they look nice and care about their appearance so that when people meet them they say, "Hey, hey! That must be some Christian, very attractive.! You know? How can you sell your religion...that's a cheap sort of term which I don't really like to use...but how can you sell your

philosophy of your life and your religion if you look so dreadful? And this bothered me about people, now the younger women coming out looked nice and they kept their homes and they didn't have their heels all rubbed away like a, you know, as if you were walking barefoot. They looked nice and they cared about their appearance. And so there was more respect for them. And so I had this feeling, "Why can't they"...you know, this feeling of contempt, "Why can't they look better and be more attractive and be more human?" And these very people that I had been criticizing were so far above me spiritually that I was on my knees in shame and humility. Here are these five women diapering their children, living camp-style, going through the work just normally while they knew their husbands may not come back. And suddenly, you know, if this was ever an awakening, this was. So I mentioned this, I don't know how often, but I...this part was...

(End of side one of the tape.)

A change in subject is missed in this gap. Isabelle next mentions a friendship and spiritual experience that she formed with some "Alliance Missionaries" who were working in a nearby village. Side "B" of this tape starts in the midst of this topic.

RL: ...the alliance missionaries?

IC: Yes, yes. And they, these people were people who...a group of missionaries who were very, very....rather fundamental, but very, very devout. And it seemed, all

of them--they were not just working, they--all the people that we met there and we met several of them because we went to their retreats, you know, where they all met and they had these special meetings of...just sort of spiritual retreats. So we met many of them, and we found that all of them had this strange warmth and this devotion to God. As if their hearts had been directly touched--their minds and hearts directly had been touched. They were not just ordinary Christian people. They were in it from the toes up, and the warmth and the love of God just exuded from them. They were very special people. And one day I was at a meeting, and they were witnessing. And suddenly I found I couldn't sit there...the tears were just pouring out of my eyes. And I had to go into the next room and cry my eyes out because obviously my heart and mind had been touched also, and it was an outpouring of things that I didn't understand myself. I didn't know why I was crying about it, you know? But it seemed as if it all had to wash out, all these things that were maybe corroding, I don't know. And from then on, the woman whose home it was in was giving me more books to read, and I was seeking. I've always seemed to have sought through reading, through lectures and reading. And my mind has seemed to open up and my understanding has deepened. And through this came a commitment, a feeling of "My gosh, these spiritual truths are real. They're great," you know, "I've got to do something about it." And suddenly

I began to realize that just these things that you mouth in church are not enough. You have to live them. And then I was ready--obviously I was ready for this group of people I got in with in Denver. There were about seven women, the woman who taught me how to do this interpretative movement in worship, which incidentally had been a great ingredient in my growing spiritually, 'cause you choreograph the words rather than the music. You know when you say "Spirit of God, descend upon my heart," you do the movement to the music, no doubt. (Isabelle actually does the movements. Her right hand and arm are fully extended upward. She slowly brings her hand down to her breast, and her left hand is there to receive the spirit she has caught and is bringing into her heart.) But the main thing you are trying to say is, it's an invocation, you know, the mind and spirit in the universe descend upon my heart and through me to the people, to whoever I'm in contact with. (Isabelle carries through with the movement from her out to the listener.) So that began to be very real, and each thing...each...all these spiritual truths that I was putting into my heart and mind...that were coming into my heart and mind and then through me, through my body to people. I could say, "Plant thou," and look directly at them, "Oh, plant thou the tree of peace." I could communicate to the people I was reaching to. And God...I was in between, you know? And this was a great thing, and this I had a chance to do

in Denver, and through this I grew. And then gradually we began to meet as a...just a group of women who were interested in reading all kinds of things that would deepen our understanding and our recognition. And make us more devoted and more committed, and actually live our religion. And so this friend of mine, Pixy Hammond who I was studying with, she had thirty-six hours more to do to be an ordained minister when she got married. And her search had led her through parapsychology, spiritualism, everything. And she was dragging me through it, and I was sort of stumbling and bumbling along uncomprehending except that there was enough there that kept me going. And I got into a little bit of the Religious Science reading through Joel Goldsmith. And...but still, I didn't appreciate the things that she was believing until, until now. (laughs) So all this was going on at that time. We would pray together, we would share things that really meant something to us--we would share with each other. We would sit and we experimented with meditating, and we would set the alarm, and we'd all get comfortable, and meditate, and the alarm would ring, and then we would share our experiences and confess that by the time that minute was over someone had planned... caught herself planning tonight's meal, someone else was planning...(laughing) you know, it was very hard. But we had all entered into this together. And all of this was coming out of me into my communication with everybody.

You know, you can't help it. It doesn't stay in, especially if you're as outgoing as I am. Then comes the danger of knowing it all and telling people, you know, "Do this, do that", (laughing) forgetting that everyone's different and everyone's at a different level, and each one has to do it their way, you know? And you can't--you haven't got all the answers by any means. Even now I fight that, after all these years. You know, it's so wonderful that you think you've got to tell someone so that they can find it, forgetting that it may not be your way at all for them. Anyway, all this spirituality, this spiritual maturity was coming through in everything I was doing. It had to be because inexperienced speaker as I was, I was touching hearts. So it had to be...what else could it be but the spirit? (Interruption caused by a playful cat. It occurs again later.) And it comes home to you. You realize you don't have to be a great intellect or a learned person or a saint or a seer. You can be a very ordinary person and the Lord can use you because you are dealing with ordinary people. (Cat interruption.)

RL: O.K., I'm a little confused. You met the Missionary Alliance in India?

IC: Yes, they were in Gujerath on the field, and we just became friends. And we would visit back and forth, and, you know, you oughtn't...your...whatever level you are at, either from the point of view of your intellect or your interests in life, whether it be tennis or golf or

music or where you are at your spiritual level, you always tend to meet people....

RL: That you need.

IC: Yes. And in fact Pixy Hammond, the same girl who taught me the interpretative movement, said, "All you have to do, Isabelle, is raise yourself to the desire, and it's met." This she was talking about spiritual things, and I've thought about this over and over. And it's true. You raise yourself to the desire, and you're seeking, and you can't find the right book or you can't find the right person, and, you know, finally somehow you are led to it, it opens up. And so this--these people I needed at that time, and I didn't find them in the Methodist missionaries. I didn't find anybody quite the same. But I found them in this group.

RL: All right, who were these missionaries? Were they just a group of people, who had come together from different denominations, or...?

IC: No, they were sent out by the...is there an Alliance Church? (Christian Missionary and Alliance Church.)

RL: There might be. I'm just not familiar with it.

IC? I'm not sure, but anyway, they were called the Alliance Missionaries, and they were sent out from various places, and they were in different stations, you know, just as the Methodists are. We were in Nadiad. There were the Alliance Missionaries in Nadiad, but in the various other little towns and villages nearby, and doing their own

work just as we did, in education in the church work, in maybe literature, maybe someone was a nurse, there was a doctor, like that. And they happened to be in the area, and when you are in the village area like that away from the city, then you tend to get together. You know, Christmas, you know, we'd invite them over, or they were very nice people, "Let's have them for dinner." And we'd get together, and we'd talk about the books we'd read or sing together or whatever it was. We became...I found my friends...Amar and I found friendship amongst these people as we hadn't found amongst the Methodists. You know, we just found we clicked. We were friendly with one missionary on the field who's still there now, and she used to play the piano, and we helped her, and she helped us. She was rather ill for a long time. And...but these were people that just became friends, and this communication was out of friendship. We didn't work together. They brought their patients in, you know, to our hospital.

RL: When you moved to Denver then, you found another group or you created a group?

IC: It just seemed to come about. We had our church friends, we had our musician friends, we were back studying, first me...and then I dragged Amar into study. I was back studying. Amar hadn't studied prior to this time, voice. So we had those friends and we sang in the Classic Chorale; and the Classic Chorale was a near-professional group that

sang with the symphony and so on...the Denver Symphony. And so it was a part of our life that was absolutely marvelous. Then there were the medical friends, and then there were the people that just...you know, we just liked to do things with. Some fitted into all groups, some didn't. One year I remember we had a party, and we couldn't have everybody at the same party because the church people were not sophisticated enough. Some of them were, but some of them weren't. There were groups, you know, city churches are made up of all kinds of people. Well, the sophisticated ones fitted in with the musicians and with the medical people, but some didn't. So you had a party just for the church friends and sang carols and so forth. Then you had just the medical people, then just the musical people. So we had to have different...

RL: You had four different...three or four different Christmas parties.

IC? But there were a few friends that fitted in with all the groups. They were like us, you know? These were our friends. They were all dear to us. But sometimes the medical people, their jokes didn't go down with the church people, things like that, and I wouldn't want to subject them to that. And so we had this wide kind of circle and it was the most wonderful sort of abundant living that we had ever experienced as a married couple to that point. Actually that I had ever experienced at all...it was a

very full and beautiful life, because you were giving, but you were receiving also, and in receiving you were able to give more. And in the same time there was personal satisfaction. I was singing beautifully, and we would occasionally go out and play tennis, and Amar was fishing and we had such a beautiful, fulfilling church life also. It was really lovely.

RL: How would you describe the fulfilling church life?

IC: I belonged to a church circle, so you had this warm fellowship of this group of people, of women. In fact, in here you will find a picture of when they were giving me...I think it's in there..(Reference is to two scrap-books given to Mrs. Chitambar by the W.S.C.S. of Park Hill Methodist Church on her departure for India.)... giving me my award. We had fourteen circles, and each circle was asked to...over a period of time, to be looking at each other and to give an award to the person they considered the ideal Methodist woman of the year. And I got it from my circle. I didn't deserve it. There were women who...I honestly didn't deserve it, but they loved me. And they felt that the thing that I was doing...their appreciation was so great, because I didn't work that much in the church. Mine was all outside. I spoke a lot and they appreciated this. They knew I was giving myself. And I'd miss meetings many times. I couldn't give...we were poverty-stricken students so I was not giving, you know, pledging as very much money.

But I was...when they gave out work, I'd take extra work, you know, for Christmas bazaar and things because I'm good with my hands. And anytime I did go--my, my, what I did for the church seemed to be so selfish and yet it was so appreciated. I sang, you know, any time they had ...(phone interruption)

RL: O.K., we want to...what we're talking about...you said you had a very full church life and I was trying to get you to describe what that was...

IC: Yes, oh yes, yes working as women do, working in the circle on various projects, charitable projects. And then this fellowship with the women and friendships that developed from it. And then I spoke to all the circles. I was always in demand to speak, so I got to know everybody. It was a large fellowship of about...an active membership of about three hundred, U.M.W., at that time it was not U.M.W., but you know what I mean. (Women's Society for Christian Service) And so I got to know them well because, you know, speaking around, I got to know individuals. And then, you know, people would do things like this. They'd...Christmas would come and they'd send us an anonymous gift of ten dollars saying, "I got an income tax rebate and I just want to share it with you. It would be a gift if I could share it with you," you know, "Merry Christmas." Things like that. And then the way...when we moved into the church house, the way all these women...before they even knew me, they cleaned

it up even to the shelves. You know, and the way they worked. And then gradually as I got in to help with the suppers and the various things in the kitchen, you know, it was such a warm wonderful fellowship working together and growing together. And then I went to...used to go to the prayer group which was conducted by the same girl, Pixy Hammond who I danced with. It was a study group, but it was a very special one because it went very in depth. It was not just a study, but we sat there and we meditated and we...our hearts were touched at this time. Pixy had this capacity. She was able to do this. You'd listen to her speak, and she'd so touch your heart that everybody's eyes--tears would be rolling down their faces. She had this way of touching your heart and making you want to be committed and more devoted, and really opening you directly to the touch of God. So all this came about. And then whenever they had...there was a regular soloist, a paid soloist who was in the church, who sang every Sunday, or whenever they were called upon. But whenever they wanted a soloist for the women's society, even the big affairs, they asked me. So I had this fulfillment and joy, and it seemed everything I was doing was fun and delightful because of the people I worked with. There was such outreaching love that I just...I...it was so enfolding. So this to me was very fulfilling, as a person, and as to me personally...to me...in my life, but also as a worker in the church. Does that answer your

question?

RL: I hope so. (laughter)

IC: If it doesn't, you can ask me...

RL: I think so. Another thing I would like to get into, probably end up real quick. Last time we talked about your financial condition in Denver, and I'm a little confused about the chronology of how things happened. As I understand it, when you arrived in Denver, you got your own apartment.

IC: Yes.

RL: But then did Kenneth Scott of the Board of Missions give the stipend about the time you arrived there or was that ...?

IC: About a month...a month or two later, just about the time he said, "I think you'd better accept a stipend to help you out"...just about the time he did that, we came--I think we probably took it for a month or maybe two, because...yes about two months later, Dr. Babbs had visited us. He visited us and we had no furniture...he sat on ...we had one chair, I think, and he sat on a trunk... covered over like this, you know. (Indicating an overstuffed footstool.) With the type cover. So he looked around and saw the situation. So we were there maybe two months without the stipend, and then maybe another two months we probably took it, I'm sort of guessing now. And then in January we moved.

RL: To the...to the partment.

IC: To the apartment.

RL: O.K., O.K.

IC: Yes, and the Christian minister and his wife lived downstairs, the minister of Christian education lived downstairs with his wife and we lived upstairs. And then we were there for just a year because they had...when they bought the house, they bought it really to...because it was on the area that they were going to make into a parking lot, and they were just using it, I think, for a few years. The plans at that time extended over a few years, you see. So we were able to live in it for one year and then they tore it down. And then they made the parking lot. And then about the time when we were to move out to find our own house, the people of the church began saying, "Amar and Isabelle have no place to live now." And they took it upon themselves to raise... "They have to pay rent now." And they were so upset about this, and so they took up a collection and all unknown to us...and at the time we moved into the house...and everyone was helping us look for a house in a nice area that wouldn't be expensive. We moved in and about the time, I think it was...I think we paid the first month's rent. And Amar was lying sick with Tick Fever, very sick...he was seriously ill. He was just getting over that when Dr. Babbs arrived and visited us and said...came to see him and then left us a check. He says, "Here, your friends of the church were

very worried about you, and they want you to accept this check for your first month's rent." Things like that, you know, that were so heart-warming. So then we stayed in that little house for another couple of years, I guess it was. We were there almost four years...it was about two years. And it was just a lovely little house, and we were happy, and we continued with the church, of course.

RL: I was wondering...

IC: And then we were able to tell. After we moved into this house...to the church house..we were able to write to the board and say, "Thank you. We don't need the stipend."

RL: Yes, I figured that when you said "We'd only accepted it for about two months." I was curious, it seems when we were talking last time that you had a very close relationship with Colorado Springs Church.

IC: Yes.

RL: And I was wondering how that developed.

IC: Here again they heard that we had...they must have heard that they had a good speaker from India. So we were in all the newspapers and all that, you know. They would write articles and there were always...there were pictures of us...to speak here or to sing there or whatever. And so in a city like Denver, you know, you speak at one place and then three other people from that group will call you, and then so-and-so it goes. So it was not just the churches that we spoke in. It was various

clubs of all kinds. And so they must--the Colorado Springs church must have heard, and we got a phone call one day, "Will you come and speak." And it was one of these evening places, I think. I forget now exactly. Amar will remember which one it was, where it was at a youth thing or whether it was a mission supper...church supper, to promote missions or something. Anyway, we did that and then it did progress to something else. And we got to know the minister and his wife. They took us out to lunch. They were lovely people--took us out to lunch and then we spoke at another dinner and I sang --Amar spoke and I sang. And then finally he was asked to speak at the church. It was a big church, and they don't give up their pulpits too readily in these big churches, so it was really quite an honor to be asked to speak both in Denver...Dr. Babbs never gave up his pulpit unless he was to be out of town. So Amar spoke there and he was asked to speak in Colorado Springs, and I was the soloist. And there they had a paid soloist, too, so you know, we were kind of on our toes. Because it was something that didn't have to be done, and we wouldn't have been asked if they didn't feel that we would measure up. But I took all my music to my voice teacher and he would help me with it. And so like that, over these occasions we got friendly. And we got quite friendly with the minister and his wife, not by going back and forth or anything, but very comfortable with them and,

you know, we'd have long chat sessions and so on. And that's how we...then the people got...Amar spoke there quite often and to various groups, so they got to know us quite well. And decided that since they couldn't support us as their missionaries, because Park Hill wanted to, then they would send the equipment. Which never materialized, but it was the thought that mattered.

RL: They never followed through on...

IC: No, they didn't. They were willing to, but the Board of Missions never placed us.

RL: Had...since we are on that subject, did the Board of Missions send you and the family back when you went to Nadiad the first time?

IC: Yes, but there was a little confusion about that, too. They finally did pay our way, but there was some confusion about whether, you know, they would do it or not. But that was done, and then Amar stayed there not just for two years as...or a year as he planned in the first place. He agreed to stay on. So this...and this was an arrangement between Dr. Matthews and Amar and Kenneth Scott. Then the second time when we went back, it was understood that, you know, if Amar stayed on the field for that length of time to help them out, then they would not only send him to Denver, send us to Denver, so he could do this work, but then we'd come back and we'd be placed on the field. And that's when the difficulty

arose because the people had changed, the personnel had changed. And Bishop Matthews and Ken Scott were not there any more and this other person who was on having nothing to do with it, you know, was having none of it.

RL: Right.

IC: But we did. It was finally done. Through, I think-- make a note of this to ask Amar the details. I think apparently Amar did contact Bishop Matthews and said, you know, "What about Isabelle and the boys?" And so, finally, I think because of his...instructions, it was done. And he was able to tell them, you know...(the previous arrangement).

RL: The second time when you went back.

IC: When we went back.

RL: The second time or?

IC: Yes, then we went to Chandigarh.

RL: Can you think of any more of the feeling of being a missionary in Denver?

IC: It was at great personal sacrifice that I did this speaking. And I felt that this was my mission. I felt I must do it. I wouldn't have done it if I was just an individual on my own. 'Cause I was terribly busy, and I had to...I really had to run a rat race trying to get my children off to school and my housework done and all the things...my church work and so on, and fit in this speaking. It took a lot of time and a lot of energy, and I always had a headache, you know, 'cause I had rushed so

much. It was rather...but I did it out of a sense of this is the least thing I can do as a Christian missionary to this country.

RL: Did you...you said you hadn't received any training for this.

IC: In speaking.

RL: In speaking and...

IC: Oh, I'd been...I used to...I've done dramatics, you know, and like that. I'd acted in plays and so on, but I had never...I really had never taken any courses in public speaking or anything like that.

RL: And the Board of Missions didn't give you any help or...?

IC: No.

RL: They just gave you the encouragement to go out and do it.

IC: Yes. Well, all missionary wives did that, you know. It's just the same in India. You may not have been trained to do social work, but you did it. You put your hand to anything. You know, I taught the women on the compound, the gardner's wife and my maids and so on. I'd have every week...we'd meet out here on the porch and I'd teach them how to knit, things like that, you know. So little things that came up. We'd cut each other's hair and we'd sew and we'd make garments for new babies being born on the compound and things like that which you never dreamt you'd have to do. You just had to be willing to do anything that came up.

RL: So when you marry a missionary you get hired into the...

IC: Yes.

RL: ...into the process without being paid for it.

IC: You may have to teach Sunday school, you may have to go into the office and work. Wherever there's a need, you just have to be ready to...you just better be...and most women are, you know, they as...if they have small children, of course, they can't do too much. They will take study groups and they will do anything. Whatever the need is, you have to be ready to do it.

RL: What did...let's move on now to your time in Chandrigarh. Amar was working at the institute. Were you both, or were you involved in a church there?

IC: Yes, there was just one Protestant church. There was a Catholic church, and there was one Protestant church and it was a United Church. So we immediately joined that. And to begin with after a few weeks, they asked me to take the choir because the choir director was...had been ...he was an Air Force man and he was transferred. So I got involved very quickly. Amar sang in the choir and I directed. I'd had voice training but not really very much training in this field of directing; but there was nobody else, so I said I'd do it. And it was very simple music. So...and then I...intermittently I took part in the women's society. I found they would talk Hindi all the time and I didn't. I wasn't that interested in what they were doing. And they seemed to be doing it their

own way, you know? It was anything that I would contribute would be...wouldn't be a contribution to them 'cause they had their own scheme of things and their own customs and their way of doing things. And they knew what the people wanted, I didn't. However, we did all that we could in this respect, in the music and we really took that over. And...and the training of singers and so on.

And then one of the women of the church started a school. It was called Christ School. And she and two other women from the church wanted to do this as a private thing. So they asked me if I would be one of the teachers. So I said, "Yes, I would," so I got that school started for them. Not from the point of view of the administration, but from the teaching standpoint. I got the kindergarten started. And I taught there for about...I taught there for about a year, yes, about a year, I think, by which time we moved from this area of Chandigarh into...quite far away to another sector. Because the institution houses were ready and we were allotted one and it was close to Amar's work. So we moved there, and so two children that I had been teaching--no, one child that I had been teaching and an American missionary--no, they were with the T.C.M., the Technical Cooperative Mission, they're like embassy people. And I had been teaching this...she'd taken this little girl out of the convent and put her into my kindergarten. And I

taught her for a year, and then after that year when I was leaving she said, "Would you teach her privately?" So I said, "Yes, I will." And another English woman wanted her son taught privately. So I had these two little pupils that would come to my house every day. And I'd teach them. And that went on for about..oh, I think, about a half a year or so. By which time...or maybe even a year, no I...yes I...oh, I can't remember how long it was. I think it was a year. And then after that, my sister-in-law wanted to start a school. And she said, "would you help us in that?" So..."and be the nursery teacher." So five of us friends whose children had grown up and who loved to teach and who felt that this was a great need because the way children were being taught in the private schools was just dreadful. You know, everything by rote. And we decided that we would start with the nursery school and teach them how to speak and understand English and then really teach them, not by rote but by, you know, the regular understanding. So she said, "Would you take them at this stage? Three years old, three to four?" So I did and we started a school there and it's still continuing. It's called Vivek which is a Sanskrit word for learning. And I started with about seven children in my nursery and very soon we had twelve. And there were two or three in the other classes. The nursery really went because people wanted their children to come and speak as I did. And they wanted their

children to imbibe the way of speaking and the understanding of English and so on. So we were able to institute our own system of education. And not teach the children by rote at all and gradually....For the first six months I had a hard time because I had to educate the parents into this new system. And I had to tell them I wasn't just babysitting. I was teaching them through play, to speak and understand and.... Finally when we came...no, and I did not teach the alphabet and I did not teach counting yet; they were too small. But when they had a full comprehension of English, as full as they could have at that time, then I would start these things, and teach the concept rather than the actual thing, you know.

"Bring me two pencils, a red and a blue one." And then later we got into counting and so on. And so by the time they became to be four years old and it was the end of the year in the nursery, they were ready to understand the reader. And the readers are not quite like yours...is not quite like Look and See, but I...by that time they still trusted me, these women, that I was able to use my own system partly of Look and See and partly of phonics. And I would write things on the board and they'd say, "M-a-m, ma'm; p-u-t, put", (demonstrating the sounding out of these words). You know, we...then some of it like November and the date, Mrs. Chitambar, crayons, plasticine, things like that, they were look and see. And so we went at a tremendous pace and I loved these children

and they loved me. They were just...they were in the palm of my hand. And their parents couldn't tell them anything, but they'd come and say, "Mrs. Chitambar, please tell her so-and-so. Well, she'll listen to you. She won't listen to me." And so I'd bring it into the lesson and when they all had their attention looking at me, I'd say, "And did anyone not drink their milk today. Even a little bit?" (sound of sucking in breath) "You know what milk does?" you know. And they'd nod with their eyes wide open. (laughing) And they'd go home and do it. And things like this. "Did anyone not brush their teeth? Did you take off your shoes and kick them on the floor?" (sound of breath) You know, they'd all be looking at me. (laughter) It was absolutely marvelous. Here was another great and glorious fulfillment. And at playtime, you know, at free time, I'd be working at my desk and I'd look up and I'd catch someone's eye and they'd smile at me out from their hearts, you know, smile at me and it would bring the tears to my eyes, this little communication. And sometimes their eyes looking at me and swallowing everything that I said whole, you know? And then a little bird would fly in with straw in its mouth and I'd say, at break, and say, "Oh remember, I was telling you about the way birds make a nest? Look quietly, look up." And there was a little bird sitting on maybe the wings of the fan, you know, the ceiling fan

looking down. And they'd look up and they'd look at the bird and they'd look at me. You know, (laughs) and it would give me such a lump in the throat because there'd be lights of illumination in their faces and eyes. And often I'd have to be very abrupt and brusque and turn around and do something on the board so the tears could go. (laughter) It was--it was a marvelous communication, with these little ones. And recently I've been reading in some of this esoteric literature, "Be very careful about your communication with children because they're very pure and the spirit of God comes through strong in them. They're very pure. They haven't come to the place of double dealings, of thinking one thing and saying another. If they say something it's real." And all the children of this neighbourhood, they'll come and knock on my door. "Hi, Isabelle, we just came to say hello. We just came to visit. Can we play your piano?" "Are your hands clean?" "N' I guess not." "Well, wash them, and then you can play it." Or they'll come...I'll sit on the lawn with them and they visit me from time to time. Yesterday a whole batch of them came. "Can we catch butterflies 'cause we have to feed our frog?" I'd say, "Oh, do you have to catch butterflies? Don't catch butterflies. You know, their life is very short and they're so beautiful. Catch some other little bugs, you'll find them around." And they'd say, "O.K., O.K., yes, actually we were looking for other little bugs. Do

you mind if we find them in your yard?" And I'd say, "No, I don't mind." (laughter) It's very...this little cul-de-sac is delightful. But that's what I did at Chandigarh, and I did a lot in music. We had one of the people lent to us from the mission, I think we told you about Ray Windsor....

RL: No.

IC: ...He was a New Zealand missionary who had been lent to the institute to help Amar in his work. The New Zealand mission was feeling that we need to spread out into the stream of Indian life more. And not just be in little pockets of Christian missionary work but be able to spread out into...you know, "Could Amar use him?" And Amar said he certainly could. Well, he happened to be a fine musician, he made his way through medical school, paid his way through medical school by playing with the New Zealand symphony. He was such a fine pianist. He also had voice training and sang beautifully. And so he lived just down the street from us; they gave him a house from the institute, and he wasn't on salary, but he was on salary from the mission, but they gave him this house, and then he would go in and work in the institute with Amar. And, but his chief contribution was music to the Chitambars, 'cause we would play every day and we'd put on two operas. And he helped us build up the music society that we'd started in Chandigarh. And this, you know, wherever you go, wherever there are difficulties,

there are always compensations also. And this was a marvelous blessing to us. And this and our musical friends at the Music Society because of the awful dreadful time he was having in the institute. It was really a tremendous compensation. And I also got into a local dramatic society and acted in a play, in a three-act play, which was great fun. (laughs) She was an architect, the woman who ran this, and...actually India's first woman architect, a very eccentric person but had had fine training in dramatics. And it was a pleasure to work with her.

RL: What's her name?

IC: Eulie Chaudhry (spelled), very good.

RL: This must have been a sort of frustrating time for you since you were not associated with the institute as you had...

IC: No, I tried to do a little social work there, but found it very difficult. And then I got involved in the school. I found it difficult from the point of view it was like banging your head against the wall. I went to work in the out-patients and the staff was so uncaring. The whole line of patients waiting for their medicine, it wasn't moving and I'd go and see why and there they were sitting, drinking tea and smoking. Things like that, you know. I just felt it was a terrible....That was a frustration, but my school work was most fulfill-

ing and it brought in an income which we badly needed. The frustration, the real frustration was in Amar's work being so...difficult from the point of view of this faction who were jealous of him. That was the real frustration. You know, you can take anything. And there was also the frustration of wanting to help the country along and not being able to do it. In a government institution you can show your willingness to help. And now, for instance, I said to the chief over there. "If you'll give me a nice clean airy room, I can take these workers that come and work on the institution. (very poor people) I can take their children, just insist that they come in clean, and with a garment on. And then I can start a day nursery for them. And I can...if you will finance it, give me a nice room and a few...some kind of very meager finances.... I could take these children who lie in the hot sun all day while the women are working, cracking stones, weeding and planting and things like that. These children could be in a nice air-conditioned room and I could take care of them and I could teach them. The babies could be taken care of. I know I could get volunteer help to do it; if you would give me the..." Oh, he was fired with enthusiasm and I thought at least do this and get these children out of the hot sun, even the shade is hot, you know? They'd be lying and flies all over them, and the women could then have the chance to earn these few pennies and know that

their children were taken care of. And these people lived in these little mud houses and thatched roofs and they'd be washed away in the rain and it was terribly hot in the sun. At least we could be doing something for the poor this way. And I said, "If you'll do this--really I'm trained for nursery school and I know how to take care of the children and I would--I know I could get volunteer help and, you know, we would be doing a real service to these poor people." And so he said, "Oh that would be wonderful, wonderful." But I approached them several times, but nothing happened. And I didn't have the finances to do it myself, I didn't...we couldn't afford to rent room. So the next best...well it was not really the next best, but the next thing I was able to do at least was to educate people's children. But it was the children of the well-to-do. I didn't...that's not really what I wanted to do. I wanted to take care of these children. And so that was a frustration, that really could have done something. Taken them out of their hovels and, who knows when they're brought into a proper atmosphere, and they're taught. You know, maybe they could have risen to something, maybe they...actually when the children of these people were...were in school, then they went home and they were able to educate their parents. By doing their homework they had to go clean, you know, hair combed. This was an education. And their thinking, you know, as they progressed in thinking, so did their

parents...did some also. So I couldn't do that, but I loved the school work. It was very fulfilling to me. But this awful business of Amar just being...you know, I'd see him...I'd see him bowed down because of this awful atmosphere. In spite of the fact that he was able to do his work.

(End of side two of the second interview with
Isabelle Chitambar.

A First Interview with Dr. I. Amar Chitambar, 18 July 1977. In his home at Upland, California. The Interview by Russ M. Locke.

Russ Locke (RL): O.K., just to start out and pick up some of the rather basic questions, when were you born?

Amar Chitambar (AC): August 28, 1917, way up in the Himalaya Mountains.

RL: O.K., that was going to be the next question, where?

AC: It's a...you'll have to see it written over here, it's a place called Pithoragarh (spelled) deep in the Himalayas and my father was stationed there. I'm just trying to think whether he was pastor of the church there or whether he was district superintendent. I think he was district superintendent.

RL: That's my memory of the book.

AC: (laughing) Yes.

RL: What was your mother's birth name?

AC: Satyavati Viola Singh. I think it will be easier for you once I've written it down. (laughing)

RL: Right, right, but I do want to hear you say it, too.

O.K., then the next question is the long one about where do you live--where have you lived?

AC: All right, let's...let's start here...from my earliest recollection?

RL: Right.

AC: Or would you go...well, after coming down from the hills,

we went to a place in the city of Lucknow. And the address, I still remember the address of the place. It was 2 Quinton (spelled) Road. And I have just one recollection of that place because I was...we were there until I was four years old. And all I remember there was lying in bed, I was about three at the time...just about three and my baby brother was cooing in the crib next to my bed, and that's all I remember of 2 Quinton Road. Because then in 1922 we went to Lucknow Christian College. We actually moved there--the family moved there before, in '22 my father became principal. And then we were there from '22 through...'22 into '31. He was elected bishop in December of '30 and we were there until the end of the school year.

RL: Where from '31 on?

AC: All right, '31 until my father's death in 1940 we were in Jabalpur, the spelling of the place has changed now so I'd better give you the modern spelling (spelled) and that's in Central India. And that's where I finished high school. We had two...two types of schooling in India. There was the ordinary recognized high school or there was...you could take...go to a British school and have a British examination, where your papers went to Cambridge to be corrected. That was known as Senior Cambridge, which was supposed to be high school plus, and that's what I did; I did the Senior Cambridge.

RL: And that's where you were in '40, you finished high school in '40?

AC: No, I finished high school ages below that.

(Tape interruption to change the recorder.)

RL: O.K., back to where we were.

AC: Right, I need to modify one thing I said; our home was in Jabalpur until 1940, but I wasn't there all that time. I did my Senior Cambridge in December '33. And then went up to Lucknow in '34 to college. And then we'd just go home each time for a vacation. We should note my residence as Lucknow and Jabalpur. But I was in college in Lucknow, '34 to '37 at Lucknow Christian College. The same college of which my father was principal before. And then '37 to '39 at the University of Lucknow and got my S.Sc.--bachelor of science in '39 with the pre-medical group. And then medical school which was King George's Medical College in the University of Lucknow '39 to '44.

RL: Um-hum.

AC: O.K., do you go on to the next residence then?

RL: Right.

AC: All right, March of '45 to September of '45 I was doing an internship in Kashmir.... And my reason for leaving there, I suppose, should be mentioned. It's rather unpleasant. This was a C.M.S. hospital--that's Christian Missionary Society; it was a British mission. And each member of the staff was supposed to preach to the

patients, during the lunch hour or the hour before you started out-patients and before you started surgery.

And Srinagar gets very cold in the winter; there're many feet of snow and there is no such thing as central heating. And I was there in January; the snow had just ...I mean in March...the snow had just gone and then of course we went into summer. But the people, since there's no central heating, the people wear loose clothing; they carry little burners under their clothing to keep warm. And before coming in to be seen as out-patients, they would sit outside in the sun. And at twelve o'clock, which was the out-patient time, they would come into this big hall and then they'd all sit there and one of the members of staff would get up and preach to them. And then you went on with your day's work.

Well, if they didn't move fast enough, they were made to move fast enough. And I have seen these people being hit and slapped because they didn't move fast enough. Then you're herded into this hall, and then they speak of the love of God. So that--that went a bit against the grain. Then my duty was to speak to the post-operative ward. And here you had people who were in traction, they were post-operative patients. They were people that had huge casts on, they couldn't move, a captive audience; and I couldn't go along with stuffing this message down their throats whether they wanted it or not

and usually they didn't. So I didn't...couldn't carry on with this and that's why I left after six months.

But my big recollection over there is going out on camps. Going out to do surgery way out on the Tibetan border close to the Russian border. And doing eye surgery, the very high incidence of cataract. And many other types of eye conditions. It's the cataract that made the biggest impression on me. I was taught as an intern to do these cataracts by one of the greatest eye surgeons of Britain, Sir Henry Holland. And we used to go out and do about a hundred cararacts a day.

RL: Wow.

AC: Out in the villages...if you've seen photographs of this area, you know what a village is; it's just a collection of a few huts. The village street is nothing more than a beaten path, something like the center portion of Euclid (Avenue, Upland), and that's the village street. So we'd have cots--six cots put up, and you would have the six patients there for surgery and you would do the first patient and then go on and do the next and then go on and do the next. By the time you finished those six, they'd have moved the first few and put others there. And so we'd do as many as a hundred a day...of these cases. (laughing)

RL: How long...how long would a surgery take?

AC: Oh, a cataract operation does not take long, it takes just a few minutes. But it gets tiring. You see you're

concentrating all that time. You're going...

RL: A hundred patients a days would really be moving them through.

AC: (laughing) Yes, yes, right. So from that standpoint it was lovely, but I just couldn't take this other. And I ...I stood it for six months and then I couldn't.

So then I left from there and I went back to Lucknow. In Lucknow I was staying with my eldest sister, and I did a little bit of general practice for about a year. And then in September of '46 I went to the Methodist Hospital in Nadiad. Now this was an American Methodist hospital. Nadiad is (spelled). And this was north of Bombay, about three hundred miles north of Bombay, just off the coast, off the west coast. And I was called assistant surgeon; it was pretty much sort of a next step after internship. And I was there until June of '47. And June of '47 I got word that I'd been selected as a Crusade Scholar to come here for post-grad work. And so I left there the 30th of June of '47.

RL: You came to...

AC: I went to Philadelphia, to the Graduate School of Medicine (University of Pennsylvania) for one year. Then went up to Clifton Springs, New York...to Clifton Springs Hospital and Clinic and was resident in surgery from '48 to '52. And during this time I was still on the rolls at the University of Penn (Pennsylvania) and got my master of medical science in surgery in 1951. By then of course

we were a family. And did Isabelle tell you about our residences from then on?

RL: Why don't you go ahead and tell me.

AC: O.K., later part...end of '52...we came back to this country (India) and I had agreed to work at the Methodist Hospital in Nadiad. There was a man there, Herschel Aldrich, who had been there for twenty-five years, and had hardly had any vacation because there was no one to take his place. But I went there and I was his associate for one year. And then I took over as...the official title was superintendent and surgeon in charge of that hospital. I took over on the first of April 1954 and I was there until 1959. Now I'm not telling about anything that happened in these different residences yet.

RL: Right...

AC: We can go back to that.

RL: Right. That's what I plan to do...then we can concentrate.

AC: O.K., right. Oh, then while I was there the amount of work we were doing was unbelievable. Now as I think back on it, I wonder if I would believe it if anyone told me about it. But I also saw the great need for heart surgery which had just been started up. And I made a pact with Jim Matthews who was then general secretary of the Board of Missions. Now, I think, he's bishop of Washington, isn't he?

RL: I believe so.

AC: (laughing) Yes. That I would stay there until 1957, and then they would bring me out again here to study open heart surgery. So, '57 they couldn't find a replacement; '58 they couldn't find a replacement; '59 I got a place in Denver, an excellent place, and I just couldn't let that go. So a surgeon--a Hindu surgeon--who had studied in England, had been trained in England, wanted to get some practice, and he had been coming and watching me work and assisting me. And I thought he could do the surgery.

So in '59 I came back here. And went to Denver, Colorado where I was a resident in thoracic and cardiovascular surgery at National Jewish Hospital from '59 to '61. And then because doing open-heart surgery in India would require so much setting up and organization and investigation, which I didn't think others would be able to do at that stage, so I spent a year in the lab. In what's called cardio-pulmonary physiology. That's investigating the function of the heart in finding out the defect in the heart, and whether the patient was in shape to undergo the surgery. And I did that for a little over a year and we went back in December of '62. And therein lies a long tale. (laughs)

Anyway, the two churches in Denver...we spoke the length of...when we came into the country '59 when we went to the board offices they said, "You're going to Colorado. The area has not been developed from the

missionary standpoint; go and open up the area." So we took them seriously. And we spoke the length and breadth of Colorado and had tremendous reception wherever we went. And we were members of what I think still is the second-largest church in Colorado, the Park Hill Methodist Church, the largest church was the Methodist church in Colorado Springs. And I spoke in Colorado Springs, and then the next thing the minister of Park Hill Methodist Church got a call that the Colorado Springs Methodist Church wanted us to be their missionaries to India. And Park Hill said, "No. This is terrible! How can that be their member here? How can they be your missionaries? So they'll be our missionaries." So I was put on their bulletin as their missionaries to India. And then Colorado Springs said, "O.K., if they're your missionaries, then we will supply all the equipment needed for open-heart surgery." And we couldn't believe all this was happening. We were extremely happy in Denver and it was a terrible wrench leaving there.

Anyway, we left after a great deal of misunderstanding with the board.

(A personal identification is deleted. It included two questions. We pick up the second answer.)

AC: She was...yes, just about my age, and I think exactly... just about my age. But it was all a big misunderstanding

and I really cannot tell exactly why it happened, but for some reason, her husband either thought we were getting too much or getting too much attention, but it was We then spent a very bad several months not knowing what we were going to. We...I wanted to start open-heart surgery, in a mission hospital if at all possible. But no mission hospital seemed ready for it.

So I talked to the representative of the medical college in Ludhiana which is in Punjab, which is a good medical college. And he had me fill out a form, so I told him, I said, "Now they are asking for what position?" And I said, "I've written 'professor' but that is not important; I'll go as anything. But I want to start open-heart surgery in India in a mission institution. So they didn't take me at Ludhiana and they told my sister later that "Oh, how could we take him? He insisted on being professor and said he wouldn't come as anything else, and we already have a professor." So the whole thing was just a big jumble like this. So I landed up in India with no job.

RL: You went back not knowing where you were going?

AC: Yes. Now the fact that we were able to live was thanks to Park Hill Methodist Church, which had pledged our support as their missionaries. And when I wrote to the board and said, "Now it's time for us to go back," they wrote and said, "We have your ticket, but your family is not our responsibility." (laughs) But it's, I mean

it's unbelievable the things like this, and so I just didn't know what to do.

Now we took a big car back, we bought a second-hand ...we were very fortunate to get a great big station wagon and the reason for this...for taking back a big car was we'd taken back a car the first time we went back, a 1949 Chevy two-door. And we had used that for ...of course it was my personal car, so I used it for everything; but we also did surgical camps; that is, we would go out to villages and do surgery over there. To show the village people that surgery was perfectly safe. And we have done as many as seventy-three tonsil... hundred cataracts over there and over here seventy-three tonsils in one day. Where we would speak...I would send my interns out...we became approved for internship and two years of post-grad training in this little mission hospital by two universities.

So we would get students from there...we would send our interns out and they would go through the village and see all the children that needed their tonsils out. Now they don't take out tonsils as much as they used to twenty years ago. And then the city fathers would close the schools for two days, and we'd go in and make three and four trips in my car, carrying the drums of sterilized instruments and drapes and so on. We'd go into the school house and put school tables together and operate on school tables and with flashlights. (laughter) And

so the first camp we did we took out forty-one tonsils and then it ran in that number and then the highest number we did was seventy-three.

So this time we took back this bigger car. And because we thought we'd be doing...now we'd be going and we'd be doing much more work, so therefore, let's take back a car we can use and we'd do it in one trip instead of three or four. So we took back that car and had a great deal of difficulty over that. It was hard to take a car into India anyway. So there I was with this massive car and fortunately I had taken my heart-lung machine which I had got at a terrific discount, thanks to (National Jewish Hospital, Denver)...everyone was so interested in our starting open-heart surgery. Well, by the time I got to India, one surgeon in Bombay had done an open-heart...had done two open-heart operations. And as it happened we were invited to a wedding while we were in Bombay. You know people over here gripe and fume and fret if they're kept waiting at the customs line for two hours. We were at the customs line for eleven days.

RL: Oh, my gosh! (Amar laughs)

AC: And during that time we were invited to a wedding in Bombay. And at this wedding I met this surgeon, turned out to be a very fine man. And we had started talking, and he found I knew quite a bit about this surgery, so he invited me to come back and help him. So when we went home to Lucknow I had no job anywhere, so I went back to

Bombay and I helped this man do other bits of open-heart surgery and did some other types that were being done for the first time. And I stayed there almost a month with him, doing this. And then went back to Lucknow, and then I started looking around in mission hospitals and saying, O.K., forget open-heart surgery. I've got to work. But there was just nothing.

And then they were building this tremendous post-graduate institute in Chandigarh--that's the capital of Punjab. And my sister had sent me word of this long, long before we had left from Denver, and said, "Please apply to this place." And at first I had laughed it off, but then when all this began, then I did send in an application and they accepted me as a junior lecturer. Do you have lecturers in this country?

RL: Yes.

AC: O.K., as a junior lecturer. So finally we got there in first week of December. And there was nothing doing all this time; so finally in March I decided to take this and go as a junior lecturer, with people who had been my classmates at the professorial level. (laughs) Which wasn't very pleasant. Anyway, I went there and ran into, oh, all sorts of academic politics that I suppose is present all over. But it seemed to be more so there than anywhere else.

But being an open-heart surgeon and there being no one else around who did that surgery, I...it was sort of

a glamour department and every time Nehru...see, we had our...we were directly under the central government and our board of...not board of trustees, but I forget now, board of management, whatever...board of directors, whatever it was. The chairman of that was the prime minister. Now whenever Nehru would come and visit our place, he always had to come through my department. And I had to show him the heart-lung machine working...and usually with a dog on it...I hadn't got the team going. And, poor fellow, he used to almost pass out every time he saw it.

But, anyway, with terrific difficulty I was able to get open-heart surgery started. We did the first operation in November of 1963.... It took me about nine months to get that first operation done. And even that was a traumatic experience. I had trained my team, and you know when you're running the heart-lung machine, you have to see...the older types...the modern, the newer types are much more streamlined and much more efficient and give you all sorts of warnings automatically. Well, in the old one you had to watch the level of blood, and see that blood didn't go below a certain level, because with your pump moving, it could pump air in and that of course is...can be fatal, and can cause all sorts of complications and be fatal. So I had trained these people and we had done lots of dogs showing them how to run it and exactly what each one's job was.

So, finally, we got this boy and getting the first patient was like drawing teeth, too. Because the cardiologists were able to argue right up in 1963, terms of 1963.... But when it came to the surgery, well, no, this hasn't been done. India isn't ready for this. So the patient would be discharged and I'd be just sitting there. In addition to this, one of my colleagues who was a step above me, he was an assistant professor, he was the first man to do chest surgery in the Punjab. And I had come and I had stolen his thunder. Because I was an open-heart surgeon, not only a chest surgeon, but an open-heart surgeon, so we became more or less sworn enemies, you might say. (laughs)

So, anyway, finally with great difficulty we got this patient with a heart defect and we did the operation. I was doing it and I had stopped the heart. I had opened the heart. I was pointing out the defect to all my assistants and to the people--there were about seventeen people in the room--and showing them all this--all the various parts of the heart and where the defect was and what I was going to repair. And suddenly one fellow shouted out "air!" and I looked this side (right?) and the fellow who was supposed to watch the pump--great big, tall fellow--the fellow who was supposed to watch the pump as I looked this side, I saw him right here at my shoulder, because he had got interested in what I was showing here. And when I looked at the pump there

was no blood there left at all. And there was air being pumped into this (boy's) blood stream. So I just happened to have a pair of scissors in my hand and I cut the pump line. And fortunately this fellow had seen it apparently just as the blood had finished. So just his blood volume was able to push out the air that was there. And then I clamped. And then of course I had a patient with a stopped heart. So I have never done a repair of a heart as rapidly (laughter) as I did that repair. And then I closed the heart and I was able to get it going again.

But then for three days we didn't know whether this boy was going to live or not. He was in a complete deep coma; a beautiful heart working beautifully, but in complete coma. And we watched and we watched and we watched and there was no sign of anything. And he would get secretions in his lung and I have to pass down an instrument and clean those...clean that out. And finally one day one of my residents who had chosen to come to me in Nadiad (sic) and study under me because he had been my intern in Nadiad...he'd come up to Chandigarh. He'd been my intern in Nadiad many years before and he wanted to continue working with me. So he had come there, and he had taken a box of candy...we all used to talk to this boy lying in bed and say "Thusan Lao, how are you today?" And, of course, he'd be just lying...so this boy went

and spoke to him and then said, "I've brought some candy for you," and he put it beside him at the bed. And then he just happened to look and this boy's hand was moving like this (crawling) towards the candy. That was the first sign we got and he recovered completely.

RL: Wow.

AC: So, that was our first.... But the support that I got in the institution was something like this: Here is this boy, lying in a coma, the first open-heart being done, and the cardiologist would just stick his head in...the chief cardiologist...just stick his head in at the door and ask, "Is he dead yet?" (laughter)

RL: Oh, no.

AC: So, anyway, we ran into all sorts of problems that I didn't believe humanly possible. One sentence deleted. So that shouldn't go in. (laughs) But of course what should go in, of course, is that we ran into terrific opposition, but were still able to institute open-heart surgery and set up a program that now is rolling along. After this successful case and then we did more cases and then at the next selection I was made associate professor and this other person who was assistant professor was still assistant professor and from...I'd be afraid to turn my back on him after that. (laughs) Then at the end I became professor, before we left.

But all of this...I didn't feel that I was really... although I had been able to start this and as I say it

is going on now as a regular program...I didn't feel that I was making the contribution that I should be making. India at that stage was in a very...uncertain stage. There was so much corruption...everything was being changed. One day they'd decide English should be taken out of schools because India now is independent, which of course it had been for twenty years; then they would say, No, English is the universal language; so English should be put back, and it was...all this...it became a political..all these became political implements to use one way or the other. And we couldn't see the boys growing up in that. David's shoes were stolen one day from the gym, so he went to the gym teacher and said, "My shoes are stolen." And the gym teacher said, "Well, go and steal someone else's then." I mean that sort of... we couldn't see them growing up with that sort of training. So we decided to come back to this country where my original hospital, Clifton Springs Hospital, wanted a thoracic and vascular surgeon. And that's how it was. We decided to come back.

RL: So you came back. And what year was that?

AC: That was 1968.

RL: And you've been in the states since '68?

AC: Been in the states since...I came here (Upland) in November of '75. And that was mainly because...looking forward with retirement coming in what was then eight, nine

years. We couldn't think of staying in a place that had so much snow. (laughter) It was just too cold. And so I began looking around and strangely enough just when I decided to come out here or to come out in this direction. I came here and did my state boards and just that year this prison job fell open, and I was able to get that.

RL: So coming to the prison was more of a fluke...that was the job that was open?

AC: Yes, yes. I would have come to almost anything. The prison job is not something that I would have chosen, but I thought it was a nice pre-retirement thing...slow down, the pace slowed down. Not that I am a person who enjoys a slow pace. But with the pace slowed down, it was that much more attractive to come here, into this lovely weather. (laughs)

RL: Even with the heat of summer?

AC: Yes, but this dry heat isn't bad. I was just talking to my niece who is in Washington, and it's a hundred and two there and it's a high humidity heat. She said they can hardly breathe. And yesterday was 99 and although it was hot, the evening was nice. (laughter)

RL: We've talked about...we've talked about a lot of them, but are there some other major events in your life that we should talk about in detail? We don't have to talk about the details tonight, but if there are other events, I ought to get them on the agenda.

AC: O.K., yes. As I was saying we were just mentioning the residences, but I think more details of the work in Nadiad. And by work I don't mean only the surgery. I mean the work with the community and the work with the entire town and surroundings.

RL: The city of Nadia() (sic) or the town of Nadia() (sic) and then the surrounding...

AC: It's Nadiad, N-a-d-i-a-d, yes. Yes, by the community I mean the work with the Christian people there. And then also the work with the non-Christian and the effects on the non-Christian. And I think was...that has been pretty much one of the great highlights of my life, I think, to work there. I couldn't plan to stay on there because there was nothing for the family, there was nothing for the children to grow up in. I don't think it was good for them also to grow up in what was then the terrific limelight that they were in because of the position I held. But it was a tremendous experience, in human nature, in friendships, in support, in antagonisms, in jealousies. It was just a whole life-time put into seven years, six years.

RL: Is there any other events we should highlight?

AC: I'm sure I'll think of a whole lot after you go. (laughing)

RL: Well, if you do, you can jot some notes.... I notice you already have.

AC: Yes, I'm sure I shall...I was just going generally by this, by this protocol and I had put in several things.

I did want to mention why I had left the internship at the C.M.S. hospital and then the Nadiad thing was rather a happier thing than that. (laughs) When we did start the open-heart surgery and it came out in all the papers and everything and I felt very bad that had not been done in a mission hospital and Ludhiana which I had applied to the Christian Medical College was only sixty miles away. So with this great big institution...well, just the story of how Isabelle and I worked to get that first case done or get ready for it is a story in itself, which is quite an interesting highlight because of the heart-lung machine and so on that I had where our big car came in useful, and that car was the source of more jealousy and antagonism. (laughs) Because all the other people had, including the director of the institute, was the small Indian-made cars. And here was I driving around in this limousine.

RL: I think you told me what the first car was, but I don't believe you told me what the second car was.

AC: Oh, this was...this was a '61 Chevy station wagon, ranch wagon, nine seater and, believe it or not, we got 25 miles to a gallon on it.

RL: How did you do that? (laughs)

AC: It was a six-cylinder, and, of course, the imperial gallon, which was a little larger, but still that was quite tremendous. And on both cars, in Nadiad I used to do a lot of shooting. Because it was an orthodox Hindu area,

we didn't get meat, or you couldn't get good meat. You would get buffalo meat and we suspected the buffalos. The reason there was meat there was because the buffalos had died of old age. And so I used to go out and shoot meat, shoot the meat that we would eat and I did that for all the seven years that we were there. And I used to go out in the little Chevy and even though on cross country hunting trips...and nothing ever went wrong with that Chevy...I put almost one hundred thousand miles on it...except one leaf of one of the rear springs broke once and that's the only thing that ever went wrong with that Chevy.

And with my...the other station wagon, it was the same thing. I put almost a hundred thousand miles on that...and I drove...we had our garages which was just outside what was then our post-operative ward. An open-heart case that I had done...I went in and talked to him and he said, "Did you just drive in?" So I said, "Yes." He said, "Sounds like a very good car, but it's got a bit of a knock." So I said, "Oh, you know something about cars?" He turned out to be a mechanic and from then on he looked after my car. (laughing) And so we put almost a hundred thousand miles on that car, and nothing ever went wrong with that one. So...and Chevies used to be very popular in India when...the first cars that came out to India...the British brought out some Rolls Royces and Humbers and so on, but the most

popular cars in India were the Ford and the Chevy. And we always had a Chevy except for one Ford we had once, otherwise we always had Chevies. And so I took back Chevies because you could get parts even in a village.
(laughter)

RL: Smart move.

AC: Yes. (laughing)

RL: O.K., any other events we should talk about?

AC: No, I can't think off hand. I still think the thing that will take the longest or will have the most facets to it will be the Nadiad experience. In Chandigarh also we were very....

(Side A of tape runs out. Start of side B...)

...choir. Or getting up a choir in Nadiad. Well, my first experience with labor unions.

RL: Um, this was in Nadiad?

AC: In Nadiad. In Chandigarh there wasn't nearly so much because...I was the only surgeon, Christian surgeon in that entire staff. I'm trying to think was there one other? But I can't think of any other. And we had a total of about four hundred.

RL: On the staff of four hundred?

AC: Physicians on the staff. There wasn't another Christian and I had learned even in my student days, because the Christians in India are about one percent. Generally something is known about Christianity, not in detail but

something was known even in my student days. And if someone cheated or anything in a game, well, O.K., so this person has cheated he's no good, but let a Christian do that and you always heard, "He is supposed to be a Christian." (laughs)

RL: Pointing out...

AC: There always was a special yardstick to measure the Christian by. So I think that possibly much the same in the institution over there. I got on very well with all the students, our post-grad students. We worked them...they had a three-year course after which they would get the degree called M.S. which was not master of science but master of surgery. It's a recognized British and Indian degree. But there was so much unpleasantness; there was so much jealousy; there was so much backbiting, the way to advance...a recognized way to advance was not to do better yourself but to tear the other man down. And these were things I couldn't go along with and couldn't do.

But I really can't think of anything very positive except that the reason for whatever success I had was mostly due to our director who was one of India's great surgeons, Dr. S. S. Anand (spelled) And he was truly a great man. And it was his fairmindedness...he was a Sikh ...and it was his fairmindedness that made sure that I, that I got a fair deal. In fact, the very fact that I became a professor was thanks mainly to him. There are

recognized things in India which I refused to do; for example, if a selection was coming up, then the thing to do was to invite the secretary of health over for tea or for dinner and go and visit them and take them gifts, and I absolutely refused to do any of this. And I was criticized severely for it, saying, "You'll never advance." And we said, "No, it doesn't matter if we don't advance, we refuse to do...if we like a person, by all means, but to do it for advancement is something we won't do." And it was the same thing...when I told you we spent eleven days on the docks at customs, and the American Express man came to me and said, "If you'll give this official a few hundred rupees, everything will go through." I said, "I will not do it!" (laughter) So I suffered for it--eleven days and many thousand rupees paid in customs duties which he had no business charging.

RL: That's just what I was going to ask.

AC: He was just keeping me there...keep at it and keep at it until I gave him something....and this is recognized. It is the thing to do if you want to get things done.

RL: Is the pay off?

AC: Yes.

RL: And you were over-charged in customs.

AC: I was over-charged...we were charged...you see, if you have been abroad...I don't know if the rule still holds,

but this was the old rule--if you have lived abroad and have been abroad for three years, anything in your household, that is a household item that you have used for a year comes in duty free no matter what. And they were charging for a vacuum cleaner and they were charging for everything...refrigerator...he just charged us for everything. Later on, I appealed and I got some of it back. But this matter of bribing when we joined the institute ...being a surgeon, being on call, doing open-heart surgery...I was supposed to get a telephone right away, which I didn't get for a long time. The main reason was I didn't bribe the lineman and so on who came to put them in. (laughs) And that's...we couldn't see the boys growing up in that. So I miss India, but I have...I don't miss India of today at all. (Strong emphasis on "at all".) Not the slightest bit. I miss India of my childhood.

RL: How would you describe India of your childhood?

AC: Well, I would be criticized by other Indians for this because we were not a free nation at that time. (laughs) But, India of my childhood was as I remember it a... there was orderliness there which is not there at the present time. Of course, in my childhood we were much more carefree because I wasn't concerned with supporting the family that came from my parents. There was not nearly as much crowding as there is now, conveyances,

although cars...automobiles have improved, gas in India is at an almost impossible price. Now only the very rich can use it and even they hardly use their cars now, it's so expensive.

But we had other conveyances. We had...oh, the various trains which are still running, of course, which is a major sort...mode of travel. For our summer vacations we would frequently go as far as the trains would take us; then we would take pack horses, and we would pack, oh, five days' journey into the Himalayas. No one has the time to do things like that now. We'd go five days into the Himalayas and then spend two months in there. And with the most unbelievable fruit and vegetables and meat that we would get over there, and fish, of course. One requirement was always whenever we went for a vacation, there had to be swimming and there had to be fishing. Other things may or may not be there; these two things had to be there. And there's some fabulous places in the Himalayas for that.

Well, India just didn't seem to be as corrupt...well, another reason is, a country that has been subject for over two hundred years, totally subject for two hundred years and then you know bits...subject for almost four hundred years. Suddenly, as a subject person...now suddenly you've got your freedom, and the first idea is, "Oh, I must do well for myself and my family." So do all in my (your) power to get whatever you can for your-

self and your family and that has to be by corrupt means, how else can you do it? A person becomes chief minister of a place and then his cousin becomes a health minister and his uncle becomes something else. And so there seemed to be less of that although England would always have investigations into the various governors and so on. So the corruption had to be there all that time, but it just seems to be closer to the people now than it was then.

It was the day of gracious living, but that's for our...India is all classes, and for our class of people it was a day of gracious living. For the servant it was terrible. Because a servant was a servant twenty-four hours a day. He would live on the premises, not in the same house, but he would have rooms, or I suppose you could call them...no, they weren't really apartments, they were just rooms..that they would stay in. A guest would turn up at ten o'clock at night; the servant would come and cook something for them and do their beds. As I grew up and think back on those things, they had a terrible existence, but we all seemed...in my family the servants almost not quite but almost members of the family; so there was no ill-treatment of servants or anything like that.

RL: But they still did not have their own lives?

AC: No, no, they didn't. But they, our servants, remained with us, oh, years and years and years and years. Until

either they left or they felt they were too old, and for example a woman servant who had brought all of us up and then left when in her, I think, in her seventies, because she wanted to go back to her original home, which was about two thousand miles away, and she left. Servants now are hard to come by. (laughing) But Lucknow, my hometown, was a city of three hundred thousand when I was growing up. It's now over two million.

RL: Wow, it really has exploded.

AC: Oh, yes. At the time of independence, I think we were two hundred and thirty-six million, but now we've crossed six hundred. And when I was in college, China got five hundred million, and we used to throw up our hands in horror. How can a country have so many people. Now we are more than a hundred million more than that.

RL: You attribute most of this then to the independence?

AC: Yes, that sounds bad (laughs) putting it that way, but I think it's a natural adjustment of a country. I suppose maybe a hundred years from now, which in the history books will go in a couple of sentences, India might be tremendous because its basic values in the past have been great. The values of India have been spiritual. Right now the newer generation says, "Forget it all, let's do the best we can for ourselves; out with Hinduism and out with all this caste system, out with meditation and so on", worship, those things mean nothing, and so just as the young people here have done. But I think it's too

deeply ingrained. I don't think we can just do away with it, and I feel certain India will come back as a strong, morally strong country. But...I should qualify the word morally, because there's a totally different evaluation.

For example, when Isabelle was teaching children, now she had a little nursery school, and because she was teaching them so well, more and more people would come to have their children enrolled there; although she didn't take them up high. They would then have to go to a school, but those schools because of her teaching would accept them. So these people would come to her and she would take down their vital statistics, and say, "How old is this boy?" And, "Actually he's five, but please put down three." Because later on then when they have exams for civil-service you have to be at least eighteen or less than twenty-three, eighteen to twenty-three. Now if you put down three, (laughs) he has so many more years. And you ask--even to this day if you ask a person that you come to know fairly well, if you ask a person how old is he, he'll ask you "Do you want my real age or my stated age?"

I did my high school at age sixteen. Sixteen is the usual age for doing high school in India. But on the books the people will be fourteen, maybe thirteen, and they've done their high school. No birth certificate. Who's going to have records of six hundred million people?

(Laughter) So the legal age certificate is a high school certificate which gives your date of birth. And so they can put down what they want to on that. And Isabelle would tell them, "You're starting this child's life with a lie." "No, madam, that's not a lie, because it's for his good. When he grows up he will be able to get into something. This way he might not be mature mentally enough to get that exam. This way he'll be able--he'll have time to do it. It's not a lie, it's for his own good." And you couldn't argue anything else. So the evaluation of your values are so different.

RL: Um-hum. The competition would have been...most of the other children would have been two years different in their ages anyway.

AC: Yes, (laughing) so it works out to the same thing. Except that retirement in India used to be fifty-five. Good heavens, I can't imagine people retiring at fifty-five. What'd they do then? So if I had been in India today, I'd be retired. And having worked in a mission hospital and then as junior lecturer, I would've ended up with a zero bank balance and retired. So if you can say that he is two years younger, then at least he goes on to fifty-seven. So there...so many reasons.

RL: The system helps to encourage the lying a little bit.

AC: Yes; now they're trying...they have changed now to fifty-eight...the retirement system...and they're trying to increase it, which...which it should be.

RL: Let's move on to another area. Who are some of the people important in your life? Now, we've probably mentioned some of them as we've gone along, but if we could get a list maybe we could concentrate on them when the time comes...and be sure...

AC: You mean apart from family members?

RL: Right. Although if there're certain family members that we might not get, it might be good to list them now, too, but...

AC: No, I think we'll be getting to them all. But my father and mother were the major influences in my life. I've always had friends; I've had very few really close friends. My first close friend, what I owe to him is my knowledge of boxing (laughing). And the fact that I never got beaten up. (laughs) Because he...because I had become quite adept at the art. (laughter) Because our school was, oh, a great thing for getting into fights, that was great. My second close friend...

RL: Excuse me, maybe it would be helpful if we had names.

AC: Oh, Gilber McSweeny was my first, really close friend and this was in Christ Church Boys' High School in Jabulpur.

RL: And who's your second close friend?

AC: The second one was David Millikan. You'll be amazed to hear all English names. Gilbert McSweeny was an Irish boy. Well, he was...this was a British school, so we had a large number of British and Anglo-Indian boys.

David Millikan was my very close friend in college. And we would get into a lot of discussion. His father and my father knew each other as young men and had been good friends. Now here, here this boy and I used to go to church together. Apart from other things, we would get into religious discussions. I didn't do much of this in school because most of the boys in school were members of the Church of England or the Roman Catholic Church and there were very few--I would say may be two or three out of the whole school--that were Methodists, otherwise all the other were...almost all were Roman...were Church of England and we had a very good number of Roman Catholics. But in Lucknow Christian College there was a good number of Methodists. Of course, there were mostly Hindus and Muslims.

But in the Christian group there was this boy and I and then we had a group of friends around us. It was quite a gang and we used to do everything except tennis --none of them could play tennis. But we played a lot of soccer together and go out at nights and sit on the river banks and get into deep philosophical discussions. I've read more then than I've read since then, I think. We used to read a lot of the Russian books (laughs) and discuss Communism and socialism. And quite a lot about religion.

My next close friend was a Hindu Kashmiri boy named Mooney Caul (spelled) and he remains a very close friend

to this day. He had gone to England and had done a year of medical school, came back to India for a vacation and the war broke out and he wasn't able to go back. This was '39. And so we ended up as classmates and then we were inseparable for the rest of the time in medical school. He was a good tennis player, and so we became even more inseparable because of that. (laughs) And we had some fantastic experiences together; we used to go out...we were chosen for...to represent India in the Davis Cup for two years, but this was war time so there was no Davis Cup played those years, but at least we were selected for it.

This reminds me of something that happened that is very India. My sister needed a servant and she interviewed this man. He had a good appearance; he was a Muslim. And he had a good appearance and he was..he said, "I'll do any amount of work. I don't care whether you call me daytime, nighttime, anytime, I'm ready to work; but I've got to have three hours off in the afternoon to study." He said to gain knowledge. And so my sister said "fine", and we knew he was an astrologer and would work with horoscopes and we used to pull his leg like mad. And so one day Mooney came, this was just toward the end of our medical schooling, and it was our exam time. And Mooney's wife was expecting. He had got married during the third year; we have a full five

years of medical school in India. So he had sent his wife to her in-laws right near Chandigarh--there was no Chandigarh in existence in those days--and right near where Chandigarh is now. So she had gone there...that's a good seven hundred miles away. And he had got a telegram that she had a baby, a baby girl. So he came dashing over to our house to let me know. And so we were sitting at the tea table, and the cook came in to bring the tea. So Mooney said, "Oh, you make horoscopes. How about making out a horoscope for my child?" So the cook said, "Fine, tell me the date and time of birth." So Mooney gave him the date and time of birth but told him it was a boy, instead of a girl. And we were giggling and very pleased--let's see what sort of a horoscope he brings. So the cook went into the kitchen and after less than ten minutes he came back. He said, "You're trying to make a fool of me." And we said, "Why, what's the matter?" And he said, "That couldn't have been a boy, that was a girl." And he told...then he told us the number of people that were in the room at the time the child was born, the color of the blanket that covered the mother at the time the child was born, the fact that there was a person born in a foreign land at the time the child was born and all this was verified. (laughter) This is very India.

RL: How...who was the person born in the foreign land? Or

how was that...

AC: One of the doctors...there were two physicians...two obstetricians in attendance. And one of them was an English physician.

RL: Oh, I see. O.K.

AC: This same man, one day my mother was sitting on the sofa and knitting or doing something. She was lying with her feet up on the edge there, and he walked past and he looked at her foot and he stopped dead and he said, "You mean you're from that family?" And my mother said, "What family?" And he gave the history of her family by looking at the sole of her foot. (laughs) Fantastic man and he used to pride himself on his medical knowledge so he was a great buddy of mine. He made up something that looked like the most horrible porridge you have ever seen. And he said, "This is excellent for skin conditions." And I got some patients with an eczema that I could not cure...this is when I spent a year in general practice over there (in Lucknow). No matter what I tried, and they had been all over and they just couldn't do it. And this man said, "Give this stuff a try, you don't believe that I know anything...give it a try."

So I had a young fellow that came that we knew and I told him, "I'm trying this. I have no idea...your leg may fall off, I just don't know, but let's." He had terrible eczema from here down on both legs. (Showing from just below the knee down.) So I said, "Let's use

this on one leg." I used it on one leg and in ten days the entire thing had cleared. And then I used it on the other leg and that thing cleared up. And all the time I was there I began using it on these patients that wouldn't respond. It cleared up beautifully. And he had all sorts of things in it from egg shells to sulphur, and I don't know what else. But some of this old Indian lore (laughing), there's quite something to it.

RL: You never did find out all the things in it?

AC: No, he had no objection to telling me. But then I was going into surgery, and I greatly regret this fact that I don't have a prescription for that thing. (laugh)

But India is such a land you can find anything. I've told you a lot of the horrible things in India, about the corruption, the jealousies and the extent to which it goes. But there is a lot of the very, very, very tremendous, the very deeply spiritual. A man... have I ever told you about the man who used to practice in Lucknow?

RL: No.

AC: I wondered whether I told the group about this. He was a man who had...he was a Brahman who had spent a lot of time in Brahman study. He was an educated man. And he used to practice not far from where my sister's home was. And it was a big...most buildings...most of the homes in India are brick, so this was a big building, a big bare brick room, bare brick-lined room. And he used

to sit on a plain wooden, up-right wooden chair. And his patients used to come in and they weren't supposed to say anything, tell him about what they had or anything. He'd just say, "Next," and the next one would come up, and he'd put his hands over here (the pressure points of the chin bone). And the patient would go into a faint and then he'd give a whistle at a certain pitch and he'd tap them over here (on the forehead) and they'd wake right up again. And I saw this when I was small, and then when I went to medical school, I said, "And now I know he's pressing over here...that's the pressure point...that's what knocks them out." But beyond that I was stumped. (laughs) And then when they woke up he would give them the history of their illness. "You have come here because of this, and so and so is bothering you. You have been to this doctor and he treated you in this way and you went to the other one and he has suggested surgery. You don't want surgery and that's why you've come here. Or you have received no benefit from that, so you've come to me."

And then he would suggest his therapy, which almost always went like this: if you brought a bottle like these old big beer bottles of a certain color, you had to bring a bottle of the color he told you. Then you would fill this with distilled water. He'd uncork it and he would hold his thumb over it and the whole thing

would start bubbling. Then he'd take his thumb off and then he'd cork it and he'd tell them, take a teaspoonful twice a day or three times a day. And his cures were fantastic, absolutely fantastic. (laughs)

And Isabella Thoburn College, which was a mission college, a women's college, was quite close by and one day one of the guests who was an English girl, had a severe stomachache and it obviously was more than a stomachache because it wouldn't go and it was getting worse and worse. They weren't able to get hold of a physician and someone suggested, "Let's take her to Thakur Dip Narain, so they brought her over there and all he did was wave her to a chair and have her sit down in a chair. He took no notice of her and he went on seeing his patients. And then after awhile he said to her, "I know you came to me because of a pain in your stomach, but I've taken it upon myself; you can go." And her pain had disappeared. (laughter)

So that's the sort of a man he was, and all of this and he never took a penny. People would feed him. He would accept food, and when he needed it, he would accept clothing. He said if he took any money he would lose the power. And he only saw one person, and I think it was another English woman, and he looked at her and he said, "You can have this power if you want." And he kept looking at her and he said, "No, the sacrifice would be more than...you could give." I've never heard

of him saying it to anyone else.

RL: So it was only usable for certain...it was only available to certain people?

AC: Apparently, apparently. But how he got it, I don't know. We never went into his life history. But I saw him work many, many times. And people used to come to him in almost a worshipful atmosphere. (inaudible) And he was such a good man. You see these people and you just have to see their faces. Just the expression in their faces, just such peace and such love, that's what I mean. So India...you have from the extremely ugly to the ultra-beautiful.

RL: Would you say his name again?

AC: D-i-p which is pronounced D-e-e-p and the second name is N-a-r-a-i-n Narain.

RL: Thank you. Any other people? (laughter)

AC: Many. Many other people. Let's see, after medical school...oh, by then I had met Isabelle. Met Isabelle in '44. Yes, then a person...but this will take...of a session which would be involved in the whole episode in Nadiad. He's a person who was called Raja. Raja means king...that was this man...what everyone called this man. But that's a whole story in itself. He's another great man; he was a Hindu.

RL: That's part of the Nadiad story?

AC: That's part of the Nadiad story.

RL: O.K. I'll try to remember to bring him up when we get

to that story.

AC: I'll remember. Because the Nadiad story is, as I said...
I think that's quite a highlight.

RL: Maybe we should do that next time.

AC: I think so. And then I'll make more notes. I'm sure
I'll have...many more things will come to mind now that
I've started thinking and living those days again. It's
quite fun to do that, actually.

RL: You said that you had studied with Tagore, or...?

AC: No, well, I didn't study with him, no. I was a member of
the University soccer team. Actually for many years I
was a member of the state soccer team, and we used to go
on tours. And once when we went on tour to what is now
Bangladesh, on the way back we stopped at Santiniketan
which was a school. (spells the name) And that was a
school that Tagore had started. So I was just there when
he was there. He was sitting on his divan-type thing
and we were all sitting on the floor. So I often say I
sat at his feet, which is what I did. (laughter) But,
no, I didn't ever study with him as such.

RL: Maybe we have time to talk about what led you to medicine,
what led you to the study of medicine?

AC: I don't know. I made up my mind to be a physician at the
age of four; so I can't say what led me to it. And then
I decided to be a surgeon at the age of six. Beyond that
I can't say; I always wanted to be a physician in a mis-

sion hospital. Or in a Christian institution, those were the mission hospitals in those days. But more than that I just can't tell you. I was side-tracked for one year, in my...one year in Lucknow Christian College after doing my Senior Cambridge. And the person came and painted a terrific picture about engineering. And for one year I took the engineering group of subjects and then went to pre-med; that was the only time I was side-tracked. Otherwise, I've had tunnel-vision. (laughter) Just for medicine and just for surgery.

RL: You've mentioned that you wanted to work...you had a desire to work in a Christian institution or mission hospitals. Why was that; why specialize in just one?

AC: Because, number one, the mission hospital took the work to the poor people that needed it, number one. Number two, in my thinking in those days, which has changed very much now, you were being a witness in a work in a mission hospital. I never spent the time to stop and think that possibly in a non-Christian environment you could be more of a witness. And I just didn't think in those terms, but just here was a recognized Christian work going on and to be a part of that, and to be doing your work in that environment is why I thought of a mission hospital. It was just thinking in terms of Christian work, everyone you see in India is a non-Christian almost, and so it was in terms of being a Christian. And doing the work that would come...would follow by being a Christian

which to me in those days was a mission hospital. And I took terrific pride in Nadiad at bringing modern methods because the work we did at Nadiad...it was in the 1950's and in those days the work we did was the 1950's work the same thing that was being done in your grade A hospitals here. And lack of equipment just held us back for about a year. (laughs) And then we got equipment.

RL: And so when you went to a government hospital, that must have been a disappointment.

AC: It was a great disappointment. And actually, I wrote to Jim Matthews at that time. By then we had stopped... lost all contact with the Board of Missions on Riverside Drive. But I wrote to Bishop Matthews and I sent him a cutting of one of the newspaper articles (about the start of open-heart surgery) and said I wanted this to be in a mission hospital, or in a Christian institution.

But, no you could be just as much, as I say...more of a witness, without actually witnessing in words necessarily in a non-Christian institution. But there was so much unpleasantness and I was already in my middle forties and I just didn't feel that I was making the headway and contributing what I should and what I knew I could. And so that's why I threw in the towel. Had I been in my twenties or thirties, I probably would not have...I'd have gritted my teeth and gone on. I don't know. I don't know whether I would have or whether I would not have.

What I do know is that we stayed in Nadiad as long as we felt we were needed and we weren't pushed out when the attempt to push us out came. And turned...ended up in a complete about-face and ended up just beautiful.

RL: We're just about to the end of the tape, so why don't we call this a session.

AC: All righty.

Interview number two with Amar Chitambar. Taped on October 24, 1977 at his home in Upland, California by Russ Locke.

Russ Locke: O.K., as we talked last time...I went through the transcript and pulled out a lot of the information you gave me about Nadiad, and I see that you were there the first time in September of '46.

Amar Chitambar: That's right.

RL: At the American hospital until June...

AC: It was called the Methodist Hospital.

RL: Yuh, the American Methodist Hospital.

AC: No, just Methodist Hospital.

RL: Oh, Methodist Hospital. O.K. And you were there until June of '47. And then you were in the states as a Crusade Scholar. And you returned to the hospital, the Methodist Hospital in '52.

AC: '53.

RL: '53.

AC: We left the states in '52 and then I joined work there in January '53.

RL: January '53. O.K. And then on the first of September you became superintendent...

AC: First of April '54.

RL: ...I mean April of '54, right. And then you were there through 1959.

AC: Through March of '59.

RL: O.K.

AC: That's when I came back.

RL: One of the things that you mentioned was the volume of work that you were able to do in Nadiad. Maybe you want to start there and talk a little bit about the work in the hospital and how it progressed over those years from '46 through '59 while you were acquainted with that institution.

AC: O.K. In '46 when I went there, of course, I was just the next step to an intern.

RL: Right.

AC: I was still very much in training. And we were doing quite a bit of surgery, but I really can't give statistics at that time...for that period. When we went back in '53... we went there...I went back. In '53 the hospital was much fuller, some newer wings had been added to it. We had a capacity of approximately 200...I forget...No, I beg your pardon, it was a hundred and thirty-nine, I think was the capacity. When I joined there, I joined there as associate surgeon in January of '53. And sort of got into doing the surgery and a thing that helped me get in was thanks to the person who was chief at the time, Herschel Aldrich from Ohio, who had been there twenty-five years, I think. And he sort of scrubbed in with me in the beginning and then just stood aside while I did the surgery from then on. So there was really no break in the volume of surgery, people started trusting me immediately. And then

my results were good, and then Herschel just stepped out of the picture and was finally able to have his long overdue furlow.

And then I took over, our work increased, and I'll give some figures. But our work increased tremendously. We were doing a great deal of surgery. Our capacity, as I said, was about a hundred and forty, and...but we were usually running an in-patient number of about a hundred and eighty. We had patients lying in between beds; we had lean-tos constructed and the walks between the building which were covered walks, we put beds there and lined the thing with burlap on the outside...sheltered it. And we usually ran that number of patients.

But the reason why I think the Nadiad story is important is this: Nadiad was in...this is going to be quite long, do you mind?

RL: No.

AC: O.K. (laughing) Nadiad was in a very orthodox Hindu area. This was a pocket of a Christian community, which to me was a very important fact. Now, the idea of the mission hospital was to take good medicine to the poor inhabitant of India, what we call the villager. And to take it to him at a cost that he could afford or at no cost at all. And so bring medical care to them. And this is what the mission hospitals did. They were witnesses in the middle of non-Christian areas mainly. Now the hospital employees were all one hundred percent Christian, all the employees.

The area around about it...it was a Christian community again, almost entirely in that small area. Nadiad itself was a village in terms of its facilities, but I think its population was about in the vicinity of 50,000.

RL: That's a big village.

AC: But it was still a village in its facilities. If you drove inside...there were places where I couldn't take my car in because it was too narrow. Most of the roads were paved because that was coming into India...being taken even into villages, paving of roads. But stores where you could buy goods for western type cooking, I think there were two in the whole area and they were small one-room stores, little stores like that.

Now, we would charge, for our operations...for a major operation, say taking out a lung...the operation itself, anesthetic, all operative care, the medication the patient received, the post-operative care and the medications, and all the period of time that the patient was in the hospital...the most major operation, plus full hospitalization, was a hundred and fifty rupees. Now in exchange value today that is approximately fifteen dollars. At that time it was about thirty dollars in exchange value. If a patient paid that full amount we made a profit of approximately seventy-five cents for the operation. (laughing) Now...so the hospital was receiving a lot of help from the Board of Missions...from here. Money was being sent there. But money was only being sent for

projects, because the hospital was doing such a volume of work that it had become the only self-supporting mission hospital in all of India. Now, what the plan was...now you would charge one hundred fifty rupees for this operation...yes, for the operation and the hospitalization. The anesthetist would take this money. Now suppose the patient couldn't pay one hundred fifty rupees. Then he paid one hundred or he paid fifty. And you sort of tried to evaluate (their economic condition), or he paid nothing and we fed him. But we had such a volume of work that it would sort of balance out.

But where the difficulty came in was this. The person who gave anesthesia was not a trained...not trained in any institution. He was a person who had not done his high school, but was taken right there from the village. And was taught by the surgeon to drop chloroform and ether. And the surgeon would operate and he'd say, "Give a little more." And he would give a little more, and he would go further. And he would say, "No, wait...stop...now stop, wait...wait." And that's the way this man was taught how to give anesthetic. So this was very much a part of what the surgeon had to look over and supervise. Now, here...so here was an essentially uneducated person who had been taught to do this. He was the one who would take the fees from the patients. Now he would not...there was no system of giving any receipt. So he just took the

fee from the patient and put it in his pocket or put it in a bag and the operation was done. The next patient would come in and the same thing would happen.

Now there were about four areas where this money was taken in: X-ray, where the patients came and the charges were the same, say three dollars for an X-ray or two dollars for an X-ray. If he couldn't pay that he paid fifty cents or twenty-five cents, or again nothing. But again the person who received it was a high school...this was a high school boy who had done training in X-ray...technician's training. He again was from the village over there and he would take the fees and no receipts, and he would collect all the fees. Same thing happened in the pharmacy, where the medicines would be dispensed, and the pharmacist would take the money...and one other place.... I can't think of the fourth place right now. [storeroom] Anyway, say these three places.... At the end of the day these people would just come and bring a handful of money and say, "This is what we took in." And, "This is what we took in." And, "This is what we took in." You couldn't say we did ten operations, therefore we should have fifteen hundred rupees, because you know very well that all ten of those couldn't afford one hundred fifty rupees. Same with X-ray, same with pharmacy. So whatever they handed in, that was just taken and put into the hospital treasury.

Now I ask you, where could a thing like that be done and some corruption not creep in? With absolutely no

receipts and all they would say is, "This is how much we got." When I took over...I saw this lack of organization asking for trouble right as soon as I joined the hospital. Of course, there was nothing...I didn't do anything about it. When I took over as surgeon in charge and Aldrich came for his...Herschel came for his furlow...then I got hold of a business manager and got him into the hospital, and then we started investigating this a little bit. We found that the pharmacist, whose salary was about...was a very modest salary...was even less than...or was approximately the cost of one operation over there. So that was his salary for the month.

Now living in India, depending on how you live...in living as a villager in India is really very cheap. But this man had four apartment houses, owned four apartment houses, he owned tremendous acreage of farmland with a... oh, for irrigation he had his own tube well and pump. He had one of the two or three cars in the entire area, and this was on this...and he had whole lot of children. So this was all on this little salary. It was so clear to anyone who would look in at it. And the same was the case of the X-ray man and the anesthetist.

Now we were...our...when we made graphs...we were preparing for our Golden Jubilee celebration of the hospital, so we prepared graphs of so many operations were done in the year 1920, and 1930 so many, and in 1940 so many, and in 1950. And when we came to '53, '54, the graph went up

like this [close to a 75-degree angle illustrated in hand motions], and then the number of operations [Amar indicating that the line became level again, but wavy, not flat]. Income remained absolutely level, the number of operations went like this and the income remained right here [again Amar is gesturing; one hand draws a horizontal wavy line and the other rises sharply before it too becomes horizontal and wavy, about two feet above the lower hand]. The same amount. So we decided to do something about this. So we clamped down on it and we made a numbered receipt system...cost accounting. And we said "There is no restriction on the amount of charity that we do. You will still give concessions to whoever needs it and complete free to whoever needs it, but let it be shown on the receipt." And the patient would get a receipt. Now, of course, this met with horrible antagonism from the hospital staff because these four people...I don't know why I can't think of the source, but there were four people...oh, the supply room. The four people really ruled the hospital and I would get the hospital people together and I would talk to them, and I would say, "We are here, we are a little pocket of Christianity in this vast area of Hinduism. We have to show that there is something in Christianity that makes us Christians. We were all Hindues... or...very few were Muslims before...and now we have become...Christianity...that for a reason we have become

Christians, and let that be seen, let it be seen through our work, but most of all let it be seen through what we do and how we live." And I used to bring out honesty and integrity and then when I finished talking and the whole meeting would be over, then I found out later that these people would go to the various staff members. And they would say, "You know, he said so and so, but what he actually meant was this." And some...they'd completely twist my words around.

RL: Reinterpreting everything you said for their meaning.

AC: Yes, that's right, that's right. Now in India we... there is a lot of class system...like very much like the caste system in Hinduism. And the people who were employed as the sweepers and the cleaners in the hospital were actually people who had come from the untouchable caste and what shocked us was that they were treated like that in the hospital. They were sweepers...something unclean, not to be touched. So this bothered me and I talked about that also. And then I found that the sweepers would absolutely go along with whatever these four said. And I asked people...I said, "Why, why do they do this? Don't they see that we're trying to help them? We're trying to get this hospital out of this condition in which it is?" Then I found out that these four people were also money lenders. And they'd lend money to the sweepers.

You know, in India when your daughter gets married,

you have to have a big wedding. It doesn't matter if you have no money, you have to borrow it and go into debt and have a big wedding. And then the amount of interest you paid on the debt was something like Master Charge (laughing) which may...that was 18% these people charged...such a tremendous amount of interest that all the money that these sweepers had would go paying interest and their debt would remain the same or it would keep increasing. They were just stuck. So I said, "O.K., let's get them out of this." So from hospital money I took the money out and paid all their debts entirely.

This was one thing very fortunate; we had a board of managers and so...but when they saw what I was doing, they just backed me to the hilt, and there was no question about this when I took the money from the hospital treasury and paid this up. O.K., but the trouble continued and the trouble got worse. And other hospitals had formed unions. At...there would be no question of its coming into our hospital. But our hospital started forming a union because of this. Because of the injustice that I was creating over here. I was clamping down... and the injustice was all completely fabricated, which came out later. But there was no way I could stop this union from coming in. And so as soon as the union came in, I received a strike notice. The staff was going on strike.

So I just called all my residents, which...we had

been approved by then for past grad training and I had quite a few residents. And an absolutely right-hand man whom I taught surgery and later was the key man in the first Canadian heart-transplant...in their team. And I talked to them and I said, "We might have to run the whole hospital; we might have to be there day and night looking after all our patients." And they said, "No sweat. We'll do it." So that was fine. But I...what did I know about the law? I didn't know a thing about the law. And immediately the government arbitrator stepped in. And he said, "Oh, we have to do something about this strike."

I said, "No, let them strike, we don't mind. Let them strike and we'll go ahead." But I found that by law I couldn't do that. (laughing) The union had to be taken care of in the proper way. So I said, "O.K., let's go on in and go for the meeting." So I went to the meeting, and I came out of that meeting feeling as if a whole tubful of dirty water had been thrown on me. All the things they accused me of doing and the things they accused me of saying and how I was oppressing the people. And so that was a preliminary meeting. And I said, "Now something has to be done about this because I don't know how to fight this." So the...as it happened, the...I'm trying to think of the name of the government...it's amazing how you get...I grew up with it and you get away from India for some years and you completely forget. But the highest

government official next to the governor of an area.

(Collector)

RL: Controller?

AC: No, it's a name that's peculiar to the British type of government and to India. It'll come to me....happened to be a Christian, a Roman Catholic. So I went straight to him. As it happened (laughs) his wife had broken her wrist some time before, and had come to the hospital, and I had set it and she had got a perfect hand out of it and they were very pleased with that. So I went to him and said, "This is what's happening. I need some help." So he said, "Well, I can only refer you to one man." Whose name was Chimanlal Parikh and this man has to be mentioned. And you spell that C-h-i-m-a-n-l-a-l, that's one name (spells it again) Parikh (and spells it also).

Now this was a Hindu man who was a brilliant lawyer. And he was an extremely successful lawyer. And one day he was...he had a witness on the witness stand. And he was cross questioning this witness, and he completely broke this witness up, you know, completely shattered the witness. And in the middle of his cross examination he stopped and looked at himself and said, "What way is this of making a livelihood?" He said, "Look what I've done to this person on the witness stand. I've completely shattered him. I've made him look foolish; I've humiliated him. I've actually disgraced him." And he handed

it over to the other lawyer, and he left right there in the middle of the case. And he went entirely into social service. Using all his law for...to help the poor villager. Now he was a very great man. And I mean he was such a man that they used to call him "raja". That's r-a-j-a, that was "king". And they used to call him that. And people used to be at his house from early morning until late at night; the poorest of people, he never turned anyone away. He always dressed in very simple clothes, the type of clothes that Gandhi used to wear except he was never bare. He used to have a shirt on also with the dohti. And he used to wear big noisy boots or shoes with thick soles and they used to clomp around the place.

So when I went to see this man...now being chief of this hospital it was...I was treated there like quite something, I was quite somebody. (laughing) It sounds very silly, but I could go to any place and the doors would open up for me. And everybody knew me and...I feel very foolish telling about all of this. But it was as if I was something great over there. So when I went to see this man, he pretty well put me in my place. He...I went to his room. It was just a simple house near the courtroom building. And he was working on some case, and he was sitting on the floor. There was a thin mattress on the floor with a sheet over it and then a little table like the speaker's little dais that they use...a desk

that they use over...you put on the table, for the papers. He had that in front of him, he was sitting cross-legged on the floor on this mattress, and working on one of the cases for these poor people. And I came in at the door and he was told who I was, so he looked at me; stared at me without a change of expression, over his spectacles. He looked at me like that and had me sit down over there. (Amar sits head tilted forward looking sternly over pretend glasses and points arm fully-extended, one long finger directing the place to sit.) So I sat down. This was very new to me in that area. (laughing) So I just sat and waited and every now and again he'd just look at me and then he'd go on with his work. And then when he turned to me finally and we started talking, and I told him this same story and we went through all of this. And he said, "Ah, what you're trying to do is to root out corruption." So I said, "Yes, that's what I am trying to do." And he said, "Oh, all right. We'll take this case and we'll see what we can do."

Now he was such a great man, that the secretary of the All India International Trade Union Conference, which was known as INTUC (spelled), International...anyway, all the trade union...he came in and he...the union wanted as arbitrator this man who was representing me. They knew he was that fair and that honest. So we went in for the second meeting. And now they brought out this

whole list of charges that they had sent out and their demands. "We demand three sets of uniforms through the year"...or was it four sets? Yah. "Four sets of uniforms through the year." This was for all the workers of the hospital which included from the nurses and anesthetist and everyone, all the way down to the sweepers. You see I have even gotten in the habit of saying, "All the way down." To the sweepers it included everybody. "We demand four uniforms for the year." And so I said, "No, I can't agree to that, I can only agree to two." And we fought this back and forth. Oh they had to have four. I said, "No, we have so much work, we have so much charity work. We are only willing to give two." So finally we decided on two...that we would give two uniforms. So I said, "O.K., you've decided on two?" They said, "Yes." And I said, "All right. For your information at present we are giving six uniforms per year." And this...their...this was why their demands were so fabricated. It was so stupid.

"Nurses should not have to carry patients from ward." I said, "No, time comes when everyone has to do their part and carry patients." Now when did a nurse ever have to carry a patient? (laughing) We had stretchers. And so in everything that they demanded I beat them down, and after I beat them down I proved to them that we were originally giving more than they had demanded. This happened all the way down, made them look very, very

foolish. Anyway this still went on and there was still a lot of stuff going on in the hospital. So then this secretary, All India secretary of INTUC came. And I asked for a meeting with him, and the local union secretary, not the hospital union, but the...of the area, and Raja of course, and me. I took our hospital books along. So then we had the meeting. Now I've told this as if it's happened over a short period of time, but this happened over a three-year period.

And they were planning to take out a procession against me with banners and everything. And the poor minister of the church was running around, saying, "What are you doing? What are you doing?" (laughs) They called that off. My life was threatened. And I thought of sending Isabelle and the boys home...to my home in Lucknow, to my sister's home. And my staying there while I saw this thing through. But Isabelle refused to leave. But my life was in danger, over all of this. And so this was over a three-year period. And so then when I called for this meeting, and we met with the secretary...and he says, "I believe you're having troubles in the hospital." And I said, "No, I'm not here to argue about anything. All I want to do is to tell you a story." And I told him exactly this same story, about the work. And I said, "I want to show you our books." And I said, "First look at our surgery statistics." And I showed him the way the graph had gone up. And then I said, "Now look at our income,

and the income remaining exactly the same." And I said, "Here is the date that we put in our cost accounting and receipt system. And here is our surgery up to that point...after that". It had built up to this tremendous level and now surgery was running level, and from that date the income went up like this. (Again Amar indicates a graph climb of about 90 degrees.) And he took a look at that and he turned to the local secretary and he says, "You mean you're making me back crooks?" (laughter) And our battle was won.

But to give you another insight into this great man Raja, he really was a great man. (laughs) He was a vegetarian. We became very friendly. He was a vegetarian. And he'd come and visit us at odd times; very much a villager, but a very erudite person. He would suddenly start quoting Oliver Goldsmith by the yard and things like that. But at the same time we'd be sitting and he'd look at Isabelle's leg and then he'd say, "Are you wearing stockings?" (laughing) Because of nylon stockings they couldn't be seen. (laughter) And she'd say, "Yes, Raja, I have stockings." He wouldn't believe it and he'd reach over and pinch her leg to see if there were stockings or not. (laughter)

But such a dear man. And he'd come and sit at our dining...first he wouldn't even sit at the dining table. We'd send tea to him outside--in the next room behind the screen. Then he came and sat at our dining table and

meat would come to our table and he'd look the other way. (laughing) But he loved our toast, plastered with butter on it, he just loved that. But this man...one day I had a problem. I forget now exactly what the problem was, but that's not important. And I wanted a solution. So I said, "Raja, what shall I do?" So he said, "But tell me why did you do so-and-so?" So I explained. I said, "Raja, this was happening and that was happening, and therefore I did this." So he said, "Oh." And then we'd go on and I said, "But tell me how should I handle this?" And he came back to exactly the same question, "Why did you do this?" "Raja, I've just told you. These were the circumstances; therefore I did this. And I'm in this difficulty now and I need your help."

"Yes, yes, I think we'll have to do something about this, but, but tell me why did you do this?" Same question again. And finally I got fed up and I said, "All right, Raja, I made a mistake." He says, "Aaah, now we can proceed." (laughter) But what a man that was. And it's thanks to him...now here was a non-Christian man, a deeply religious dedicated non-Christian man. A man worthy...literally worthy of a Nobel Prize, or a prize of that magnitude. Who could have been anything in India. When the present prime minister of India came in, he stood from that constituency from that area, and he came and he was trying to get votes, you know, to be the representative again to our house of parliament. And he felt it most

important that Raja should approve of him, because if Raja approved of him it was a foregone conclusion. So he came and he came to this meeting and he greeted Raja. Raja looked at him over his spectacles just the way he looked at me, came clumping up in those big boots (laughing) or shoes, and looked at him and said, "Now look here, Mararjiwhai, if you're going to say all that rubbish that you said at that meeting (yesterday), you may as well go home right now." He could do things like that. And if he went to Mararjiwhai right now as Maraji is prime minister of India, he could talk to him in exactly the same way, and get away with no question. If it was Raja, he could do anything. So it's thanks to him that this came about.

Now, then, when this secretary of INTUC saw what was happening, then I asked him, I said, "Now by your rules I can't dismiss any of these people. What shall I do? You tell me." So he said, "O.K., you take those four people and put them in some job that has nothing to do with what they were doing, something in which they'll be completely out of the way." And he himself suggested, "Put one of them at that little back gate a hundred yards behind the hospital, and let them sit there as gate-keeper and just count the number of people that go in and out." (laughter)

Now here were people who were landlords, holding with the iron fist. And with the backing of the union itself I was able to give them...this number...jobs like that.

"You sit at such-and-such a gate and see how many people come in and how many people come out. You keep an account of that. And you sit over here and you see of all the traffic that passes by here how many are automobiles and how many are horse-drawn carriages." And so I gave them jobs like that around the place. And almost overnight the entire atmosphere in the hospital changed. And the last two years were years of utter joy. It...the whole thing just changed about.

So, when we speak of my having a coronary when I should not have...those three years were tremendous stress, followed by six years of stress worth three lifetimes in instituting open-heart surgery ten years later. And I think I have adequate reason for my coronary. But this is then what happened.

Now as far as the amount of work goes, in that hospital, with one surgeon, we never drew up statistics. We would work--I would go to the hospital and I would work ...we first used to start surgery at eight (8) in the morning. And I couldn't finish it. I'd find that I went on to about nine o'clock at night doing surgery. Then I'd come out at nine o'clock at night and find that the poor out-patients were waiting. And they had been waiting since early morning; so then I'd start seeing out-patients at that time of night. And it happened, not very often, but it did happen where I'd be working and the sun would come up. And we'd then start the next day's

thing. And in between I'd quickly shave and then have some breakfast. (laughter) And we'd go on with the next days' program without my going home.

I have gone as much as three weeks without Mark and David, who were then quite small, without them seeing me, because I was never home when they were awake. And I don't know how Isabelle lived through that period, because there was nothing for her to do. We had a room of approximately--I think we counted...if you counted every space and a space like that (pointing to a small area at the end of a larger living room for a piano and hall to the kitchen) as a separate room, we had thirty-eight (38) rooms in this house. And a huge compound. It was real luxury living...a mansion. Very, very comfortable, but there was nothing. I don't know how Isabelle lived. I think this was necessary, particularly, see this was... the way this house was built.

Dr. Corpron and his wife, from Florida, he started seeing...found this area. He went to India to do missionary medical work. And they sent him up to a missionary station up in the mountains. And he went there and he said, "I've heard about the poverty in India and about the lack of medical care. That's what I want to do. I don't want to come here into a highly civilized area and work. I know how to work in a city." So he decided to leave. And somehow something happened so he...for some reason he had to change trains at Nadiad. How that hap-

pened, I don't know. But in those days there must have been different train schedules. And he got off the train and the city fathers or the village fathers heard that a surgeon had...was there, and they came and asked him to do some medical work there. So he said, "Well, this is more like it." And he started seeing patients under a tree. And then he built a little two-room place for him and his wife. Then he got a seriously ill patient. So he put the patient into their bed. (laughing) And so then this house had to be added on to. Actually that became the hospital then. And then it just grew and grew and grew and grew so it...in the most...from an architect's standpoint in a most horrendous manner. Every which way, wherever you...a need. "Oh, we could put two more beds here." "All right, build something on here." And it was built up that way. And then Corprin built a separate bungalow for him and his wife. And then this ...this was necessary; you had to have comfort, after all the work that you did. And so we absolutely loved that house. It was just massive upstairs and downstairs, with the kind of staircase that you see in movies with the bride coming down that staircase. (laughing) But the hospital itself we decided needed renovating. It was such a horrible thing. So I called architects and there was nothing they could do. So then I had a big firm of architects from Bombay come up as consultants, Gregson, Batson, and Bailly. (laughs) A very impressive sounding

name, and they came and they just looked at the hospital unbelievably and shook their heads and went back to Bombay. The way this hospital had grown.

But this...the work was of such a tremendous amount that with one surgeon, when we made our statistics, with one surgeon we were averaging twenty-five hundred major operations a year. (phone interruption)

RL: O.K., we were talking about the hospital and the number of operations.

AC: We were averaging twenty-five hundred major operations. That's not counting the minors...operations per year. If you work that out per day, I forget now, between five and six major operations per day counting Sundays and holidays. So finally we were starting our surgery at six a.m. instead of eight and still going on into the night. And what we would do, we had an open area with benches and before we would work...all the staff except the nurses that actually had to be on duty with patients...all the staff would meet and we would start with prayers for the whole hospital. But this...I mean, for the whole staff ...but this was an open area. And the hospital was built, there was the surgical block with the post op. ward and then we had the administrative block the way it had developed and then two wings of patients' rooms down the sides. We didn't have enough nursing to take care of all these rooms, so that the patients were allowed to bring attendants with them.

And we had these prayers in an open area...so that the attendants could come in and hear what we were talking about, and how we prayed and what we taught. And the thing about those four people in the beginning was that they were the main people who would lead these prayers and would say the most beautiful prayers and give the most beautiful meditation, that it made the approach to Christianity...to living Christianity so much more difficult. Because these were words that had just been coming out...they heard all these words. And so if you're saying the same thing that those people said, well it...it doesn't mean anything. But gradually it began and we had a hospital chaplain. But I didn't allow him to force his attention on any non-Christian.

(End of Side A of the tape.)

RL: ...meet the non-Christians.

AC: He would meet everybody. He would spend time with the Christian patients and so on. But the non-Christians, he would greet them, he would say hello to them, but he was not supposed to force his attentions on them. And this I was very strict about, because of...I think I told you about the experience I had in Kasmir.

RL: Right.

AC: So I was bending over backwards now. But you would be amazed at how many non-Christians, the day before surgery,

would ask him to come and read from the Christian Bible to them and to pray with them. This was something...now we may not have ever had any converts, I don't know. That I never knew about. But we did have things like that. We would have people come around and we'd have a crowd around the staff just listening to the morning...daily meditation, and the daily reading, and the daily prayers. And then we would go about and go about our daily work. We became approved for, as I said...after the first couple of years, for post-graduate training by two universities. Our little mission hospital approved by two universities for two years of post-graduate training in surgery.

So then I began getting residents who were almost entirely non-Christian. I can't think of a single Christian that came because of the numbers of...the ratio of non-Christian to Christian in medical schools. We would get Sikh boys; we would get Moslem boys; we would get Hindu boys. And then they would come in and what we started having just for the hospital to be more of a family. I would declare one day a holiday. We would still have our emergencies (laughter) but we would declare one day a holiday and on that day we'd have them all come over to this massive house of ours, and we'd set up tables and we'd have games like card games of carrom and pin the tail on the donkey. These people had never had things like this. They had grown up with nothing but hardship, and they were getting the biggest kick out of pinning the

tail on the donkey and the shrieks of laughter when someone would pin the tail somewhere else.

And then when there were games with partners, it was a very new thing to suddenly find that a sweeper was your partner; this just hadn't been done. And I was very curious, with the hospital, it was no problem with the hospital staff, because all I had to say was, "You're a Christian? And you're objecting to this?" But when the non-Christian came, I wondered how it would go down. But they just fitted right in, and here would be a Brahman with a Christian who previously belonged to an untouchable caste as his partner. And suddenly they were playing badminton together or they were playing, oh, so many of the different little table games that we had...that they'd begin playing that together, and then afterwards I would receive letters that would bring tears to my eyes, after these boys had spent their time with us. "Not only did you teach us surgery, but you taught us how to live the life." Just one little sentence like that in a long letter telling me what they were doing, and how they were pleased with the training they had received, but almost invariably there was this thing added, this little line added. Which was very precious to me.

But again, in terms of surgery, I mentioned the major surgery that we did. That was just major, but we used to start the morning with minor surgery and doing a whole lot of tonsils. And then when we got interns we had

people that were afraid of surgery. You know, people in villages where only after Independence did we have buses going into those areas. Otherwise no one ever went there. They would come out by bullock cart sometimes or someone would go in. And so I would send my interns in and they would go in and they'd look at all the children and see all those that needed their tonsils to come out. You know so much infection over there. Over here now very few tonsils are taken out. Those people never had antibiotics. So you'd see kids with tonsils as big as that (holding his fingers about one-to-one-and-a-half inches apart), meeting in the middle, even changing their voice, obstructing their breathing, and if you pressed those tonsils, you'd have puss coming out of it.

So they would check all these children and then we would set up a day, and the village would close its schools and we would go in. I had bought a jeep and I would take the jeep in and all our drums of sterilized equipment and so now and our nurses, and my assistant surgeon. We would go up and set up operating facilities on school tables. And we'd have a person holding a flashlight as the operating light. And then we would do tonsillectomies on these kids over there. Isabelle's job was swatting flies, and comforting the children when they would come in scared. And I have done seventy-three tonsillectomies in one day. (laughter)

But then this would show that surgery was something

that was safe and immediately then when people got sick in this village, they knew that here was a mission hospital that...we did all this free, and so here was a mission hospital that was willing to give them medical attention. And so they'd start coming. If I suggested surgery they weren't as frightened.

In fact, we became so well known for our surgery that when we drew our map for the time of the Golden Jubilee, it shocked me because we drew a map to see from where all our patients came. We got patients from Pakistan; we got patients from every corner of India, way out, eastern India which was almost two thousand miles away. We got patients from the southernmost tip of India. We got patients from East Africa. (laughing) Coming in to have surgery done by us, one of the reasons being it was cheaper to fly over...have us do the surgery and fly back than to have surgery done in another hospital. (laughing)

RL: Was all...do you think that all of this was by word of mouth or family relationship?

AC: By word of mouth and relatives. You see, East Africa had a lot of Indian people who had gone there--businesses and so on. And many of the business people...this was a very businesslike...business area, this part of India. They were well-known for it...the Gujaratis. And so they would let their relatives know. And then we got...we had things happen like this, although this is an extreme example.

But there were many things like this that would happen.

There was this one woman who felt a tumor in her stomach, but she was so poor, working in the fields, she had to keep working or else they wouldn't have enough to eat. And she just hoped that this would go away. But this lump kept growing and growing and growing and growing until she wasn't able to work any more. So then she just lay as long as she could, and then her family took her into a hospital. And there she was operated upon. And at lunch one day...some lunch honoring somebody or the other...I was at that lunch, and this man met me and he said, "I've just operated on a woman with a tumor that's too big to remove." So in conversation he asked if I would like to see this patient. And I said, yes, I'd like to. So this patient then was sent to us. She was a patient of about thirty-five, completely skin and bone, you could put your hand like this...fingers around the arm, skin and bone, lying in bed, unable hardly to move because her tummy looked as if she had octuplets inside. (Amar extends both arms out in front of himself to show the size.) Just huge and everything else just skin and bone. Now, we couldn't give blood transfusions; we had no facilities for blood transfusion.

But I decided that I had to try and take this tumor out. So we took this woman to the operating room and we operated on her. The most difficult thing in operating on her was controlling this tumor so that it didn't fall

and take us and the patient and everybody onto the floor with it. We took the tumor out; we got it out; it weighed fifty-three (53) pounds. And this woman happened to be from the same village as the present prime minister and that's how he came to our hospital as our guest, because of...indirectly because of...as the chief guest for the Golden Jubilee. This woman got well, she healed without trouble. Why these malnourished people heal like that I don't know, but she healed without trouble. She went home and when she came for her checkup six months later, a beautiful woman walked into my examining room. I didn't recognize her. And she came and did this (Amar puts his hands together and to his forehead) and touched my feet, and then they told me that this is who it was. Then I checked her out and she was fine.

But things like that...our people are anemic; they are malnourished, and yet the results of our surgery were better than the results of the Mayo Clinic. We had a woman who was gored by a buffalo. She walked eight miles carrying her intestines covered with mud and straw, carrying her intestines in her sari, and came to the hospital. We operated on her. Eight days later she was discharged from the hospital healed.

We had a little boy who was mauled by a tiger. Now, there are no tigers in this area. (laughs) When I got this story, I didn't believe it. But what happened was someone of these poachers went out and he found two tiger

cubs and he shot them. And this was about two hundred miles away in a forest. And the tigress was looking for those cubs and had wandered to this area. And it had attacked a man, but had just knocked him over and hadn't done anything. These two children were playing...I think a seven-year-old and a nine-year-old, or something like that...a five-year-old and a nine-year-old. And the ball had rolled to this hedge...this bit of shrubbery; and so this five-year-old ran to pick it up; and the tigress was in there and she charged him. Animals will not attack, but I think she was frightened. She was afraid and she was looking for her cubs. So the nine-year-old ran to the five-year-old's help and the tiger just swiped him. And just completely opened a flap of his (right) chest so that you were looking at the lung. This boy was brought to me in a bullock cart from twenty-five miles away. In swiping him, the tiger's nail had opened his chest also. (Amar indicates the left chest.) And had opened this side. That boy should not have been living, but he was living when he came to me. And I operated on him and afterwards I took Isabelle in to see him. And the little boy lying there with his eyes closed. Isabelle spoke to him and he just opened his eyes and when he saw who it was and she was with me, he did this (palms together, fingers pointing to the forehead, sign of respect and greeting). And he got well. So, what I'm saying here is, because of this work that

we were doing and what we were trying to accomplish, there was a much greater power than just modern medicine and modern surgery; it's obvious that such a power was at work. We started work with most inadequate instruments. Then as our work increased and we got a little more money, Isabelle and I made a triumphant trip down to Bombay and came back with stacks of modern surgical equipment and were able to do much more.

Then we sent...then we opened our own school of nursing, that wasn't my doing...that had been done by the Aldridges before, by Herschel. But it was opened while I was there and our first graduating class was the class that I had trained...or that I had helped teach. And we sent one of those nurses to be a trained anesthetist and we got an anesthetic machine and then we had decent anesthetic after that. But this place got so well known for its surgery that we would get a patient, say, with pneumonia or a patient with a heart attack and we'd be giving them medication and the patient would be very dissatisfied. And he'd say, "Dr. Sahib, why aren't you operating?" And I'd say, "No, this isn't something to operate upon. This is something to take care of by medicine. We will make you well and send you home."

"But I've been here two weeks. You operated on that man and sent him home in one week. Please operate and take this out!" They would beg for operation. (laughter)

But this as I said...those first years were tremendous

because I just reveled in that amount of work that we were doing. And in the fantastic results that we were getting. Then came three years that were just terrible because I was just hitting a blank wall and I didn't know where to go, how to manage it. (Amar speaks this sentence while pounding his fist into his open palm.) Because if you spoke biblically or if you spoke about Christianity, these four people had used exactly the same words. And I didn't know how to get around this. But, finally and through a non-Christian we got around this and as a result of this non-Christian this hospital became more Christian than it ever had been.

Now, when they took out the procession against me and when my life was threatened, my mother was with me. She was then very elderly--she was in her eighties, and I was afraid of what this would do to her. If anything did happen. So I went to her--into her room, and I said, "Mother, you know I have been having this trouble in the hospital and so on. I think you should know that they are planning a procession against me and they have threatened my life. People have firearms and so now, so I think you should know about this." And I was totally amazed by the reaction, because my mother...she smiled (Amar's voice is full of emotion) and she said, "Oh, you mean the devil is rearing his head. Never mind, son, you have broad shoulders." And that was her reaction to it.

And I should say when you asked us last time of what

was the thing that we remembered most about our childhood. This is something that I have just taken for granted, so I didn't even think of mentioning it, and that is in our home, as we grew up with our parents, Christ was always the center, the head. Nothing was ever done without Christ. If we started on a journey, Christ was asked to be with us on the journey. If we returned from a journey, we gave thanks. We always gave thanks after a meal. We always had family prayers at night, during Sunday it would be a more elaborate family prayer, but that was the center and all of us were brought up around that center with that center a part of us. And that is the reason for my success in Nadiad.

RL: In God and Christ.

AC: Absolutely, absolutely. It had to be him. How could I... if I tried to do an operation here under any conditions like that, I doubt if the patient would live. Under some of those conditions that I had to do the thing over there. I've had to do surgery when all the lights went out and I was doing the most delicate ticklish bit of the critical part of the operation, and the lights would fail and I had to use a flashlight. But our hospital became so prominent that when India received her freedom which was in '47, then we started putting electricity in everywhere and this area became very progressive in this manner. Even... by the time we left, even the tiniest village had electricity. So then they would send us word that during

such-and-such a time, usually they'd put this on Sunday, there would be no electricity. (It would be shut off while they extended the line.) But if I got an emergency, all I'd had to say was, "I have an emergency, I have to operate." And work in the state would stop so that they could put back electricity and I could do my surgery. That's the kind of place that this had become.

And it was...I don't think it affected my ego (laughs) but it could have very much. I could have become a very pompous, swell-headed person. But then things keep happening to make you humble, such as all that revolt of the... of a Christian hospital. We had another thing that I should mention, in my own views on this matter. The original missionaries were beloved people, way back when, and even after that until almost the present day. Extremely sincere devout. But they came in...and this is a feeling that I have got over the years of living in India and then living here and then looking about me and doing some thinking. See, there is nothing wrong with Hinduism. If you look into its philosophies, sinlessness, love, universal love, ahimsa which is complete non-violence, renouncing of the world, renouncing of all sin. Who can say that that is wrong? In their practice, all right, idolatry, but when you mention idolatry to the Hindu, he at once points to the Roman Catholics. (laughter) See? (Amar adds that even in idolatry, they are worshipping God.) So, what I'm trying to say is, when the missionaries came

into India, they did not look into the Hindu religion; they did not look into Buddhism. Just look at Buddha's principles; they are beautiful. Today they are anyone's teachings. We can all learn from Buddha's teachings. And we forget what Christ had said, "I came into the world not to destroy but to fulfill." When the disciples said to him, "We saw someone casting out devils, but because he wasn't doing it in your name we forbade them." And then Jesus said, "Forbid them not. Those that are not against me are for me."

And I think a much greater impact...now a big impact was made, but a much greater impact could have been made if Hinduism had been looked into and then Christianity brought in as a culmination of that religion. You can almost look on Buddha as a forerunner. Why can't we call Buddha a prophet? And he could almost be a forerunner of Christ so that Christianity could have been presented, "All right, you have learned this, but here we have the step forward, the step forward that we can now take. We have the person that Buddha was enlightened by. He was called the enlightened one; well here is his enlightenment. We have that. Let's build on that." And I think it could have been a very...

RL: The original missionaries went in with the idea of...

AC: Of whatever you do is wicked and heathen.

RL: Right. Winning the heathen to Christ.

AC: Yes, and that...what reminded me of it was talking about

Nadiad because the same thing was happening. We had our superintendent of nurses...was an American missionary... efficient worker, fearless woman. When they were the riots in Delhi and people were...bullets were flying, she didn't care. She opened the door of her house and walked out into the street to pull in a wounded man. Her life was threatened; she didn't care; she did that. A great woman. But when we had our Golden Jubilee and in celebrations...we wanted to put in one of the Bombay folk-dances....a beautiful dance done by the girls in a circle with little sticks that they danced around and clacked together to rhythmic time. She absolutely refused. "That's wicked. That's a heathen thing. You can't put that in."

Then when I left I had postponed my coming and postponed my coming because there was no one to take my place. And finally, I got this fantastic heart-surgery training opportunity and I could not pass it up. And a Hindu boy who had just been trained in England, and had just returned and come back. And he wanted to really learn surgery. See, in England, your training begins with your taking your specialized degree. Then you start your training. But most Indians would go take the degree and come back home as the specialist, not having really done any training. And that's the advantage of (training) over here. You first go through your complete training; then you take the exam to see if you have really been trained, which is a difference. I had been trained when

I got back. So this boy then asked me if he could come and work with me. And so he got his actual training from me. And then he set up practice in town and started doing his own surgery. I said, "Here is a boy who has been here. He knows the environment. Let him come and do the surgery until the Board of Missions finds someone to send here." And they threw up their hands in horror. They said, "Bring a Hindu in, in a position in this hospital? He'll contaminate the hospital." And I said, "One Hindu coming into a Christian institution is going to ruin the Christian institution? Shouldn't it be the other way around? Shouldn't the Christian institution influence him?" But that couldn't be seen. These were the difficulties we ran into in Nadiad, but there was also that tremendous victory of the work we did and our ability to get that corruption taken care of. So that's the Nadiad story.

When we left Nadiad, there was such a tremendous crowd at the station that we could hardly reach the railroad train, getting in, people to say farewell to us. And the children got scared. They were getting suffocated, there was such a crowd. And we had to hold them up like this (extending both arms over his head), over the crowd, and take them to the train. The entire train was covered with garlands for us. There was a big crowd to see us that came from Nadiad all the way down to Bombay three hundred and sixty-five miles. Three hundred sixty-five

miles there is like a thousand miles here. And they came all that way down to see us off on-board ship.

When we got to Aden, you know, at the Arabian Peninsula, Aden was the port over there. We went in...it's a duty-free port. So we went in to see if there was anything that we wanted to buy. And we walked into this... and again, of course, the Gujarathi was always there. They have their stores there, too. So we walked into this store and looked around and immediately the shopkeeper who was taking care of a British couple, who was also on board ship with us, he just left them...came running up to me, and did this to me and touched my feet. (Amar puts both hands together to his brow and bows forward.) Turned out I had operated on his mother. (laughs) So even that far we were still with people who had been affected one way or another. So the Gujarathi story was a tremendous story, and I had hoped very much that...oh, all the unpleasantness is not over, unfortunately the aftermath is very unpleasant.

When we...I had a person...my business manager, when the thing got straightened out, then my business manager got another offer in another mission hospital near his home. So he left and went there. So I depended...my right hand man became my secretary. And I trusted this man implicitly. The chief of nursing and the chief of the laboratory were both missionaries, and they didn't like my trusting this man. Anyway, I trusted him im-

plicitly. And every year we would have our Board of Governors meeting...Board of Directors which were representatives from all over India...that had been chosen to this board from different conferences and also district superintendents and ministers and laypeople from the area... from that conference and the bishop of the area. And before this we would always have an auditor's report...our accounts would be audited. And every year the auditors would end up with praises for (name deleted) who was my secretary. So I rested easy...this is fine. Just before I left we had a Board of Governors' meeting and I had the auditors come in, and these were auditors appointed by the conference...it was an all-India group. And they came in and again they praised this man.

But I couldn't figure out...we started some building and I was not able to finish it...I wanted to make buildings for our sweepers...that's what it was. And we weren't able to finish it because we ran out of money. And I couldn't understand it. And...I'm the world's worst businessman...I just cannot do business. And I would ask (name deleted), I said, "(name deleted), what's happened? We had all this money." And he'd immediately come out with a long explanation of some overhead on this and all this accountant's talk which would leave me up in the air. And he'd say, "Therefore, this is the balance." And I said, "All right, if the auditors accept it, what can I do? I have to accept it."

Then when I left there, then (name deleted), the nursing superintendent, and the chief of laboratory came there and they took the books and then they spent a long time over the books and they eventually found that this man had been doing some very clever embezzling. And he had left the area, and gone up to a mission school of another mission in the mountains. And I wrote to him from here, from Denver, and I said, "(name deleted), after all, you know what we went through, after all of that, for heaven's sake, go back to the hospital and own up and have the matter cleared." And he never did own up. And I know that I was blamed for some of the embezzling. The fact that I couldn't bring any money out of India didn't mean anything. (laughing) Even if I had embezzled it, I couldn't bring it out. (laughing) But I know that is what happened and I think that is some of the basis for my difficulty with the mission when I tried to get back, to introduce open-heart surgery into the mission area. Because...I...Herschel Aldridge didn't like returning from furlow and being sent to another hospital. Because he had been there for twenty-five years. It made me feel very awkward, and I said, "Please send me somewhere else." And they said, "No, the job you are doing, you stay right here." And they sent him somewhere else. And I felt terrible about this, and the man who then took...present Bishop Jim Matthews is the bishop of the Washington area. He was general secretary when

I went to Nadiad, of the Board of Missions, or the secretary for that area whatever it was called, Southern Asia.

The man who took over was a close friend of Herschel Aldridge, and I think all this talk of the embezzling, and my doing Herschel Aldridge out of his job and so on, was all just put together and I think I was just written off as an undesirable or something of that sort. So the aftermath was sad, but I think what we accomplished was something great. I still receive letters from some of the staff of Nadiad, of the Nadiad hospital.

RL: So, you're still in contact.

AC: Yes, they still write to me. People long since retired. Some...most of them are older than I am. But they still write and remember the days. And then one of our nurses is now a nurse in Ontario, Canada. And he writes to me and he always starts his letter with...one of the things that I talked to them about was, I said, "We are Christians, we celebrate Christmas. Why can't we think of every day as Christmas?" I then read a poem called "If every day were Christmas" then what would happen. And he starts every letter, even to this day, he heads it on top with, "If every day were Christmas."

Those are things that make me feel that I put in six years of...I think those were six years where I accomplished more than in all the rest of my life. Even greater than introducing open-heart surgery.

RL: Sounds like a great time. I'd like to stop here and in

another session we can talk more.

AC: Yes.

RL: Because, this sounds like this is pretty much the unit of Nadiad. And we can talk more about missionaries and missions and the board. (laughter)

AC: And the board.

RL: At a later date, if that's O.K. with you.

AC: Yes, surely.

(End of interview.)

This is interview number three with Amar Chitambar done October 31, 1977, at his home at Upland, California. The interviewer is Russ Locke. The night of the interview is Halloween, so there is a great deal of noise in the background.

Russ Locke: This evening is...to start out with asking you some questions that I had after listening to the tape last week, on your experience in Nadiad. I was wondering...you said that two universities had accredited the Methodist Hospital for two years of post-graduate work. I was wondering which two universities those were.

Amar Chitambar: The two universities in the state of Gujarath. Now these will be tough ones. (laughs) One is the University of Baroda. That's the easier one. (Spells it.) And the other was the University of Ahmedabad. (Spells it also.)

RL: I'll check those out with you afterwards, too. And do you remember about when that occurred?

AC: Around...about '65...uh about '55, 1955.

RL: O.K. And now to turn to the other...another aspect. What contact did you have during your stay in Nadiad with other Methodist missionaries?

AC: Oh, a great deal. This was quite a center for missionaries. We had--let's see if I can label them. There was Cliff and Maxine Manning. He was a minister who was stationed in Nadiad. Then he went out and wanted to work

in the village with the village people as a villager and found he couldn't take it. (laughs) And then returned to Nadiad and stayed there for a couple of years. Then went up to Delhi and was the minister of the...I think the church that...I'm trying to think of a word...supplied, I suppose, the Embassy people the American Embassy, and Technical Cooperative Mission, T.C.M. A.I.D. ...all that group of people. Then they came out and I think they are somewhere in California right now.

Then we had Betty Fairbanks. She is from Vermont. She was the single woman missionary who did a lot of work with the women of the area; a lot of work with the schools of the area and with the various technical schools and things like that. She used to play the piano and used to help us get some music going. And she was a good friend of ours. She is still there, actually.

RL: Did she work at the hospital?

AC: No, no. These were not people in the hospital.

RL: O.K.

AC: Let's see. In the hospital we had only two; one was the director of the laboratory and the other was director of nursing. Then we had a health nurse who was sort of attached to the hospital, but her work was not there. She used to go out on trips outside with visiting nurses and go out into out-lying areas. So there were actually three...two actually with the hospital; one sort of loosely attached to the hospital--sort of based there. And then

the Mannings and Betty Fairbanks. Then there was also David Bowman and his wife, Faith. And I can't label these people as to exactly what their....

RL: That's O.K. I was wondering what contact you had.

AC: But there were quite a few. We had contact with missionaries all the time.

RL: How about with other Methodist ministers. This...I'm thinking of local...the native Methodist.

AC: We lived right next to the Methodist church. Although in Sunday evenings we used to have an English service, which was never very full, but quite a few of us used to attend that. Our hospital chaplain that I mentioned last time was an ordained minister. The district superintendent of the Nadiad District lived just down the street. So there was lots of contact there.

RL: How about...you said that this was an area of...a pocket in an orthodox Hindu area. I was wondering about other Christians outside of the Methodist connection.

AC: There was some. This was mostly Methodists in this area. There were some Roman Catholics. The Roman Catholics somehow managed to get much more into the stream of Indian life than the...than other denominations did. And for example, they built a little dispensary. They didn't have any physician there...any nurses there...but they used to do what they could for the poor people and they opened this dispensary right smack in the middle of the village.

And then if there were things that they couldn't

handle, they would come to us...they would send the patients to us. They themselves came to us when they needed it. And they were mostly Spanish. And they would come out to India and that was their life work. See, you can't very well do life work if you come in and you're all the time having to run around and renew your visa. And things like that. So they'd come out and they'd take out Indian citizenship, so that then they were free to do anything without being tied down by having to report in here or there. Really fantastic people.

RL: And that...reporting in to the Indian government...was something the other missionaries would all have to do?

AC: Would all have to do, yes, yes. And then whenever the government would, oh, get angry with the missionaries, or there'd be someone come in...some official who was... maybe didn't feel too kindly towards Christians, then he could do a lot towards making their lives miserable. You know--stop them anywhere on the street and say, "Where's your passport. Let's see your visa." And things like that. Which they did sometimes. Not too often, but it did happen. In some parts of India it happened quite considerably, where they sometimes got off on the wrong foot. (laughs) It didn't happen too much around our area, but it did happen.

RL: What was your official relationship with the Methodist Church? During this time you were an American missionary essentially.

AC: No, not really. I had been trained here. It's hard to describe. I think mentally I was very American even then. (laughs) But I was an Indian and was there as an Indian. It was when we were in Denver and then planning to go back that they had planned to send us as missionaries. And I think that also brought about some of the jealousies. But, anyway, I was there as an Indian. But I was the first Indian to have been in charge of this hospital. So I was sort of treated like a missionary, although I didn't have the restrictions of missionaries because of visas and so on. So I was just superintendent and surgeon-in-charge was my official title. And that's what I was.

RL: Then the Methodist relationship was with the hospital.

AC: That's right.

RL: And last time you mentioned that the Board of Governors of the hospital was made up of many people from the church and outside the church.

AC: Yes, and many from...no, they were all Methodists. But there were the presiding bishop...was the bishop of the area, and then we had people from the area around there...district superintendent, some surrounding district superintendents, a couple of ministers, a couple of laypeople, and then we had representatives from other conferences and other Christian hospitals.

RL: How close were you then to the Methodist Church, as far as the politics...attending...say, possibly attending

annual conference or something like that?

AC: Just that we were part of the church...our people were ...could stand for election, to be elected delegates to the various conferences. They could go to the conferences if they wanted, for which we would give them time off if they were going officially. So just as members of the Methodist Church we were.

I found it very difficult and one thing I forgot to mention last time...I found it very difficult on occasion ...well, on many occasions in dealing with Christian patients. They would come demanding concession in the fees in spite of the fact that they were so low. And again we made no provision, for example, we never asked a person's religion when we were considering the fees. But people would come and they would demand and become quite unpleasant because, quote, "My father worked for the mission for ten years. Therefore, I should not have to pay any fee to come and get treatment and surgery at this hospital." They would demand it.

RL: Was this a tradition?

AC: Not at all. Not at all. And I found it very difficult which later...when I was firm on this it paid us very well, because the government began investigating. And you were not allowed to run things on a religious basis. For example, you couldn't have a Methodist hospital and treat all Methodists free and then claim exemption as a charitable institution and things like that. So later

on it worked out very well, but I had great difficulty in dealing with many of the Christian patients or their relatives. And I found it so hard to put across the idea that we were there not for Christians but for Christian service. And that I found very difficult to put across. But I...as I say, those last two years it just seemed to fall into place. (laughs) But that was quite a struggle and led to a lot of unpleasantness, because they would really demand it and shout, because "My grandfather worked for the mission for ten years." (laughter)

RL: So then, some of the unpleasantness of the first three years was also created by the Christian community outside of the hospital, as well as people in the hospital.

AC: We had...I can think of no unpleasantness caused by non-Christians. There would be disagreements and so on, but no major unpleasantness caused by non-Christians, I really can't. And we were so full, and people of all castes used to come to us and some of the Brahmans after getting treatment from Christians and taking medicines would then have to go to the temple and be purified. (laughter)

But still they came, and they supported us and that's one of the arguments that our minister had, that a minister of the church, who was not our chaplain, but the minister of the church went when they were going to take this procession out against me, and sort of burn me in effigy and run me out of town if they could. He said, "How does this look? This is a Christian community. The

non-Christians support him." Actually, when I let it be known that I was coming back to this country to do open-heart surgery, petitions went to Nehru, who was then the prime minister of India, to have me stay on and not be allowed to leave. (laughter) That was very heart-warming when things like that happen. But that period of trouble was quite difficult.

RL: After last time I wondered if the Christians lived in a segregated area, or the hospital itself was removed from the town. I kind of had the feeling that the Christians...

AC: It was, yes, it was on the edge of town, and this had become a sort of a Christian area. Which is another thing that I wasn't very keen on. You sort of made pockets of Christianity. And they became isolated pockets. (But not segregated as such, Amar adds later.) And this was one of the things that Mahatma Gandhi criticized the Christians about. He said, "You are too much in pockets. You don't move in the stream of Indian life." Which was very true. And of the few people that really made a tremendous impact on non-Christian India was Stanly Jones.

E. Stanly Jones, who was minister of our church in Lucknow when I was small. And then he could have easily become a bishop, but he didn't want to. And he formed... He's Bishop Matthews' father-in-law. Was-- he died three years ago. And he did a tremendous amount of work and was what you might call on a first-name basis with Mahatma

Gandhi. He knew all the government officials. He was invited all over India. He bought a huge beautiful estate up in the Himalayas, a gorgeous area of lakes and wooded forests, with several cottages and the main cottage over here he made as a worship center. He didn't buy this--he bought it in his name, but he didn't keep it as his property. It became the Ashram. Ashram is a Hindi word for a worship area or a worship institution and he made this as a place for simplification of living and for purely Christian teachings. They would eat vegetarian meals. They would dress in simple long robes and simple clothes. He made quite a wonderful impact there. But I think the great...and people used to go out there and spend two weeks at the Ashram. It was just called the Ashram. And they'd go and spend two weeks over there.

When the Christian students had their...S.C.M.... Student Christian Movement...camps...this was inter-denominational, all Christians. We would go up for a week over there; boys and girls elected from different schools and colleges--these were all Christians--would go there, and just have a camp for a week. And all the meetings were on religious teachings, and then we'd have games and fishing and swimming and hiking and all the rest of it. But it was a tremendous thing that he started. But his biggest impact, I think, was with the non-Christians. And he was welcome into the home of every official in India. Great man.

RL: You say he was the minister of your church in...

AC: When I was small.

RL: When you were small in Lucknow. Then do you have any memories of him?

AC: We knew him very well. And he was a very good-looking man and made the hearts of all the girls flutter when he would get up on the pulpit and speak. (laughs) And he was a good-looking man and he knew he was a good-looking man. (laughter) I'm speaking of him as a young man and he had several gestures and very graceful gestures and he had hair that he would comb straight back parted low, down here (pointing to the right side of his head) and one of his gestures he'd put a hand out like this (hand pointing out in front of himself) and he'd put his hair back. (Amar demonstrates in sweeping motions.) And when he'd talk about Jesus going forth, he'd say, "And he went forth." (Amar standing, one leg and one arm pointing forward and the other arm and leg back; both knees and elbows are bent as he moves in a sweeping motion like a hood-ornament.) But he'd stand in a graceful..like a dancer. "And he went forth and on." And things like that.

But he...you know, he's written several books. There are several books in our own library in the church. And I remember some of the things that he has said in the books. I remember them in his sermons so well. And one thing that I'll never forget is...was like this. (Amar

holds out his hand, fingers together, palm down, like he would hold something picked up from the floor.) He would say, "Let go, let God." (As he says this, the fingers open and the hand turns over and down as if to catch what it just released.) Quite wonderful. And then we saw him from time to time. His family and our family were very close.

And then the last time we saw him, he was...when he was in Nadiad. He was then seventy-one years old, and he came to the area, and he spoke to an absolutely packed house of almost entirely non-Christians. We were there, too. And he spoke so beautifully without making it a proselytizing speech. He spoke so beautifully, and we could see why people just loved him. And he showed how physically healthy he was at seventy-one. He just swooped right down and touched his toes and things like that. A vigorous man. And he stayed with us while he was there at that period, and that was the last time we saw him. And then, as I say, he died just a few years ago. I think he was close to ninety, close to ninety or over ninety, maybe, because he was seventy-one or seventy-three when he came and then that was twenty years ago. (laughter)

RL: A mark to shoot for.

AC: Yes.

RL: You said that you were a member of the Christian Student Movement?

AC: Yes.

RL: When was that? While you were in...

AC: That was when I was in college.

RL: O.K. At this point I wanted to turn to some of your memories of growing up and let you talk about some of the memories you have of your life and of India and things like that.

AC: That you'd have to give me some time to think about. Because when I think of growing up I think of many things. I think of school, I think of the...of our close group of friends in school and what a time we gave some of our teachers. I think of all the athletics that I always went in for. I went in for every game under the sun. And I only felt bad that we didn't have American football over there, which I would have liked to have tried. (laughter) And baseball. Those were the two things I never did try. Otherwise I tried everything. Played a lot of soccer and a lot of cricket which you don't have here. I remember my close friendships. One was with an Irish boy who was in my class. I mentioned him before: Gilbert McSweeny.

And in school I never really got into any sort of discussions. During my school days my memory is more of my home, and of my parents, my father and my mother. And of the anticipation of vacation-time when the rest of the family would come down and we would have a family reunion. This is when the others were grown up. My memories, of course, of even before that, are of just the tremendous

joy we had of just being a family. We had fights just like other kids have fights all the time. But I think this is my dearest memory and the one thing I feel bad about as the family grows up and the members move from one place to another and you can't get together as you used to. Every family, every person has disagreements. We'd get together...they'd just disappear in just a total flood of love and joy. That's what I remember most. In fact, I just wrote to my eldest brother who is now seventy-three. And I was just recalling some of this to him. And as long as my father lived, of course, there was the central home. And every possible vacation we'd all go down (home), even when I was up in medical school. I was in second year medical school when he died.

We would all go back, and at the end...(laughs) One of the things that another brother of mine used to say... he used to go around with a glum face saying, "I wish we hated each other!" Because when it came to the end of the vacation, for us to think of leaving and going about our roads after that...it was so difficult after this absolutely glorious time that we had together and he'd say, "I wish we hated each other.!" (laughing) And so, all through my life of growing up, that is the greatest anchor.

And the reason for that again, as I have mentioned before, and I have quoted this again to my brother, was one of the texts in our home. We had many framed texts

all over. We had rather a big home...this was not ours; we didn't own any home. But the principal's house in Lucknow and the bishop's house in Jabulpur...we had many framed texts and one of these that I quoted to him was, "Perfect love casteth out fear." Well, perfect love in that home cast out everything else. There was just that love, and it was always with Christ at the center. It just...my parents were that...they were the personification of it. They were such an image. We just saw Christ living, and Christ-like living, a life full of Christ. Then when my father died, of course then there was no home in Jabulpur, and my mother lived with my eldest sister, and I lived with my brother for some time. But my eldest sister's home became the center where we would all meet again even as the next generation of kids came in. Until my younger brother and I came to this country. And then after that we've been all going our different ways. We try and get...we used to try and get together as often as we could, but this branch of the family, which we call the I.A.C. group, (laughs)...we were somehow either here or in Nadiad which was very inaccessible, comparatively, for a short vacation. We just couldn't get home.

It was about fifteen hundred miles. Good roads were only then just being built by the government in India. Under the British government, key roads had been built between cities, but beyond that there wasn't anything. And you should see pictures that I have of our first trip

from Nadiad to Lucknow. It was fifteen hundred miles. It took us about five days or more to do that and sometimes where a road was being built, I'd have to go off and go through forests and over hills in my little Chevy. (laughs) And that Chevy did wonderful stuff; we never got stuck. But I'd have to carry about five tires with me. And I'd have to look at the map and note down where each petrol station, each gas station was because they were almost a hundred miles apart, so you'd better not miss any. (laughter) Or else you were in real trouble. So our getting together was not nearly as often after that, but it has always been very precious.

RL: Maybe it would help if we concentrated on your parents, and start out with just what was your mother like? How would you remember your mother?

AC: My mother was small in stature. I think she was barely five feet, between five and five-one, very slightly built; a very pretty woman, as a young woman, extremely strong. She had just tremendous strength of character and she taught us many, many lessons, but it was never unpleasant. For example, if we did something and we were punished, it was a punishment that we weren't too keen on. (laughing) Say we were told, "O.K., now you're restricted to the house for such-and-such a time." For the next twenty-four hours or something. We wanted to get out. There was a football game going on, soccer, and you wanted to get out. So then you would go and say, "I'm sorry, and

please forgive me." And you'd say it more because of that football game than because you were really sorry. So mother would say, "Oh, all right. That's very nice and you're forgiven." "Oh, then can I go out and play?" "No. (laughter) You did this and this is the punishment and that stands. So you stay through that punishment (laughing) and then you can go." And another thing-- now, my small mother had six children. She actually had eight children, six lived. She had four of us hulking louts as sons. And she was an amazing person because in our punishments with four men more or less, four boys, and the boys were very boys--absolutely a hundred and ten percent boys. She would give us punishments that really hit the mark. Because, I'll never forget what it felt like...here I was so proud of the way I played games and my strength and my...how good I was as an outstanding boxer of the area and things like that, and what was my punishment? To embroider a tea cloth. (laughter) Or to put...or sew a border onto something or the other like that. (laughing) She really new how to punish us.

And...but she did most of our teaching...her biblical knowledge and knowledge of bible history were absolutely fantastic. She quoted from anywhere...hear a quotation and come, just come up right like that (snapping his fingers) where that quotation was from. She knew the Bible, I might say backwards, more or less. And it's because of this, and the way they taught us, the

way mother and father taught us was...there was not the slightest reaction on our part of like this (holding arms at length, palms out)...it's too much, or anything like that. In fact, it stimulated me so much that by the time I was seven, I had read the Bible completely through. In fact, I read it through three times cover to cover.

(laughing) Then we were...we would learn Bible verses by heart and, as an incentive, mother...once one summer we didn't have much to do. We had gone to a lady's home and she was in charge of what in those days used to be called an insane asylum, a mental home, but in those days, you know, they were very awful. So we...she was a nurse, and we spent the summer with her, and there wasn't much for us to do. We hiked all around the area, found every swimming hole there was to find. But still, there wasn't enough for two months. And so mommy said, "All right, after this we will visit Calcutta." Which was India's huge city. If you have a chance, never go there. (laughter) Go somewhere else, go all over India, but don't go to Calcutta. Anyway, it was a big city. For an Indian is it not such a shock...who knows (laughs)...who knows India...to get there. Otherwise, it's a fantastic cultural shock to see Calcutta.

So she said, "You boys will want to buy things, so you want to make some money? All right, I will give you one pice for each Bible verse you learn." Now one pice ...a rupee was one, on those days, was one-third of a

dollar, was thirty-three cents. One pice was one sixty-fourth ($1/64$) of a rupee. (laughter) That's p-i-c-e. So then, this nurse said...she heard this and she said, "Oh, this is a wonderful idea." And she said, "All right, I'll match that, so whatever you make from your mother, I'll give you the same amount." And she had no idea about our determination. (laughter) So we learned in those two months almost the whole gospel of John and many of the Psalms. (laughing) And this poor lady, she had to pay so much. From one sixty-fourth of a rupee and you multiply that...oh, how much...one two-hundredth of a dollar? Something like that it came to, and we got more money than we could handle, we learned so much. (laughter) It was tremendous fun and then we'd recite this. And if one word was wrong, if you said God instead of Lord, that verse was crossed off. And still we made all this money, but it was always such fun, it was never a burden. Going to church was never a burden.

And my father gave the appearance of being ten feet tall. I was never so amazed as to...when I went to college and gained my commanding height of five eleven (laughing) to find that I was taller than he was. Because he was always ten feet tall to me. And even when I saw that I was taller than he, he was still ten feet tall.

RL: Do you know why this was? Or what...?

AC: Just because of the man he was. He was just absolute

love and yet he was a strong man. He had to handle some extremely difficult times. Because he had to guide a path. He was an official. The British government was the ruling government, and yet there was the Independence movement going on, and he had to guide a path here so that he would guide all the students. This was before he became bishop. He had to guide all those students in this huge Lucknow Christian College to keep them on the right path so that they didn't go off the rails either one way or the other. Keep them on the path of learning. Yet not subdue them to the point where they lost their hunger for independence. India had to have her independence. And he was all for it, but at the same time, he had to maintain order, maintain the college and educate these boys. And then he ran into the same troubles. I had, what?, six years of mission service and I cry about all the troubles that I had over there. His whole life was spent in the church.

And my brother wrote to me...he's in New Orleans now. He is retired here because both of his children are settled here. His wife is an American, and she's teaching in a school in New Orleans, for which they were recruited from India. (laughing) And he wrote and said, "It's so sad to see what has happened to many aspects of the Methodist Church in India." And he said, "Over here we have been received and welcomed so warmly. And how Dad would have loved to have joined this church." And I wrote back

and said, "No, he wouldn't. The very things that you are crying about in India would have made him keep that church right there and set it back on its feet again."

Because that's the sort of a man he was. He would take a challenge and meet it head on. And he had in everything from his youngest days...he had always had a tremendous challenge to face. Because in every position he held from his twenties up, he was the first Indian to hold that position. Starting in the small things as secretary of the Epworth League. It was long before your time. (laughing) And going on--the first district superintendent and the first headmaster of the Christian School, the first principal and the first bishop. He was the first all the way up. And he was...the government tried to woo him out into government service, but he felt that all of his service was to be in the church. And he literally worked himself to death. He had high blood pressure, he developed high blood pressure. And he'd go to the villages, and the village people would then, oh, have big celebrations, big welcomes for him, and feasts, and things that he wasn't supposed to eat, yet he would say, "How could I disappoint them? They've made this for me." And he would eat those things, not because he wanted them, and he couldn't keep to a diet, but he couldn't hurt those people. So he did that, and all the time he was working...all the time, touring his area, be as guest in other bishoprics and other areas. Coming to this coun-

try...he came to this country for every general conference from, I think 1904 on. He actually had passage on the Titanic and at the last minute was asked to speak and therefore canceled the passage and didn't go on the Titanic.

RL: Oh, really.

AC: (laughing) Yes. And then also he came in between for various special things, you know. They have conferences for bishops and so on, in addition to general conference and he would come for that. Then the last conference he and Mother attended together over here was 1940. He had his physical exam at the Board of Missions, then came home and got ill. And two of us--my eldest brother and one other--got to Jabalpur while he was still conscious. The rest of us got there after he was unconscious. We don't know if he ever recognized us. And then he died. And two weeks after he died, we got his medical report from the Board of Missions, saying that, "This man is seriously ill and needs to be cared for." So he really just worked himself to death. But it was what he wanted. He actually got extremely ill in 1934 or '35 after he'd been a bishop only four years then. And been in the bishop's work. And he asked for more time and he got a definite answer, that he was getting more time.

RL: When you say he asked for more time, he asked for more time through prayer.

AC: Through prayer. And he got a definite answer that he

was getting more time. And although the physicians didn't think he would live, he turned the corner and lived and went on with his work for these other six years. And then he told Mommy, he said, "There's so much to do. And I've asked for more time, but I have not received an answer." And shortly thereafter he went into coma and then died. But that...all of his life was that way. It was always asking for guidance. And he would get this guidance and go on. And he met with terrible jealousies...other people thought that they should have been bishop at that time, instead of he.

And he told mother when his name was proposed for the election for bishop...he said if he didn't get it on the first ballot, he would refuse it. Because he would feel it wasn't God's will then. He didn't want to struggle; he didn't want to fight; he wasn't going to stand up and fight to become a bishop. And he got it almost unanimously, when he did get it.

RL: My memory was he had a majority on the first ballot and then they had to have a second ballot because there was a required two-thirds or something like that.

AC: I think so, I think so...(Amar adds, I don't know those details. I do know what Mother and Dad had decided.)

RL: There was no problem with the second ballot.

AC: No, there was no problem with it.

RL: Did you travel with your father? You mentioned how much he traveled. Did you...?

AC: No...well, we did sometimes, but not very much in his work. But we lived...we speak of the plains in India, which is with the mountains and the plains. We speak of the plains which get very, very hot and really too hot to live in. Now there's air conditioning; those days there wasn't any such thing. And so we would go up for our vacations which was about two months. We'd go up to the mountains and that was always the whole family together. In the early days we used to go up as far as the trains would take us, and then get horses and go four or five days deep into the Himalayas and just spend our two months in...strangely enough, you'd find houses and buildings way off in there, that were put in by the Britishers. Their government officials would go in and these would be the areas where they would stay, to inspect various areas. And then we could reserve those houses when the official wasn't coming around. Or sometimes he would come around and we would just empty one room for him, and he'd stay there. Because he'd just come for an inspection. And so we would do that, and these trips were wonderful because five days of just going on a horse, just think of "Bonanza". And being in an atmosphere like that for five days.

Very few people...we had narrow escapes with wild animals, but we were never afraid of it. We had places where there were tigers. In fact, my sister and brother were sleeping in a room about this size.(about 9'x9'),

and there was a window like this which had just wire netting up there (Amar indicates a small window)...no glass or anything. And my sister awoke one night and there was a tiger looking in at the window. And my brother was sleeping here (pointing to the other side of the room) with his gun (near) his head. Instead of awakening him, my sister just said, "Shoo, shoo!" (laughing) And the tiger went away, and no one believed her until they went out and they saw and there were the clear marks of the tiger that had come. (laughter) And then, of course, in later years, then we went up some times to the area where later Stanley Jones bought the area and we spent many summers there, and we'd go up to several of these places and just be together for the summer as a family. And so, that much traveling we did. But otherwise, only on occasion would we go out with them. We were a large family. The...between the eldest who is a daughter and the youngest who is my younger brother...there's only one younger than I am...there were eighteen years difference in age. So the older ones could easily look after the younger. So we didn't go out with them that much, especially on their work with them.

RL: So, except...except for summer vacation, then...

AC: Summer vacation and...

RL: ...you probably didn't see your father very much.

AC: When he was in college, we saw him all the time. When we were in college. When he was bishop we didn't...he

would spend lots of time out. But he would spend as much time at home as he could with us. And then he'd go off on his trips. And if there were two trips he never... he'd never go from one to the other if it were possible for him to come home in between. Just so that he'd be with us and spend more time with us.

(End of side "A".)

(Side "B". Amar is talking about his Father.)

AC: I was never able to beat him in tennis until he was well beyond the age of fifty. He was an excellent cricketeer as a young man and then continued that when they used to have staff vs. students. I remember him playing. And he was physically a very strong man until he got ill. A very powerful man. Along with that, so gentle.

RL: When your father died, a book was written as a memorial, and I was wondering what was your opinion of the book?

AC: We...we liked the book because we liked Bishop Badley (laughter) (Section deleted covers an opinion of the book by some Americans.) We liked the book because there was a lot of personal things in it. Things which we remembered. Daddy used to tell us several stories, and he was as a student just as mischievous a person as we were as kids. (laughing) And about the tremendous time that they used to have.

And he had a tremendous sense of humor. And all over he was well known. Of course, this country laughs and is

so uninhibited. The British audiences can be very different. They're sort of loosening up, now. But fifty, sixty years ago, they were very different, and he was telling us about his...how he was disconcerted because he'd tell some funny stories and he'd meet with blank stares from the British audience when he spoke there. But it wasn't that they didn't appreciate his sense of humor. (laughs) In fact, he heard one person...when he told a joke and he got no reaction. Then he told two or three other funny stories, and very seriously one person turns to the other and says, "He has a sense of humor." (laughter) But there was always laughter in the home. What else can I answer? (laughs)

RL: In memory of your father, what would...how would you have expanded the picture that Bishop Badley had in his book?

AC: I think one could have gone much more in depth, into the things that Dad said, and the life that he led, the depth of his beliefs, his understanding of human nature, his understanding of the Hindu and Moslem faiths, and the preaching of Christianity with that understanding, which made him much more acceptable to the Hindu and the Moslem than the average person who just goes out to try and proselytize and says, "This is the real religion. What you're doing is wrong." (laughs) And things like that.

He was a Greek scholar and taught...actually taught Greek in the theological seminary...when he was in the

theological seminary during the birth of the older children. This was before Benny and I were born. There was so much more to tell...to tell about this man, than the thing that Bishop Badley has taken. I would tell some of Dad's philosophies, some of his interpretations of the sayings of Jesus which were going into the mystical. Because his understanding was deep.

RL: Are there any resources for telling that story? That part of the story?

AC: I think the only things that we would have, and I don't have any of them...my eldest sister has them. And nobody else here knows it, but I'm trying to get her into Pilgrim Place over here. Her later life...she is now seventy-four...her later life...seventy-five next...no, last month...the later part of her life has been very difficult because her husband, who was a man who was as strong as an ox suddenly, for no reason that we know of--had hardly been ill a day in his life--suddenly had a stroke. And became totally helpless and she just looked after him hand and foot from then on. She was a tremendous pianist...built up music in the Isabella Thoburn College, made the music department there well known throughout India. But she started giving less and less time to that and giving more and more time to looking after her husband full time. All her life was wrapped up in him until he died. And then she was just completely lost. She now is a confused little old lady.

She is being cheated out of everything she has by the servant that they have had for many, many years. She'll give him money to buy the daily food, to go out and do the shopping. And a few minutes later, he'll come back and ask her for money again. She'll forget that she's given it to him, and she'll give him money for the same thing three and four times. She's not a rich person. And she's having a very hard time in that way.

One of the very wise things that they did while Ivan was still living was to build a house. That they were able to do. The government of India made it easy. She was a teacher in a Christian institution. Her husband was a teacher in Lucknow Christian College, so that their salaries were very low from the standards of this country. But the government of India made loans rather easy for people, encouraging people to build homes. So they were able to build their own home and pay for it. So they have that and she has tenants, and that helps her eke out a living. But she is being taken for all she has. There's no one else of the family nearby. So, I'm looking into it. I think she will be eligible for Pilgrim Place. You know, there are a couple of Isabella Thoburn teachers there right now; and also Bishop Badley's daughter.

RL: Oh, is she?

AC: Yes. So if I can get Dolli here, she will be with people she knows and loves, and ten minutes away from us, which would be tremendous. Now, she has several of my father's

sermons in his handwriting...that he has written. And that would be one thing that would show the strength and the depth of his faith and the things he used to speak about. But he died when I was still a student. I was doing a lot of reading, as I told you last time. We did a lot of...I and my close friends when I was in college ...we would sit out by the riverside and have philosophical discussions that we'd carry on until dawn, and not realize that the time had gone by. But I didn't remember that much...I could remember Father speaking, but I don't remember the details as much as the older...older members of the family do.

RL: There were no other books written about him, or by him?

AC: About him, no, no. He wrote a book about Mahatma Gandhi in which he was, we think, very conservative in his writing about Gandhi. Taking a sort of middle-of-the-road stance. We thought he he should be a little more strong, where the British needed criticism. (laughter) But that is the only book that he has written. I think he wrote several devotional pamphlets, but we haven't been able to locate any of those.

RL: If you ever get a hold of those sermons, I'd like to take a look at them.

AC: I shall try to do that, yes.

RL: Specifically, how did the election of your father to the episcopacy affect you?

AC: Hardly at all, actually, personally. We hated leaving

Lucknow. (laughing) Lucknow had been our home and we still call it our home because it always was. Although I wasn't born there. Most of the members of...most of my brothers and sisters were born there, and if they weren't born there, they immediately moved there. They were out for a few months. They were born somewhere else, but then grew up in Lucknow. And we then moved to Jabalpur. We didn't see Daddy as much, as we were talking about. But in terms of our own lives, I don't think it made too much difference.

It made a difference in my schooling because I went to a different school, and I think to a better school. In Jabalpur I went to an English school, in Lucknow I had not been in an English school. I would have done my Indian high school had we stayed in Lucknow. In Jabalpur I did the British Senior Cambridge. But because of being in an English school, I think my athletics were...training in athletics was much more. But I don't think apart from that my...I think I was a better hockey player because of where I was. (laughing) Also a better soccer and cricket player because of where I was. And I say this because I was not outstanding in the school in Lucknow and I went to Jabalpur and was in this school and went in for all the athletics and all the games...I made the soccer team. But I was not outstanding.

I returned to Lucknow into college, and from then was the outstanding athlete. There I won my colors in

everything that I went in for. I made some records there that still stand. (laughs) And in medical college I won the individual athletic championship. I was there five years. I was not present in Lucknow because I was present at the olympics for one of the college athletic-days, but the other four years I won the athletic championship and this was with no practice, because I never practiced. I just played tennis in tennis season; I'd play soccer in soccer season; and I'd play badminton, and when Athletic Day came around, I'd go around and do high-jump and long-jump (laughter) and run the different races. And the first prize for each race was a little trophy, and I'd come back on my bicycle with more trophies than I could carry. I'd have to put a basket on my bicycle. For all the (laughing) for all these trophies. And finally had trunks and trunks of trophies that I just had to get rid of...throw them out. (laughter)

So from that standpoint I had a great time in school. But all my religious training...it was a church school, the British school...the English school. Church of England mostly. There was a good number of Roman Catholics, but our principal was a minister...was a Church of England priest. We had...one of the regular subjects which we had to pass was Bible knowledge, scripture. In which we had two papers. I remember we did 1 Kings and 1 Corinthians (laughs) for the particular Senior Cambridge exam. But apart from that, I don't think Daddy's becoming a

bishop made too much difference in our lives. (Quietly, almost to himself, Amar adds:) And I really can't think of any...of any really that did that. Because our home life remained the same. There couldn't be any more emphasis on Christian living than there was already. We didn't have any more visitors than we had in Lucknow. We were...we always had someone, Indian or European or American or British, who was always a guest in our house at some time or the other and the same thing happened when Dad became bishop. Still, people would come in all the time. But I really can't think of any real difference that it made that way, in our way of living.

RL: Do you remember the event, were you at the worship service, at his installation as bishop?

AC: At the installation, I remember it very much so. Because I was thirteen years old, so I do remember it. When we got word that he had been elected and he was to be installed, the whole family went...the entire family was there for the installation service. And my sister still has the table that was used.

RL: From your memory, or from your point of view, what happened? What was the event like?

AC: It was the most moving thing that I had experienced to that time. I didn't cry easily, but I had tears on my face, when the senior bishops laid their hands on him and he was consecrated, it was as if our whole family was being consecrated. As if we were all being given a charge; not

only he was being given that charge, and that's what I felt. I could feel the power, I could feel the energy. It was a very real thing. That was age thirteen. It was just a tremendous experience. So many people from Lucknow went. This conference was in Cawnpur which was fifty miles away from Lucknow...very industrial city. Tremendous population, mostly because of the different mills, many different types of mills and factories over there, purely industrial. And many, many people from Lucknow went across for the consecration. And the table that was used for the consecration, that was given to him, and my sister has it in her home, she being the eldest. It's in her home. Because her home became mother's home later on and it just stayed on. So if she comes here, maybe it will be in our home. (laughter)

RL: To turn in another direction, you mentioned the political unrest of the independence movement in India and how your father had to walk the line. What are your memories of Indian independence, and that whole question, and how that affected you?

AC: In the very early days, when I was very small, the British did a tremendous job; and when I was very small, to me there was no nation as great as Britain. (laughs) And the books we would read, and the books...oh, the adventure stories and all, were always about British children and British boys and girls. And so we thought the British absolutely tremendous. And then we began seeing these

...independent movement and the first...our first feeling was because it was always a protest, it was always a demonstration, and my first feeling, living in this little protected area as a child, and Indian independence had not been discussed at home because...this was...I wasn't even near my teens at this time. And this was a bit of a nuisance. "We're living so comfortably, why should all this unrest...and why should there be riots and fighting and things like this?"

And (laughing) I think we embarrassed Dad very much one day because, just for the heck of it, one day we climbed to the top of the house and we climbed right on top of the roof, and we took a pole and we put a Union Jack up there (laughter) and so, right in the middle of the Indian independence movement. And that was very embarrassing for Dad. Here was a hundred percent Indian and the independence movement, and an Indian flag had been created and there was that flag; and here on the home of this prominent Indian official was the Union Jack, and Dad didn't even know we had done it. (laughter) But then as I began thinking a little more and suddenly realized that we weren't British, that we were Indian, that India should have its own life.

And then as I discussed these things at school, which was then an Indian school in Lucknow, I began realizing that my heritage was Indian and that I was Indian. That India had things of which it was to be proud and that I

couldn't...you know, when you read books and you identify with the hero somehow...those books were...there was the hero and then there were the natives (laughs) and I suddenly...it shocked me to realize that I was suddenly thinking of the Indians as the natives, and it...I suddenly realized that I was a native. (laughs) And so, gradually there was this realization...came about...and then I would talk to my father a little bit about this. And yes, of course, and why it was just not right for a country to be ruled by another country. The country should be able to plan its own future and build its own future, make its own mistakes, and its own successes, and not be told what to do. And it was not right that our country should be governed by others...by a foreign nation.

And so, then...fortunately this took place before I went and joined as a student at an English school. Because then, of course, it was, "we and the natives." But by now I was a native, so I never...although I had...my closest friends were what we call Anglo-Indian boys, that ...an English father or mother and Indian mother or father. Or English boys, or, as I said, this Irish boy. But I never identified myself with them as...we never really thought of race actually, but if it did come down to it, I was Indian. And, for example, we'd go to a place and we would run into some trouble and then we'd get away from there and in telling about it, Gill would say "four Anglo-Indian boys", and I'd stop him right there, "ah, ah, ah,

no, I'm not one of you." (laughter) Although we were very, very close and I certainly was one with the group. But I had got to the stage where I was Indian and I was proud of it.

RL: Had your own identify and you weren't going to give it up.

AC: Yes, yes.

RL: Well, independence went on then. How strong was it during World War II?

AC: It was very strong, because it became...extremely strong ...so much so that a lot of atrocities were committed during that period, by the British. But it was both sides. You can never blame only one side. But there was a reason for it. During World War I the Indians were asked...the Indians always had excellent fighting men, although India itself is non-violent. (laughter) It's always had the best fighting men--the Gurkhas and the Rajputs and all these well-known regiments that did so tremendously in World War I and World War II.

In World War I India was appealed to. India said, "No, we want to be a free country." The independence movement had started many, many years before. "And we won't fight." So they were promised dominion status, you know, like Canada, and, "O.K., you fight on our side, on the side of the British." That was before the Americans had joined the war, of course...World War I. "And you will get dominion status." O.K. So the Indians fought

their hearts out, and did a fantastic job. And then at the end when the question came up of dominion status, there's nothing doing. "You still remain as you were. Oh, we'll talk about it, and we'll plan about it, and that's all." So all those years went by from 1918 to 1939 and nothing had been done.

Twenty-one years went by, and then Britain was in trouble again and Britain said, "Please fight for us." And India said, "Nothing doing. We will not. In fact, we'll sabotage your war effort." And that's when this happened. Because as I say, there were derailment of munition trains and things like that. And so as reprisals, villages were gunned from planes and things like that. A lot of that went on.

But many of our students just...well, here was a ready-made job...go into the army. And if you're a graduate, you could be an officer. And in medical school you ...we had full five years of medical school. You know, it's four over here and we had full five years. Well, you could join the British Army Medical Corps in the fourth year and immediately be a lieutenant (pronounced "leftenant") or a lieutenant. And you would start receiving your pay from your fifth year while you were still in medical school. See how attractive it became. And as soon as you got your MD degree you had already spent so many months as a lieutenant, so you were commissioned as a captain straight off. So that was so attractive...as

a result, many of my classmates joined. And even I went to join, and I had a little skin condition. The Lord works in great ways. I had a skin condition over here (Amar indicates his chin) and they said, "Well, come back when this condition has cleared up." And that...(laughs) So I didn't, but many, many of my classmates were killed in World War II.

And so then Britain said, "We'll talk about dominion status." And India said, "Nothing doing, not this time. We were caught once and we won't be caught again." And so this time they wanted absolute firm promises down in black and white. And it was only when that was done that India then joined. We had millions who volunteered into the Army.

Students from college, members of my own choir, our tenor soloist--a boy with a gorgeous voice and a tremendous fellow. He joined and he was in the North Egyptian campaign against Rommell, in that horrible period, and he had a terrible stressful time. Then he was supposed to get leave and come home to India at least for a while, and they sanctioned his leave, and suddenly changed it, and he was on the first troops at Anzio beachhead, and of his regiment only three people remained living. And he went off his head when he saw that, and to this day he's in a mental institution in India. So I have personally lost many people, many friends, not many close friends. This boy was close. But many of my friends were killed in

World War II.

But it was World War II, then, that brought this to a head. And so that...after World War II, then Britain had to work definitely and hard and fast to get us independence. So that we got independence just two years after World War II ended. World War II ended in '45. We got our independence in '47.

RL: You were in Lucknow in '46. So you...

AC: In '46 partly, yes, and then I went down to Nadiad. But I was in Lucknow for Independence Day.

RL: Oh, you were?

AC: Yes. And Isabelle was there, too. And we...I took her downtown and we drove around in these jeeps making a lot of noise. And we were walking along, and then some of my friends were driving in jeeps...we just were pulled into them. And here was Isabelle driving and she was saying her family would have hysterics if they saw her driving along with Indian flags plastered around the jeep.

(laughter) That her family would have fits. (laughing)

We were there for Independence Day celebration and just one week later I left to come here.

RL: Do I remember correctly that there was a lot of struggle and unrest between '45 and '47 when Independence occurred?

AC: A tremendous amount, because suddenly after all these plans had been made that India was to receive her Independence, suddenly the Muslims decided that they would be in a minority and they would suffer, being under Hindu rule

because Hindu would be the majority. So suddenly, the Muslims said, "We have to have a different country. We have to have Pakistan." And this to us was shocking because Lucknow is a city of fifty-fifty Muslims and Hindus and there had always been such harmony, such tremendous harmony between Hindus and Muslims in India. It's proven that they can live together with no trouble. But once this started, then there was panic. And when...then Jinnah decided, "No, we can't...we'll refuse to accept anything unless India is divided." And then the Hindus or India said, "No, how can this country that has lived for so many years be divided? How can you divide this country?" But it came to an impasse and it was finally either divide India or just have independence pushed off into the dim distant future. So that's how India decided.

Now what happened was...you had area predominantly Muslim; you had area predominantly Hindu. Once this had been made an issue, the Hindu-Muslim differences became very important, became very prominent. So Hindus that were in a Muslim area decided they had to flee from there and come into what was going to be India. Muslims here decided they had to flee, and go in...and there was a clash and bloodshed and it was India received her Independence without a drop of shedding of blood between British and India. But there was tremendous shedding of blood between Hindu and Muslims and that's a very dark blot on our history. It was horrible...India...Isabelle's

brother was an officer in the British Army right in the middle of all this.

RL: Wow.

AC: He was right on the border. (laugh) But saw nothing ...the British didn't get into it. It was just purely Hindus and Muslims and it was horrible. It was...people lost their minds...see things...of what had happened.

RL: Are there some things that you saw that you would be willing to talk about?

AC: No, I lived in Lucknow and there was no problem there. Nothing ever happened there. I know several of the families. In fact, many of the high officials of Pakistan right now are people who were in college with me. But I never saw any of this. We never say any of the fighting, any of the bitterness. That was seven hundred miles... that happened only on the border.

RL: Um-hum.

AC: And it didn't happen in Lucknow. Many people from Lucknow left their homes and went to Pakistan, and then decided later that they would come back because Muslims in India weren't having such a bad time. So they came back and they found that their homes had been kept waiting for them. No one had looted, no one had taken over. Which I thought was quite tremendous for Lucknow. It's quite a city. (laughs) So I never saw...I heard lots...heard fiery speeches from both sides of how the Muslims were

this and that, and how the Hindus were that and this.

(laughing) But never saw any of it, no.

RL: Well, I think we've covered just about all my questions.

(laughs)

AC: Yes, we're pretty well near the end of the tape, too.

RL: Yeh. Just about all the questions I had for this week,
so I think we'll call this one a session.

AC: O.K.

This is the fourth interview with Amar Chitambar.
Taped at his home in Upland, California on November 7, 1977.
The interviewer is Russ Locke. (Bit of pre-test talk.)

Russ Locke: Last week you said you were going to think about some of the questions I asked. Was there anything that you wanted to particularly deal with tonight?

Amar Chitambar: No, I don't think so. I couldn't think of anything specific--only in general terms. The only thing that I did think of was maybe something that wouldn't fit in here at all.

Just to illustrate, I mentioned what a calm person my mother was. Well, when we were at the college and my father was principal, the college was a huge building and a very high building with turrets--the old Muslim architecture--and it was double-storied. And...but each first floor was up about--I would say about twenty-five feet at least, and then the second floor was up about fifty feet. And on the outside there was ledges about, maybe a foot-and-a-half going all the way around. And as kids...when I think of it now, and especially when I visit back there, I shudder, because we used to play tag on those ledges outside. (laughter) And there was one part of the building where for some reason the ledge came and stopped dead and then about three feet lower it started up again, and we would take that without a pause--we'd be running. (laughs) And then when my mother would pass, I wonder

what went through her mind because we'd shout out and say, "Mummy, Arthur can't catch me!" And we'd go chasing off and she'd just smile and let us go on...just say, "Be careful." Oh, (laughing) when I think of it now, I think if I went up there now I'd edge along gently and very slowly.

RL: And if you saw your own boys there, you would immediately ...

AC: Oh, I'd have a fit. And I don't know how she did that. The vice-principal at that time was a Ralph Wellons, I forget from which part of the state he was, but his son was Alfred Wellons who was about my age, and we used to play around quite a lot. And Alfred tried this same thing and...fortunately not on these ledges, but on the ledge on his house (which was much lower) and his mother got a little panicky and he fell. (laughs) And he broke his wrist.

RL: Wow.

AC: Alfred later, when I was a doctor--physician--in Nadiad, Alfred was vice- consul in New Delhi for the U.S.--the U.S. vice-consul. I don't know where he is now. He was in Britain later. He's somewhere in the diplomatic corps.

RL: There was a couple things that you mentioned about Nadiad that we didn't cover, and one of them was getting up a choir in Nadiad.

AC: Yes. This was entirely Isabelle's doing. We had, as I mentioned, this was a Christian pocket in an entirely

Hindu area; also Muslims in out-lying areas. The young Christian boys would be on the street and getting into all sorts of mischief. We had this nursing school started. Isabelle felt that she ought to be doing something and she suddenly got the idea of getting a choir started. So she first got the nursing students and then got these same boys in. And it made all the difference in the world in their behavior. Now she was criticized and people got very angry with her for doing this--for bringing the girls and boys together. This wasn't to be done, but it made a big difference and she gave a couple of concerts.

It was very hard to teach them singing in harmony. Because afterwards...first...well, sometime before, a quartet, a missionary quarter, which was very, very good, gave a concert--Dave Seaman and his group. They were an excellent quartet, and when they sang in Nadiad and Gujarat and that area, the people afterwards said, "Well, that was very nice, but why don't you all sing the same thing?" (laughter) But harmony was quite unknown, so Isabelle started them out singing in unison, then brought in two parts, then ended it up as four-part. It took work. It wasn't a good choir. The sound was terrible. But there was enthusiasm. And she had processions when they walked...and everyone dressed in white--the boys dressed in white with black bow ties and the girls carried lilies. It was...made it quite a festive

occasion. But worked very, very hard to get this going. But she did get it going. (laughs)

RL: Now, I'd like to...oh, while we're still on Nadiad, you said that Raja was your lawyer in the labour union struggle at the hospital, but you didn't mention anything that he did or said, in the case itself, and I was wondering...

AC: No, in the actual case itself, he was just the...what do you call them--the arbitrator. So he was in between to make a decision if we didn't come to an agreement and we came to an agreement each time. So he didn't have to do anything.

RL: I see. He played a minor role...

AC: At the actual confrontation. But in the preparation of it and all of it, he was the major key figure in the whole thing. (Amar adds, "I would go so far as to say that the hospital today continues to be a success because of his efforts.")

RL: So he worked with you in preparing your case and how you...

AC: And then from then on was just a close friend of ours.

RL: O.K. When you got the offer to come to Jewish Hospital in Denver, how did things go with the mission board at that point?

AC: Very fine.

RL: They were very supportive of your coming here?

AC: Yes. We had been actually very close to the mission and that's how I came out as a Crusade Scholar because I didn't plan to do anything else. This was going to be

my life-work. I didn't think of what I'd do after retirement. (laughter) That thought doesn't enter your mind at that stage. All I wanted to do was work in a mission hospital. So I knew Jim Matthews. I didn't know him very well, but I knew him because he was a minister in Bombay before he came and joined the board staff. And coming out the first time, of course, was no problem. I was a Crusade Scholar and I came out as such. And I was the first one to come out as a medical Crusade Scholar, so I sort of set the pace because they had no idea what the expenses of such a thing would be.

When I went back, Jim Matthews and I had quite a few conferences together as to where I'd go and what I'd do and so on. And we became quite friendly. Then I went back and did this work in Nadiad. Then Jim came on a tour and he stayed with us and this was...I think I had been there two years, maybe three years. And then he said he was pleased with all that he saw and he said, "If you will stay here until (1957)..." And I told him about ...I had seen the need for heart surgery. Oh, so therefore it was after 1954, because open-heart was done here for the first time in '54. So it was after that.

And then he said, "If you will stay here until 1957, then we'll see that you get back to do open-heart surgery." So that was the pact I made with him. Then they couldn't get me a replacement in '57. I think I mentioned that--they couldn't get a replacement in '58. And finally

when I got this position in National Jewish, it was too good an offer, and I said, "I must go." There was no problem. When we got to the board offices, Jim had become bishop, I think, and gone to Boston (or gone as an official to the World Council of Churches). Anyway, he wasn't there and Roland Scott was general secretary. And then Isabelle told about this, when they met us at the board, the first thing we did when we'd land in New York would be go to the board office. That was the center of everything. And they told us, "Colorado has not been opened up as far as missionary work is concerned, so you all go and open it up."

So then when we started on our way across we stopped at Greencastle, Indiana where they had this...I forget what it's called now, but they have a conference every year of missionaries and the mission board, and so on... of all the personnel. And it's quite a big conference. It always used to be in Greencastle, Indiana. I don't know if it still is. Well, we went there and we just had a tremendous reception. We took part in much of their activities and heard a whole series of talks by Smith...Smith...Smith--what's his first name? Eugene Smith...Dr. Eugene Smith on the Holy Spirit which we were very impressed with. And then we came on to Denver... general conference was in Denver the following year-- 1960--and Jim Matthews over there called Isabelle and me up in front of the whole conference and introduced us

to the conference...That I was the first medical Crusade Scholar and then he brought Isabelle on also and said, "See, they don't choose their wives too badly," and things like that. (laughter)

And now, I suspect that the people then who followed felt that too much had been made of us. Because when... oh, also there was another thing. Some of the missionaries who had been in close contact with me in Nadiad and also Dr. Esther Shoemaker, who headed a big hospital--not big, but a hospital of excellent standing in southern India, also came up to some of our (hospital board) meetings (in Nadiad)...board of director meetings and she made the suggestion that Isabelle and I go back as missionaries from here. Now this had never been done before and I think that didn't go down too well. So all of this put together...it was just felt that we had received too much--we had been in the limelight too much --too much had been made of us, and then that bit of embezzling by my secretary--I am certain that they put my name in with it also. So all of this put together. Anyway, my contact with the board remained fine, no problem at all. And when I'd go and speak at a church ...now we were very short of money. I was receiving (laughs) two hundred and something dollars a month and from that I was supposed to pay rent and (laughs) and get the...support the family. And I told the board that I wouldn't ask them for any money. Which I didn't do.

RL: Now, this was two hundred dollars in Denver...was from the hospital?

AC: From the hospital. The next year it was doubled. Then I was well off. (laughter) But all the time we were being asked to speak at churches, all over Colorado-- the length and breadth of Colorado. And we went and spoke, and the people would take a collection and they'd raise big amounts. We were amazed at how much they'd raise. And the minister would say, "Now here is this money." And we would say, "No, we don't want it. You give us our expenses, and you send the rest to the board. Just tell them that it's for us, and send it to the board."

We didn't check in with the board. We didn't think this was necessary. We were just sending it because... I was thinking...I knew that our equipment (for heart surgery) would be so expensive. And I didn't want the board to have to put all this much out. I'd much rather that we collected this money and could say, "The equipment is going to cost so much. Now we have had so much donated towards it."

RL: Was that an understanding you had with the board?

AC: Not at all. (We made no such deal with them, but the understanding was that we would start open heart surgery in a mission hospital. This would be expensive, and we felt we could do our part towards that expense. I should add that we made no appeal to any church for such help.)

RL: O.K.

AC: I didn't have...this was my own thinking. But I would tell each church, "Send all the money to the board. Tell them it's for us, and we'll just take our expenses." Now that was hard to do because we (laughs)...there were times when we didn't know where we were going to eat. (laughing) But we did that because that was my whole interest. And then, when the time came...well, I was to leave in the latter part of '62. So early '62 I wrote and said that we'll be about ready to leave...or mid-'62, I said, "We'll be about ready to leave some time in November or thereabouts, so please make the necessary arrangements."

And this was all I had to do. I'd write to the board and say we want to leave, and they'd fix up, "You're going to such and such a ship." And we could give our preference: "We want to go this way; we would like to touch such and such ports." And they would try and fit things in. Now in Bombay, the Intermission Business Office and American Express were in the same building and on the same floor. So there was no problem. Well, over here they used to work through the Sarah Marquis Agency and there never was a problem before. But when I wrote them, suddenly I get a letter from (name and position deleted) saying "You are our responsibility. We have no responsibility for your family, and we will get passage for you." (laughs) So this sort of a thing went on in two or three letters and finally I wrote and

said, "Well, if there is..." No, oh, no. I remember. After two or three letters like this, then I wrote to Jim Matthews, who at that time was bishop of Boston. And I said, "Jim, what is this? What shall I do now? I don't know what to do." So at that time...the first time that I was here...if I had wanted to stay, and I had been offered a position at Clifton Springs, on the senior staff to stay on, I could have stayed because in those days it was easy to change a student visa to a resident visa. Also Mark had been born in this country. He was an American citizen. We were his parents, so Isabelle and I could have stayed.

Now, when we came to Denver the whole system had been changed, and no one could stay more than three years. You could stay a fourth year with a special thing, but then you had to go back to your country. Even if you wanted to apply as a citizen, you couldn't go into Canada and apply to become a citizen; you had to go back to your country. This was a new rule that had been made. I had to go back. There was nothing else. And so I wrote to Jim, and Jim contacted the board and I think this just heaped coals of fire (laughing) because then I got a very straight letter from the board saying, "Passage has been arranged for all of you, on such and such a ship." That was fine. Then I said, "O.K. Now I'll need some equipment. National Jewish has offered me a heart-lung

machine at a very, very low cost." About one-third the cost. And so I said, "I'd like to take this machine, so please pay it out of my fund over there." And I get back a letter, not even from (name deleted), but from a secretary, saying, "Your fund, as you call it, (laughs) was used up long ago. There is no such thing. It is non-existent. There is no such thing as your fund, as you call it." So then I wrote back and said, "What about all this money that kept coming in?" I said, "We've spoken to hundreds of churches in these three years. What about all that money? We've only taken expenses. And they offered us so much more."

"There's no such thing as a fund. We have no money." So then (laughs) I had to do the best I could and I got this heart-lung machine. I had saved money to get a car. I had saved to take a car back with us because I was thinking in terms of the same...I wanted a wagon, thinking in terms of surgical camps like we did in Nadiad. And, of course, our equipment. So Park Hill Methodist Church suddenly just took a collection for us and gave us a fantastic amount. So I was able to buy the heart-lung machine. I was able to buy our car. (laughs) And this ranch wagon. O.K., then the problem now was...(transport and import expenses). What I did the last time when we went back to India. I had taken a car...the first time, I had taken a car. And I asked the Intermission business office to pay the duty on the car and then I paid Inter-

mission business office. No problem. No problem ever arose. There was no question about it. (However, this time) when I reached London, I received a letter from the Intermission business office saying, "Please do not embarrass us. We know you are bringing a car. Please do not embarrass us and ask for any help with the duty because we have received specific instructions from the board that you're not to be helped." (laughs explosively) See what was happening?

RL: Wow, um-hum.

AC: And...oh, a very strange thing which struck us as strange at the moment, but made sense a year later. The minister of our church in Colorado...I think Isabelle has told you how we loved those people and how they loved us. He went on a trip around the world and stayed with my family in different parts of India. And then came back and spent time in New York...went and visited the board office. Then he came back and not once but several times he said to me, "Amar, you know the mission is not the only place in which you can serve." He says, "You can work in other areas, too, and still be serving." I thought, "That's a funny thing for him to say when I am going out as their missionary." But he said this not once, but two or three or four times. And it just struck me as funny. I didn't say anything, but I said (thought), "I wonder." I think he sensed the feeling, over there in the mission board.

RL: He had gotten a very clear message, and you feel he was

trying to soften the blow.

AC: I think he was preparing me. So then when I landed in India, then, of course, all that staying in customs, I think I told you about that...eleven days of getting our car. I had to write to two of my brothers and a friend and they sent me money. I had no money to pay for all of this...all this duty. And then I was only able to live because...again Park Hill had...we would be Park Hill's missionaries. They had...they were going to give so many, I think it's four thousand dollars...no...well as much as it was, it was in bits of two thousand dollars over a certain number of months. Well, Cartney Babbs saw this happening and before we left Park Hill he said, "I think I had better give this two thousand directly to you." And that is what saw us there and got us the car on board ship. And then he gave us the second two thousand also, into our hands. Otherwise I just would have been a parasite on my family, because I had nothing.

And then when I was in India, the way the mission hospital doors just closed, bang, bang, bang...(Amar slaps his hand against his fist during this whole sentence) And every place that I tried to go to. I even tried to go to deserted places, mission...I even considered...I wouldn't say that I tried to go. I even considered going to deserted places. What my family would have done, I just don't know. But to mission hospitals in deserted places. I said, "I just want to be in the

mission." But none of that worked out and then I was forced to take this...which fortunately I had just applied without (really meaning it)...my sister had just said, "This is a big institution coming up. It's going to be a big medical landmark, maybe the biggest in the eastern world, and they are looking for people. So I think you should apply." So she sent me all the forms and things. So I just applied without thinking about it. Without ever planning to take it. And, in fact, we landed in India before Christmas. We spent Christmas with the family. Then I helped this other man in Bombay and helped him do some heart surgery. Then went up to the north and just looked around for work, into March. Three months and absolutely nothing. There were no signs of anything coming up, and so I went and took this other place. So that's the story of our connection with the board.

So then I just quit doing anything...writing to the board or contacting them at all. We just severed relations. Then when I did the open-heart surgery, and it came out in all the papers, big headlines, I sent a newspaper clipping to Jim Matthews, just out of interest. And I sent one to (name and position deleted). And I said to him, "This is what I wanted to come out of a mission hospital." And I forget now how I put it, but I said, "Did you ever think that there might be something in your office? The fault...some of the fault might lie in your

own administration there." And what a corker I got back. (laughs) In terms of, "How dare you suggest such a thing? How dare you bring up a subject which I had not brought up?" Or, "I had not written to you about..."or something like this. So then I just tore up the letter. That was the end of all connection with the board.

RL: So that was really a formal end to your relationship with the board.

AC: Yes, that's right. Actually, the end had come before and I just wrote back, hoping that in some way I could get back into the mission. I still hoped it. But when I got that letter, then I said, "All bridges are broken. I just cannot possibly make connection." See, everything...mine were letters...I couldn't see them face to face. When I got to New York, none of them were there. The only one who was there was (name and position deleted). And I said to him, "What is all this?" But (name deleted) wasn't there and (name deleted) wasn't there when I was there.

So I never could talk (in person)...and (name deleted) would say, "I'm sorry. I don't know. I'm just filling in for (name deleted) while he's away." And I even wrote to (an identification deleted) But...so all my letters were on the defensive trying to explain and trying to explain and it just...I would say something and they'd write back something as if I had never said anything. And this business of, "Your fund, as you call it..."

that stuck. I'll never forget that phrase. (laughs)

So it was a very sad ending. Before that our contact was so rich, and particularly when we came back and I had managed to do so much at Nadiad. It was...it was a wonderful contact that we had with them, and it just crashed.

RL: And you attribute that to the feelings on the part of the board of certain member of the board.

AC: I...yes. I think it went to the board. (But in fairness one must say that when something happens, the fault is never entirely one-sided.) (Five sentences deleted.) I think friends of the Aldridges resented my taking his place. Which was none of my doing. The board asked me to stay on there. And then Herschel was sent to another hospital...to a missionary hospital in...at the school in Landour in Mussoorie, the Woodstock school. There was what was called a community hospital there.

RL: So Herschel was not brought back to India at all.

AC: No, he went back to India, but was sent to this other place. Where in this hospital it was run mainly by missionaries and served the missionary community and others in this area. Well, he came and he came back to Nadiad on his way up to Mussoorie, and they stayed with us, he and his wife. And they went around the hospital and they saw what I had done, and Herschel assured me there was no feeling on his part. He and I got on very well... there was no feeling on his part and he was very pleased with what I had done. (Two sentences deleted.) But I

just think that's what happened. People were angry on his behalf. And people also thought too much had been made of me, and I had received too much attention. So that was the end of that. Although we never...it never made any difference with our relationships with the local church. That it never did and never could do. And still we think of Park Hill practically as a home church.

(laughter)

RL: So you stayed...what you're saying is you stayed members of the Methodist church in India.

AC: Yes, yes. Well, we remained members of the Methodist church. In Chandigarh there was no Methodist church. There...there was a United church. You know they have a United Church of Southern India.

RL: Right.

AC: It has not come into northern India. This is a story ...nothing to do with this. But it's a tremendous shame ...it's been blocked due to personal reasons.

RL: What would you say are the personal reasons that it's been blocked?

AC: One of the reasons is that the bishops would not get the same salaries that they are getting now. (Salaries would have to be lowered in a United undertaking in order to have uniformity.) You see, my father, I think I told you, refused a bishop's salary.

RL: No, you didn't.

AC: Oh, did I not tell you this?

RL: You did not tell me.

AC: Oh, well, when my father was elected bishop, he talked to my mother and he said, "We are looking towards an independent Indian church. We can't always be asking the United States and the board for money to support our churches. Therefore, we have to look towards self-supporting churches in India. A self-supporting Indian church cannot pay a bishop's salary. Therefore I will not accept a bishop's salary, or I will accept only what I think the Indian church will be able to take...will be able to afford." So he took...I may be wrong in my figures, but I think what he took was about one-quarter of what was the bishop's salary.

Then later on, four years later when it came time to elect another bishop, then Daddy and Mummy had a conference. Again they said, "The Indian church cannot afford two bishops." Well Daddy was asking Mummy, he says, "The Indian church cannot support two bishops. Would it make a big difference to you if I took half the salary I'm receiving now? So the half...the other bishop and I...the other Indian bishop and I can both of us can live on what the Indian church would be able to supply." Well, as it happened, the next bishop that was chosen was not an Indian bishop, but was Bishop Pickett (a name and relationship deleted). (laughing) Also a friend of ours from way, way back...friend of Dad's.

(Amar has edited out one paragraph and states, "the precedent my father had set was not continued after his death.")

RL: You're talking about the Methodist church in northern India now. Isn't there a United church in northern India?

AC: Yes. Yes, it is. But the Methodist church hasn't really joined it.

RL: Right.

AC: We had a United church in Chandigarh where we had Methodist...we had all the denominations in it. Quite a few of them were Church of England (Episcopalian). A few Baptists and some Methodists. I don't know if there were other denominations there. I can't think off-hand of any. I know the Seventh-day Adventists didn't come in with us.

RL: How did you feel that that worked?

AC: It worked very well, and actually I took over the choir of that church. We had, when I was working Chandigarh and I was trying to get this open-heart surgery started, two very big things happened. We were at the home of one of the U.S.A.I.D. people, Booth...Booth...what was his first...Ron Booth and his family. We were at their home for dinner. And at their home was a Dr. ... (laughs) I come to this country and all the names leave me. He was head of Peace Corps and he happened to be a doctor from Denver (Dr. Charlie Houston), and knew several of the physicians that I knew in Denver. I met him there and

he asked me what I was doing. And I told him my plans and he said, "Oh, that's quite a tremendous undertaking." So I said, "Yes, I realize it is, but I'm going into it with my eyes open. I'm going to do it." So he said, "How would you like a nurse to help you?" So I said, "That would be absolutely tremendous." And I didn't think anything more about it. Well, he contacted Peace Corps over here. They sent a nurse to Lillehei, the great open-heart surgeon. She trained there and then she came and was assigned to me in Chandigarh. And this is Lila Schoenfeld from New Braunfels, Texas. She was actually from Wyoming, I think. Her husband was from Texas, but they are in New...I just talked to them on the phone two weeks ago. They wanted to know how I was after my heart attack. We've kept in contact with them. And she was just a tremendous help to me in getting this work started.

And then we were taking around another New Zealand... what was he called...high commissioner, I think, of New Zealand, who was also a churchman and he was going around ...we were showing him around the place. He was...he was a physician and...I'm just wondering why our director of the institute was taking him around. I think he was also a prominent physician. And I was going with the director (of our institute) and this man around and he said, "Would you like an assistant to help you in getting this big thing started?" And I said, "I'd love it." So then

we got this man, sent to us, Ray Windsor. Now he was a member of B.M.M.F., British Medical Missionary Fellowship. And he was a man who had trained in New Zealand... done open-heart surgery...was a tremendous musician. At the age of seventeen he was soloist with the New Zealand Symphony and he paid his way through medical school giving professional concerts in New Zealand and Australia. Fantastic pianist; also a trained singer. Quite a musician. And so he came and we got very friendly and got on very well in our work and also in music. And he took over the church choir. Well, he got more and more interested in the organization. Although we did lots of surgery together, he got more and more in the organization of B.M.M.F. and less and less interested in helping in the work. He was very much a perfectionist in music and when the choir would make mistakes--and every choir makes mistakes, he would show it, and the choir's spirits just drooped. And so, if it was a performance of anything, it would just take away the rest of the performance because the whole...everyone then would get tense. But he was...I don't take away from his musicianship at all. But he began going out and taking trips out more and more and finally he decided to leave and go full time into B.M.M.F. administration. And he's head of B.M.M.F. in India right now. We heard from him, oh, some months ago...not too recently, but some months ago.

So these two people did a lot for me. Then when he

(Ray) left, they asked Isabelle to take over the choir and she started to take it over and then asked me to take it over. And I took it over and we were able to make quite something of that choir. We gave two, at least two big concerts. Really big recitals in which the church was absolutely packed, and the choir did beautifully. We did excellent music. And there was such a lovely feeling in the choir. Before Ray left we actually put on an opera, too. We did "Amahl and the Night Visitors" by Menotti.

And then, before he had come, Isabelle and I had started a music appreciation group because we weren't going...we had trained...Isabelle has been a trained singer before, too. Then we had an excellent voice teacher (Jerald Lepinski) in Denver. And although I've sung all my life I had never studied voice, and in Denver for the first time I studied voice with this man. Then we went back and we weren't going to let all this go. So we started the music appreciation group. We would speak to the group on music. Some people came just because it was the thing to do. (laughs) Some came because they loved music. We would play a symphony. We would take about composers. We would talk about symphonies and music forms and so on. We would have live concerts, do some singing or play the violin. There was a fellow (Irwin Chauhan) there who played guitar very, very well--classical guitar. And when we didn't have a good pianist to

accompany us he used to accompany me and read the piano music off on his guitar. He was really good. So we did a lot with that, and then when Ray came, then this was stepped up even more because he was such a brilliant pianist. So we...Isabelle and...no we did...Isabelle and I put on...with Ray...put on the "Telephone," which is a Menotti opera which just calls for two characters. So we did that. We did some recitals. I played some violin concertos with Ray. And then we put on a big public performance of "Amahl and the Night Visitors" which was great. And then after that Ray left, but I continued with the choir. We kept the music appreciation going for as long as we were there.

So that our work in the church...I was made an elder in the church, and so I had a say in the...in the church also. The minister of the church, Kenneth Yohan Masih, was a...not a student of my father, but he was in the theological college in Jabalpur when my father was bishop and we were in Jabalpur. We knew him from before. And his wife was a music pupil of my sister's (laughs) from Isabella Thoburn College. So we had an excellent time in that church.

There was a lot of politics in the church, but this minister was a strong minister, a very sincere minister and he managed to straighten that out. In the beginning there was a lot of disruption, and I was called by some people that I knew and I was friendly with...before a

church meeting...the evening before. And they...I was shocked...they had planned out their line of strategy as to how to disrupt this meeting. And they gave me a job. They said, "Now I will ask such-and-such a question, and if he can answer that question, then you get up and ask this question." And I said, "I'm sorry. I can't do this. (laughing) I'll see how I'm moved there and if there is a question in my mind I shall bring it up." And so then I wasn't asked to any more of their little meetings. (laughs) But Kenneth was able to straighten this out and make it a smoothly-running church. And that was the church we went to all the time that we were there. And the thing that I think was a very big triumph was, after our church...after our choir had got known a little bit, we put on this big concert and we had not only people from the Roman Catholic church coming, but some of the nuns and priests came also into our church to hear this concert, and we were so thrilled with that. (For very little of that happened in those days.)

RL: We're right at about the point to turn over the tape, so I'll do that at this time. (laughter)

(Side B)

RL: O.K., as long as we're in Chandigarh, you said that the National Jewish sold you, at a great reduction, the heart-lung machine that you had. Is there any more of that story that should be told, or other equipment that you got?

AC: No, I don't think so, because they gave me just about everything that I needed. The few other things I needed I got from Bombay, from this man that I helped. Bombay being a port, it's much easier to get these things directly in, and so Dr. Pastur was able to get stuff in and he was so grateful. You know, as I said, he had done the first open-heart surgery. He did the rather...what in open-heart surgery is a simple procedure, but it was open-heart surgery. And then I...we happened to meet at a wedding there (shortly after we landed), and we started talking and he found out that I knew something about open-heart surgery. So he asked if I would come in and see his place. So I went in and saw his set-up and started talking and then he asked me if I would do some surgery and show him how to do some of these cases. So I did some of the more complicated things for him. I stayed a month with him. Did some of the more complicated things and then had him do them. And then I left from there.

Well, he was so grateful for this that anything that I needed that I couldn't get...and now I didn't have the contact with the board where I could get things through the mission, he would get me the stuff, like anti-foam. See, I had to make do...this is more technical, but I had to make do with several things. I didn't want to use our regular heart-lung machine for the dogs, yet I had to train our team on dogs. So I had to improvise, and now in order for the blood to be usable, you oxy-

genate it...you have it fully oxygenated. But now, all the free air must be taken out, otherwise the person can't live. It forms a foreign material in the blood. So you have a...oh a network of stuff.

We are using all different materials now, but then it was stainless steel wool that we used to use coated with antifoam, and this would...the blood would go through that and would come out just as pure liquid blood with no air in it, but red, nicely oxygenated. Well, I couldn't get stainless steel wool. So I bought a whole lot of children's marbles and I (laughs)...I sterilized those and coated them with antifoam and then made a special sort of container where the blood could flow over these marbles and then through them and down and be collected and it worked very well. (laughs) But we...in training a team for open-heart surgery you have to have them absolutely trained in every step that each one knows exactly what he is doing. Now, of course, it's become ...so many teams have been trained, it's no problem. You just go in and do the surgery in a place that's set up.

But when you're setting up for the first time, it's not quite so.... So I had a rule. The same rule that we had in Denver. Before we'd do any new procedure on any patient, we had to do and show twenty consecutive living dogs on which you had done the same procedure, that were

living. And dogs' hearts are much more sensitive than human beings'. So if you can do twenty consecutive living dogs, doing a human being is a snap. (laughter)
So, that's the thing by which we worked. Have I told you about Chandigarh?

RL: No, and that's what we're getting into now.

AC: O.K. All right. I went to Chandigarh. My work had all been in mission hospitals. I had not been in any medical school. I had not taught in any medical school. So I was taken on in Chandigarh as an assistant professor ...I beg your pardon, not even as an assistant professor, as a lecturer. This was very difficult for me to take, because I was already in my...almost in my middle forties. My old classmates were professors. And I had come as a lecturer. Anyway, a lecturer in surgery.

At this time the departments had not been organized --the place was just being opened. A massive gorgeous institution in the physical plant. Then as it became organized and as we were set up for the different departments, we were...the departments were formed. Now there was a man who was assistant professor, who had done the first chest surgery in the Punjab. Now I came to do open-heart surgery, and this was something that had never been done. None of them--although it was a very highly-trained staff, excellently trained staff--it just happened that none of them had been in open-heart surgery or even seen open-heart surgery. They had all been in their own lines

of different types of surgery and all...every conceivable specialty of medicine and its branches.

So, here I come to do open-heart surgery so suddenly again...out from the mission over here, I start getting the lime-light again. And this man, who had been the first one to do thoracic surgery, and was more or less the authority of thoracic surgery, suddenly found that his thunder was being stolen. So he didn't like this, and he showed his antagonism immediately. (An identification deleted.) So they formed an almost impregnable team. And so, here was the first obstruction that I met with. But at this stage, it didn't matter too much because I was a junior lecturer; he was assistant professor. So that was fine. All right. Then I did the open-heart surgery November 30, 1963. Then we did a couple more cases, and jealousy began rearing its head a little bit.

And early in '64 the big selection committee met for new positions to be filled and promotions. And we all went...we all applied for higher positions and went in. So I had just made the headlines with my open-heart surgery and I talked to these people and they found out that I (was a tennis player and athlete) and all of this stuff came out. So, then when the selection results came out, much to my surprise...I had applied for assistant professor and (identification deleted) I had been made associate professor, although I had applied for assistant professor. And I had been made head of the department.

And so then there were daggers drawn. (laughing)

(There was an appeal and) there was a big hearing, and the appeal was heard and they compared the training and the experience and they threw the case out. (Sentence deleted.) But then I met with obstructions that completely bowed my shoulders down. I met with obstructions that resulted in death for my patients. (Sentence deleted.)

(An explanation deleted.) We did one particular case of which there had never been a successful repair anywhere in the world. We did this case...I told the parents, of course, of the dangers...that it had never been repaired, but it was the child's only chance for life. There was no other way that we could go. This had to be done. And I said, "The child may not get off the table, I just don't know. But I will do..."

RL: What?

AC: It was a single ventricular. In other words, you have two ventricles: one for the right side, the unoxygenated blood coming back from the heart...from the body, then going to the lungs to be oxygenated and then coming back to the left side of the heart. And that's the strong ventricular that pushes the blood out to the rest of the body. And it's the beating of that ventricular that gives you the pulse.

So we opened up and found that the diagnosis was

correct. There had been a big cardiac meeting in New Delhi shortly before this and I had written to National Jewish and said, "I can't get any of this particular teflon fabric," that we used for...to make bits of valves and things to put inside the heart as artificial material ...to put inside. And I said, "I can't get any over here." So, one of the people from National Jewish was coming to this conference and they brought me a big sheet of this stuff. (Anecdote deleted.)

And so I made this septum between the ventricles. I must say I was very surprised and very pleased when, after I did this and I closed up the heart and I shocked the heart and it started beating. And not only did it start beating, but after we closed up the thing (ended the surgery), the boy opened his eyes and was talking to us, and I was very happy. So I stayed by him, and he was doing fine. No problem at all. Beautiful pulse all over the body. So then I went down to my office...no, I went home. Usually I stayed there much longer. This fellow was doing so beautifully there was no problem. So my phone rang and it was my resident and he said, "There's still some oozing going on." So I said, "No problem. We've only used about two bottles of blood. Just keep up. Measure the blood loss and just keep giving him as much as he loses. Just keep his pressure up at such and such a level." O.K., he hung up and after a little while he called me again. And he said, "There's still some

oozing going on." And I said, "I told you, that doesn't matter. It may go on for a couple of days yet." No, usually it stopped in about twenty-four hours. "Just keep up with his blood." He says, "But there is no more blood." And I had been assured before that I had these twenty-five bottles of blood. We had only used, I think, about six at this stage...five or six. (Three sentences deleted.)

And this little boy who was awake and talking to his parents died before my eyes. With nothing I could do. (Five sentences deleted. Amar writes: "How could I get the limelight of doing the first successful repair of this type in the world?") So things (like) that happened and it makes sense with my having a heart attack now. (laughs)

Because I really think that that's when it must have started. Because I could never go into that hospital saying, "Ah! another day! Another day! Let's go and do some work." The students loved me. And even among the students they began forming cliques and parties. And this was such...an unknown thing to me. My sister got quite upset with me. Because her husband had grown up in this type of atmosphere...he had become director of health services of the Punjab, which is as high as you can go. Unless you become director of health services of all India. And she (said) "You won't advance. You're not doing the right things to advance. This selection now is coming up for promotion. Well, get the secretary of

health over to your place for dinner." I said, "I won't call her unless I want to call her. If I like her, I'll call her for dinner." (laughing) It happened to be a woman. I said, "If I don't like them, I'm not going to call them for dinner just because a selection is coming up."

But this is the sort of thing that was done. You had to do things like this--take them gifts, give them gifts before. If you wanted your telephone line to be put in (laughs) you talked to the high-up people and then you bribed everyone down the line. And then the lineman ...either you bribed him or you called him into your house and gave him coffee and tea--not as you do to any worker who comes in--but call him just for this, and then he'll put in your telephone. It worked that way. (laughs) And this sort of a thing both Isabelle and I refused to do. And I was not going to call in people just so that I would get selected. I thought my selection would stand on my merits, and I didn't have to make up to so-and-so. But my sister said, "You will never advance." So I said, "So be it." But then I did become professor. (laughs)

But those six years...I loved the work with the choir. I loved teaching the boys. My great love is teaching surgery on the operating table and teaching right there. And my operating table is never quiet and solemn. I've been criticized for that. (laughing) But it was...I had to break tension. And I would break tension. We

would do something very tense, and I'd get that job done, and then I'd pull a wisecrack. And it made all the difference in the world. The man who used to assist me in Clifton Springs has written, just written recently, saying, "You will never be replaced." (laughing) Because we used to have such tremendous fun.

And then we also started another thing. We didn't start it, but we were instrumental in starting it in the institute. We said, "These boys have to have some outlet." So we started a dramatic society. And we would put on plays and skits and all sorts of things, and I was always master of ceremonies. And I used to do a Bob Hope type routine (to kick off the program)--one wisecrack after another. And for the six years we were there I never repeated a joke. (laughter) And sometimes they would have two shows in one evening, and I gave a different talk for each of the shows. I don't know how I did it. I was frantic by the end, because we...I told you my father was just a tremendous wit. And an extremely quick...just like that he used to come out. (Amar snaps his fingers three or four times.) And I remembered so many of these and I came out...and then I came out with old jokes with whiskers on them. But they hadn't heard them, and they just loved it. So I enjoyed that; I enjoyed the contact with the students.

But the work and all this jealousy and fighting and

the idea was "I'm trying to advance myself. Well, I advance myself by tearing down the other person. That's how I climb up to the top." And I couldn't go along with this. And Isabelle (told) us after we left there ...she would say after she...she would see me take off for work...I, who was known for walking straight and tall. She said, "When I saw you walking to work with your shoulders hunched," she said, "I used to just go to bed and cry."

So we finally just had to leave. As I said, the director of the institution, who was a Sikh, he was just a fantastic man (Dr. Santokh Singh Anand). Tremendous spiritual values, and I used to enjoy going around with him. Before the departments had been divided, we used to go for grand rounds with him. And we all...the staff used to go along with the students. And I used to just love listening to him. There was spiritual worth in what he said. And he'd come out with his philosophy of life. He quoted from the Bible. And he was a close friend of my sister and brother-in-law, actually he was just junior to my brother-in-law (before my brother-in-law's retirement). And we became very good friends.

But finally I decided to leave. I couldn't take it any longer. And I couldn't see my boys growing up in a place--in a country...India has such a spiritual heritage. There're things that I take for granted, that

people who are studying metaphysics over here...suddenly come out with something...and I say, "Of course, I've seen that since childhood." Now there is a man who is the religious (leader in India) right now (misstatement deleted). I forget his name because I didn't know him or of him. And he's supposed to make--what do you call it when you make objects manifest? You just suddenly bring it out of the air. It's called something, but he can do that.

RL: Materialize.

AC: Materialize. So he does that and so all these people that are going in for the metaphysical study and esoteric aspect of religion, they say, "He must be the new Avatar." And Isabelle said this, "This is what they're saying." So I said, "Isabelle that's common, that's common in India."

I have a friend of mine whose pundit used to feed them fruits and nuts that he used to bring out just like this (Amar makes hand motions in the air) and feed them. Now it's a fantastic gift. I think it of necessity means a person of deep, deep spiritual life. But because a person does it today and the West just hears about him, they are suddenly willing to accept him as the next prophet or something like that. (laughs) I have no doubt that he's a great man, that he's a great spiritual man. (He may be an avatar, but not just because of that act.)

The West did not hear enough about Mahatma Gandhi's spirituality. I think he would have been hailed as one, too. They only heard of him in terms of Indian independence, and therefore politics. Also Gandhi was not a brahman, so he wasn't taught these things. It's only the brahmans that are taught these things, and of the brahmans only those that are going into the priesthood that are taught these things. It means tremendous self-sacrifice, tremendous secret initiations, but they are taught to do this. And so it's not...this is not an isolated instance. It's just that this man...I think I may...he may be a great man; he may be a great prophet, I don't know. But it's just that this particular thing to my mind I've taken for granted because I grew up with it. (laughing) I mean we thought it very great, but it was there...and India...

RL: But common place, too.

AC: Not common place; but it wasn't anything to run to the other end of the earth to see. You could go a few miles and see it. (laughing) Go into some parts of the Himalayas and see it.

But what I was saying was, India producing people like this; producing spiritual values like this; producing people like Gautam Buddha, Ashoka, Krishna--all of these great religious leaders (avatars). Today has become such a corrupt (place with) corruption from top to bottom. David went in for his gym class and his shoes...someone

had taken his shoes. So he went to the teacher and says ...and they're punished, severely punished, if they don't have gym shoes. So David went to the teacher and said, "Someone has stolen my gym shoes." And the teacher said, "Well, you go and steal someone else's." Now, that's the training? That's an example of "Well, O.K., do the best you can. Go and get someone else's. Let him fend for himself." And then I mentioned all this bribery and falsehoods, bearing false witness, destructive...I couldn't see the boys growing up in that. And I decided to leave the country. And so I finally did.

It hurt the director (Dr. Anand) very much. But he and I still remain very close. We correspond with each other all the time. But, also I was not unhappy to leave. I did not like leaving him. But I was not unhappy to leave. I could see he was being stabbed in the back by the others. And that was proven a year after I came here. He was out of the institute. And a so-called close friend of his succeeded him. But...so I'm happy that I came out. I don't regret that at all. But the years at Chandigarh, in spite of the success of getting that open-heart thing started is rather a dark spot in my life. When I look back on it, if I didn't have my family, I couldn't have lived through it. And, of course, most of the contact with the church...except when I got into these factions...most of our contacts with the church

were very, very nice. But apart from that, Chandigarh was a sad experience.

RL: So your family and the church and the drama group were your support groups.

AC: That's absolutely...or else I would have had a heart attack long ago. (laughs)

RL: In our first meeting you mentioned that there was a story behind you and Isabelle getting the first heart...open-heart...

AC: Yes. I had taken my heart-lung machine from here. And when we got there...and I planned to do this open-heart surgery. Well, in the first place getting our...first I had trained my team. Now patients were being seen all the time. And a long list was being made. Because they asked me, "What cases can you do?" And I mentioned, "Well, we can do valve replacements, so on." And the man who was the originator of the most successful aortic valve, from Seattle--I think he's from Seattle, or is he from Portland, Oregon? I think he's Seattle. Albert Starr, he sent me a gift of valves, because we couldn't get them in India. For which I thanked him when we met at a conference afterwards. And then Albert Starr had a heart attack, too, so we're pretty even. No, he didn't actually have one. He came close to having one. But he was a little more fortunate than me in that nature gave him some warning. He was skiing, and he felt this tightness. Now when I felt the tightness for the first time,

it was my attack. He felt a tightness that disappeared. So he stopped skiing immediately, went straight to his hospital, immediately had the test and had this operation either the same afternoon or the next morning. (laughter) And now he's running three miles a day and back to his complete schedule of open-heart surgery. You see him...a fellow about that big. (Amar gestures with his hand at about five feet tall.) ("But of tremendous stature as a heart surgeon.")

So they made this long list of patients for open-heart surgery, but when it came right down to it and I said, "Now I am ready to do the first case," all the cases disappeared. And not because the patients were scared. Because the cardiologists didn't think we were ready. They sent all the patients home. So then we would get a patient and I would say, "All right, this is an ideal patient. Let's start with a simple one and we'll go on with the more and more complicated. Let me show you that we can do this and I have to see for myself that the team is ready. We will do this case."

O.K., and I come the next morning and the fellow had been sent home the previous evening. So this happened over and over again. Then we finally got this patient and we decided on this...this was a little boy who was in great trouble. He was stunted--only so tall. (Amar indicated three and a half feet tall.) And he had a hold in the heart. And I said, "This is an ideal

patient for us to do." So we were going to do it. Then one of our post-grad students, who had been one of my interns in Nadiad had come up to Chandigarh, he suddenly phoned me up and he said...this is about two or three evenings before...he said, "I just found this boy going out the gate." He had been discharged. So I said, "You take him back." And at this time...see, I was a lecturer and a professor had discharged him, so how could I put him back again? So I said, "Countermand the professor's order. Put him back in and put him on my service. And I'll straighten it out with the director the next morning." Which I was able to do.

O.K., so now we have the patient. Now sterilize the heart-lung machine. So I took it to the institute. All the sterilizers had not been installed, but I couldn't get the heart-lung machine into the sterilizers that had been installed. So then I was so grateful for our ranch wagon. We put the heart-lung machine into the ranch wagon. Isabelle took some big sheets and sewed the machine into it and into sheets three times over. And sewed the machine carefully into it. I had wrapped it first, carefully. Then we drove sixty miles away to a medical school, and there we went to the sterilizing room and we had our machine sterilized over there. (laughing) Then I took it out, brought it back in the car to the institute, then took it up to the operating room. And that's how we sterilized our machine. And going

sixty miles in India-- as I say, things are very much better now--but sixty miles was a distance. It was like going (over one) hundred miles here, just to sterilize a machine for the next operation. (laughs)

All right, then we started doing this operation. And I got the heart-lung machine going. And stopped the heart, opened the heart, saw the defect--which was quite a bit more complicated than what we had expected--no problem. I said (demonstrating), "Here is the hole in the heart. Now here are the veins coming from the lungs. You see they're coming on the wrong side. They're coming into the wrong side of the heart. It'll add a load to this side of the heart. He will get less of proper blood. Therefore, I have to transpose these veins into the other side of the heart. And this is how I'm going to do it." I was in the middle of saying this, when my assistant suddenly shouted out what sounded to me like "air". And I looked down. What we do is put some tubing into the heart to take the venous blood out. See, the blood comes into the heart, as I said, to the right side of the heart. Then that blood goes to the lungs. Then from the lungs it's purified and then comes back to the left side of the heart. O.K., now as the blood would come to the heart, I'd take it out from the major vessels into our machine. So it's the dark unoxygenated blood... I'm taking it out to be oxygenated. Then made arterialized...the bubbles taken out...all air taken out, and

then pumped into an artery here (in the groin). So then it pumps in. So the body is being supplied with blood. You can stop the heart and you can open it because the heart isn't doing any of the work. The pump is doing the work. And you've got time to repair this heart.

So this is what I was doing. So the heart was open; the heart was not beating. And now suddenly this fellow looks down and...what you do in the heart-lung machine is that you see that the blood does not go below a certain level. Now usually you can arrange it...you adjust the speed of the pump and you watch the patient's blood pressure and you're able to adjust it so you've got the pump going at a certain speed. And with the amount of blood that's coming back, you sort of adjust out-flow and in-flow and keep the patient's blood pressure at a certain safe level. O.K., this fellow started the pump and it was going fine. And then I start pointing out defects in the heart. They had never seen any defect in the heart. Now this man was a trained surgeon (as were most of my team). They had never seen a defect in the heart. So this man was about 6'3", so...(laughs) he let the pump run. He looked at the pump. It was running all right, so he left it. And he came up and he was looking over my shoulder at which I was doing here and at what I was pointing out. And he didn't realize that the pump was pumping faster than the blood was

coming in. So it finished all the blood. It was now beginning to pump air into the body. So, fortunately, I was pointing things out with a long pair of scissors. So I had these scissors in my hand. So at once I just cut this line. (Amar shows the line going into the groin.) But now what to do about this air? So I put my hand inside and I squeezed his blood vessel and we squeezed him (his vessels) from here, and fortunately it had been seen as the air started in, so we were able to bleed the air out. And then I put a clamp on.

O.K., now we've got the boy with no air in him but an open heart and not beating. So now I had to work fast. I don't think I've ever repaired a defect quicker than that. I repaired the defect, I filled the heart--we didn't have blood; I filled the heart with normal saline. Filled it up and then put a clamp across the place where I'd opened the heart and then I shocked the heart and got it going, and the heart started going. O.K., then we took our time closing the heart and closing the wound. O.K., everything is fine. The boy is breathing, but his pupils don't react. For so long he had no blood supply to the brain. If you cool the heart, your first danger is the heart, and there is also danger to the brain. If you don't--if the blood supply to the brain is cut off for more than three to four minutes, there is danger of that person being a vegetable. And this is what I just didn't know. Fortunately I had

cooled this boy down to about 28 degrees. (laughing as he starts the next sentence) No--not Fahrenehit. (laughter)

RL: Centigrade.

AC: Yes, centigrade. (still laughing) So you know normally it's 37. So I knew we had some hope that way. But I had no idea what his brain would be like. I just did not know. I did not know. I had worked fast, but I didn't know how much time had gone by. And so then I really suffered. There was tension right there. We (check) this boy well. He had beautiful pulses, his color was perfect, and his heart beat. You couldn't hear any defect in that heart at all. Just a perfect heart, but a boy who was just not with us. So we took him back to the ward. And everything else maintained beautifully. But the boy had no cough reflexes. So he'd start getting secretions. So I'd have to pass a bronco-scope down and clean out the secretions. He couldn't cough.

And then...let's see...oh, yes. Now the next day... we had a big ward and we had just shut off one place for my heart case. A big open ward with many beds in it, and the professor of cardiology would just look in at the door, about the length of this building away from the bed. (Amar refers to the house which I estimate to be about 75 feet wide.) And all he'd do is look in and say, "Is he dead yet?" So that (laughs) was the support

I got. Anyway, I forget now...I forget the time period, but it was at least a couple of days that this boy showed absolutely no signs, but his electrocardiogram ...I wish I had as good an electrocardiogram as that. And then when I cleaned out his lung that day, as the secretions came, I cleaned out the lung...as I cleaned I noticed one of the lungs give the slightest twitch, and that was the first reaction that I ever saw in that boy--just the slightest twitch. Anyway, we still got nothing and we'd try and talk to him. Not a thing (no response). You pinch him for deep pain and so on... nothing.

In the evenings I used to play with the students. There were some students who could play badminton. I was playing with them, I think it was the same night or the next evening. And my same post-grad student who had stopped him from being discharged came running to the court and he said, "Sir, I brought some sweets. I took some sweets to Darshan Lal" (That was his name: Darshan Lal.) "I took some sweets to Darshan Lal, and I showed him the sweets. He made no move, no sign. I put the sweets just right beside him and then a little while later I happened to look and Darshan Lal's hand moved like this towards the sweets." (Amar's hand crawls slowly a bit at a time from his side.) And that was the first (definite) sign--then I just knew he was going to be all right. And then his recovery was so rapid, it

was absolutely completely a total recovery. And by the time we left, the boy was almost my height. (Amar stands about 6' tall.) You know he was a stunted boy like this (Amar's hand shows $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet tall) when I did him. (laughs) So that was our first case which made us die, as they say, a thousand deaths. (laughs)

But it worked, and from then on I was able to do more and more. I did more complicated cases, but always with that obstruction. I never knew what I would meet with next. It was always something new, something I hadn't counted on and couldn't count on. It was just a bad experience. But as a result of all that and of the lives that we lost as a result, today there's a successful open-heart program going on. And the fellow who ended up as a very loyal man to me. He didn't join the other group; he remained loyal with me in spite of their putting tremendous pressure on him. (He was my right hand man.) And then he learned quite a bit of surgery from me and then went to England and did a little more. And is now head of (the department)...now has taken my place as professor and is doing well. So that part of it is good, but Chandigarh is a sorry memory.

And here I came with such joy. I threw myself into work at Clifton Springs. And there I did the first major complicated...the same operation that Joe Lewis has had (laughter) in Houston. And I did that and I almost...tears came to my eyes the next day when not...when every-

body kept saying, "Hey, your case is doing great." And "Congratulation," and so on. But when the cleaning maid ...next morning as I was coming in from work, she comes out and says, "Gee, your patient looks good!" I almost burst out crying right there. It was such a change from what had happened and as a result, my results in Clifton Springs...it made such a difference. It was just fantastic. I had fabulous results there.

RL: So it was really the difference of being isolated in Chandigarh and being part of a team in Clifton Springs.

AC: Yes. I could never get (a real team spirit). Although I spoke about it and tried very hard to get it going. (Identification deleted.) I said, "Let me get the open-heart surgery going, and you can do as many open-hearts as you want. I will help you doing them. Let's get it going. Let's work as a team." (Several exchanges that discuss a person deleted.) We could have been a success right from the beginning if I had had their cooperation. It took me from mid-March to the end of September...end of November...nine months to do the first case. We could have done it in three months. Just a matter of getting the team clicking. With the support also of the cardiologists, we could have been doing two, three, four cases a week with no problem and everyone (could be involved). In the end my residents were doing cases. That's the whole plan of training. I wasn't planning to hog it all for myself. But the program had to get going

before you could start such a thing. (Two sentences deleted.)

RL: Was he the sole source of your problem, or was he the leader of the other clique?

AC: He was one of the main men. The most active person again on his behalf was a cardiologist. There was another cardiologist who sort of tried to back me, and who was the professor. But he had very little say in the matter (identification deleted), because he hadn't had enough experience in such cases.

RL: At one point you said that there were about four hundred physicians at Chandigarh.

AC: Yes.

RL: And so this was really a little department that you were in, or was this the entire hospital that was involved?

AC: No, no, it was a department (which was of considerable size). But then to get strength, they'd get people on their side in other groups. Because we would have conferences with the whole department of surgery. I would have my conference with cardiothorasic surgery alone, but then we had the bigger conferences with all of surgery, and then we had big conferences with the entire staff. You should have seen our conference theaters. The American College of Surgeons would be proud to have a set-up like that (laughing) They looked like the United Nations place. It was quite fabulous.

RL: It must have been, with four hundred.

AC: I'll show you some pictures some time. I have a few.
Unfortunately, I don't have any inside these halls...

(Tape runs out for Side B.)